





MOCK CLELIA.

1 *Ellen Owen* 1

THE  
Mock-Clelia:

BEING A  
COMICAL HISTORY  
OF  
FRENCH GALLANTRIES,  
AND  
NOVELS.

In imitation of  
Dom *QUIXOTE*.

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*Translated out of French.*

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L O N D O N,

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## THE AUTHORS PREFACE.

*In vain the Preface does for favour plead,  
Where the damn'd Book displeases all that read,*

**S**AID very pleasantly one of the wits of this Age; and according to that sentence I take my measures in this piece. I pretend not its defence to those that dislike it. If the reading seem tedious to them, they may let it alone and seek other wayes of diversion. I freely confess that I have not put my self on the rack in composing it. I write almost in the same way as one might speak, without study or varnish; and in a word, I have my self been the first to whom the matters I treat of have given any recreation, and am certain that at least the design of the insuing story should not be unpleasant in many places to those who have any thing of a brisk and merry humour. There may be found perhaps in the

## The Authors Preface.

management of the Romance, some kind of little punctilio's omitted. I may appear a bad Geographer in it, as to the Neighbourhood and Precincts of Paris, and a worse Chronologer as to the order of time. But in regard that is not the thing at which I aim'd; if the Histories which I present be not tedious to the Reader, it will be no hard matter for me to perswade him that these mistakes are not altogether mine; but that I have been forced to alter some things in the series of my work after the impression was begun. If I be tedious to my Reader, it is needless to ask him pardon for that which is of least importance in my undertaking. And take this for one part of what I intended to say.

It remains now that I speak to the new way of writing which may seem to be introduced by me. There are but few before me who thought upon giving French names to their Hero's. And it is to be feared that some Romantick heads finding the name of a Marquess of Riberville, Mirestain,

## The Authors Preface.

Mirestain, Franlieu, and others, instead of that of a Tyridates or Cleantes, will at first sight commence an action against my Book. But I beg pardon of these nice and delicate Wits, if I make not, to comply with their humour, those whom I intend for French Gallants, Grecians or Arabians. I am a plain man and give every thing its true name. I add my humble Petition to those whose names may have any conformitie with these which I have invented, that they would not think I had a design in it. They will easily see by the small resemblance that is to be found betwixt their adventures and those of my stories, that it hath been rather chance than intention. And let the worst come to the worst, I bring no Gallants on the stage but for their own advantage. Farewel, and pardon the faults that may have escaped in the Impression.

# The Authors Preface.

My dear Sir, I am glad, and above all glad  
 that of a Tyrant or Oppressor, will  
 as first sight countenance an action against  
 my self. But I had pardon of these nice  
 and delicate spirits, if I might not, to com-  
 ply with their humour, whose reason I in-  
 vited for French Gallantry, Civility or  
 Modesty. I am a plain man and give  
 everything its true name. I add my hum-  
 ble reason to those whose names may have  
 any consequence with these which I have  
 presented, that they would not think I had  
 a design in it. They will easily see by the  
 small resemblance that it to be found for  
 want their advantage and that of my  
 posterity, that it hath been rather chosen  
 their intention. And let the world come to  
 the worst, I bring no Gallantry of the stage  
 but for their own instruction. However,  
 and pardon the fault a short way has been  
 taken in the translation.

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MOCK



# Mock-Clelia,

OR,

Madam *QUIXOTE*:

BEING

A Comical History of  
French Gallantries.

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BOOK I.

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Hil't the Court was at *Fountain-bleau*, the Marquess of *Riberville* took the Air at the pleasant House of *Vaux le Vicomte*, where happened such extraordinary Adventures, as well deserve to be put in Writing. It is well enough known how lovely a place

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*Vaux*

*Vaux le Vicomte* is ; and that before the King became his own Treasurer, none in that Office ever built so stately a House of Pleasure. One Evening when the Marquess of *Riberville* was gone down into the Garden, to divert himself by reading some Verses, he perceived there a beautiful young Lady, attended by a Woman of some years, on whom she leaned as she was walking. She had a Majestick Presence, an incomparable Neck, and the Face of an Angel ; which surprized the Marquess, having never before beheld so charming an Object : Though he delighted much in Poetry, yet such kind of Rencounters were always more proper to awaken and chear him, than Satyres and Sonnets. Having stopt a little to consider that beautiful Lady, he afterward advanced towards her ; and as the old Woman that waited on her was saying, That it was great pity the Water-works did not play ; he offered them that Divertisement, and took thereby occasion to speak to her : But with what gallantry and civility soever he made his offer, he could not engage that ravishing Beauty to enter into discourse with him ; he drew from her only two or three languishing looks, which pierced his very soul. This, said he to himself, presages an Adventure of consequence ; but come let us see what the issue will prove. He called the Overseer of the Water-works, and  
by

by the By still let fall some word to the lovely melancholick Lady, who answered him only in sighs. But as there is nothing that so much perplexes a man who speaks well, as to be in company with those who will not speak a word; so the Gallant found himself in some trouble. However, all this was nothing: He brought the fair One to a little Bank of green Turf, where she might at her ease behold the Water-works play. Hardly was she sat down; when turning her head, she started up again in a great fright, crying to the Marquess of *Riber-ville*, Save me, Sir, from a man, who every where pursues me to carry me away; and having said so, fled with incredible swiftness. The Marquess exceedingly amazed, perceived indeed a very handsom Gentleman running after her, and endeavouring to overtake her. But the old Woman attempting to stop the fugitive Lady, having fallen into the Canal where she was like to be drowned, he thought himself obliged to save her, before he pursued the others; and that gave time to the Lady and her Ravisher to run far enough, before he could come up with them. He called to the Overseer of the Water-works and a foot-Boy, that if it was possible they should stop the Gentleman; but it was too late, for the adventurous Lover and unknown Lady were already got into the Court of the Castle; so that when the

Marques arrived, there was no body there, nor any thing to be seen, but on the other side of the draw-Bridge a Coach with six Horses, which drove away in great haste. The Marques raged, to see that which pleased him so well, raviſht away by force: And having ordered his Horses to be ſaddled, he returned in the mean while into the Garden, that he might learn ſome information from the old Woman; but neither was ſhe to be found, for ſhe had ſecretly ſlipt away. Alas! ſaid he, ſhe is a Confederate in the Rape: With this his anger redoubled; and ordering his Servants to ſearch for her in the Neighbourhood, he himſelf takes horſe, and ſpeeds after the Coach. About half a mile from *Vaux*, he was told that the Coach took the way of *Cambreux*; and being informed that there was no body in it but a Gentleman and a Lady, he was fully confirmed that the Road of the Raviſher lay that way. He ſpurred on his horſe with all diligence the ſame way, and having advanced a League, notwithstanding he was of a ſudden overtaken by the night, he thought that he had found what he ſought after, fancying that upon a little height he eſpied the Coach of the Blade he had to do with; but he was miſtaken, for that Evening Deſtiny had appointed him for various and many Adventures; it being another Coach which had ſtopt there. As he drew  
near,

## Madam Quixote.

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near, instead of his ravished beauty, he found four Ladies, who distracted with fear, used their utmost attempts to hinder two men on Horseback, from murdering a Gentleman in company with them.

He had too bravely begun the Evening, not to play the Hero of a *Romance*. To me! Murderers, turn to me! cried he, and fall not on a single man, who hath nothing but a Sword to defend himself. With that rushing furiously upon the two Horsemen, he put them to flight, and delivered the Gentleman from danger, and the Ladies from fear. They were all of his Acquaintance, and the Gentleman the *Chevalier de Montal*, one of his best Friends. The four Ladies were *Mademoiselle de Barbesteux*, *Madam de Moulionne*, a Judges Wife, *Mademoiselle de Velzers*, a *Hollands* Lady, and *Mademoiselle de Kermas*, a *Bretton*. They were going to see the House of the late *Monsieur le Prevost*, a Counsellor of Parliament, which was to be sold, and where they were to be treated by *Madam de Moulionne*. After they had rendered the Marquess a thousand thanks for his assistance, they prayed him to tell them what good fortune had brought him thither so seasonably. He freely told them his Adventure, and asked them news of the Coach that went to *Cambreux*: But they falling a laughing, told him, That he did but devise a Tale for

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plea-

pleasure; which was another perplexity and confusion for the poor Knight errant. Let me perish, said he, if what I say be not true. You jeer us Marquess, answered *Montal*; for it is very probable indeed, that a man should make his appointment in such a Garden as that of *Vaux*, in open day to carry away a Woman, and in the way too that you describe; it is a thing that cannot so much as enter into the mind of a man of common sense. But, good now! added *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, who knew the gallant humour of the Marquess; Know you not that *Mademoiselle de Senselles* lives not far from hence? And without obliging the Marquess *de Riberville* to tell us whether he is going, is it not enough for us to guess it, that we may not shew our selves unthankful for the good office he hath done us? Jest as much as you please, Lady, replied the Marquess, but let me die if I follow not the Coach upon that very account I told you. If it be so, answered *Madam de Moulionne*, you had as good go back again; for it is the Coach of *M. de Cambreux*, who is going home with his Lady, and we gave them the good night as they passed us. The Marquess at that word turned again, and being as Guard to the Company, they entertained themselves pleasantly, until the Coach came to the place where they were to lodge; where after many Compliments,

## Madam Quixote.

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ments, and mutual promises of visiting one another, the Marquis took his leave, and followed his way to *Vaux*.

His Servants upon his return told him; That the old Woman had come back again into the Garden, with a Lackey in a dark green Livery, and that she had prayed the House-keeper, That if he chanced to hear any news of the young Lady, he would with all speed acquaint *Madam* her Aunt with it, who lived within a short League of *Vaux le Vicomte*. They farther said, That the old Woman entreated them to offer no injury to the Ravisher, if he happened to fall into their hands, because that he had Orders from the Aunt to do what he did. But all this gave no sufficient information to the poor Marquis; he pelted and vexed at the House-keeper, because he had not stopt that old Woman; and shortly after went to bed so pensive and troubled, that he could not sleep all night, He was in despair, when casting about he could find no clearing to so many doubts that held him in suspense; and the beauty of his unknown Lady running continually in his mind, he could not think on the glances that he had received from her, and that lovely melancholy wherewith she smote his heart, but that he was out of all patience. that he was not able to prevent the Rape. Nevertheless about the break of day he fell into a slumber, with some appear-

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ance

ance that he might at length sleep some hours; but he had not slumbered long, when fancying that he heard the fair Lady sigh about his bed, he awaked with a start, and hastily opened the Curtains to see what the matter was, but saw nothing appear. He accused the power of his imagination for having so cheated him, and endeavoured to fall asleep again; but the same sighs renewed put him into an 'inconceivable perplexity. Having called his *Valet de Chambre*, he bid him search about exactly, to see if any body lay hid in the Room; but the enquiry was in vain, and served only to increase his confusion. A thousand different thoughts distracted him, and his extravagance carried him so far, that he thought the Maid by some cross accident might have died, and that her Ghost came to thank him, for the good intentions he had of rescuing her. In fine, These sighs being renewed again the third time, to the great amazement of the *Valet de Chambre*, who affirmed that the voice seemed to come from under the Bed, where notwithstanding he had seen nothing; the Marquis was frightened, and could lye no longer abed. He called for his Gown, and having put aside the Hangings, that he might go into his Closet, he was surprized to see the door open, but called to mind afterward that he had forgot to shut it. Fair day-light began now to appear, and there

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## *Madam Quixote.* 9

he resolved to disperse his dismal thoughts, by reading some pleasing Book ; but for a third Adventure, he had not entered one step, when he saw the beautiful young Lady asleep on a Couch. She lay in a posture so advantageous for her beauty, and for the light, that her countenance seemed to dart out rays of splendour. The rising Sun that entered by an open window, produced on her countenance and breast that was half naked, these wonderful effects. The Marquess was quite transported, as well by that surprising rencounter, as by the flame that Love at that sight kindled in him of new. He stood in need of all his discretion to restrain the impetuosity of his first transports ; yet all he did was to approach that lovely sleeper, and steal some kisses, whilst she slept so sound, as not to be offended. He continued on his knees, beholding her for some time ; and then that he might not anger her, by awakening her before he was drest, he returned into his Chamber, where he put himself in condition to visit her again with more decency. Hardly had he got on his cloaths, when of her self she awaked, which made him run in to testifie to her his joy, that she had escaped the danger of being carried away ; and having asked her what fortune had brought her into that place, a thousand times he kissed her fair hands, whilst she gave her self no trouble to resist him. At length

length with her accustomed melancholy she made him answer, That being closely pursued, by good fortune she found in a corner of the House a door open; that she threw her self in at it unperceived by her Ravisher, and that having found that Closet under the Hangings half open, she betook her self to it as to a Sanctuary, not thinking that her Enemy durst have the boldness to pursue her thither; adding many excuses, for the liberty she had taken in doing so. To which the Marquess, inflamed with love, falling on his knees, because she was still sitting on the side of the Couch, and tenderly squeezing her hands betwixt his own, made this reply in a most passionate manner: Madam, This is not the only liberty that you have taken in the House of *Vaux*, and it is most willingly excused, and having told her the several Adventures that he had met with in attempting her rescue, he adjured her most pressingly to tell him her Enemy, to the end he might revenge her wrong. But the lovely Lady, casting on him one of those languishing looks which had already captivated his heart; *Seigneur*, said she, I have for Enemy the bravest of all the *Romans*, but I wish him no hurt; all that I desire is only to shun his presence. The Marquess judging by the word *Seigneur* which she used, that she might be a Stranger, and being confirmed in his opinion, because

because some *Italians* were expected at Court, and that her Accent was not altogether *French*, he behaved himself towards her with greater respect than ever. He begg'd of her, that she would at least give him some notice of her condition, and promised to conduct her to what place of security she should desire. The beautiful Lady made answer in this manner :

Know, generous Stranger, that I am Daughter to the valiant *Clelius*, who was forced to fly to *Carthage*, thereby to avoid the fury of the last of the *Tarquins*, and who upon his return contributed so much to the liberty of *Rome*. My Name is *Clelia*, and my Actions are so famous, that none but they who live in the most distant Countreys can be ignorant of them. The Marquess, as if he had dropt from the Clouds at that extravagancy, immediately perceived the nature of her Distemper. Never was man so much surprized, when he reflected on all the trouble he had taken for an hypocondriack person; nor could he pardon himself for the cares, fears and hopes, which had so seriously affected him on so ridiculous an occasion. However, coming a little to himself again, and perceiving that the beauty of the Maid, which had pleased him so much, was nothing lessened by her fancies, he took comfort, and resolved to have the pleasure of hearing her Story to an end. He put her again  
on

on the Relation, and she forget nothing of all the ingenious Intrigues, that are to be found in the Romance of *Clelia*, in the History of *Aronce*, and that *Roman Lady*. She began with the embarking of *Clelius* for his *African Voyage*, recounted his Shipwrack, and the manner how he saved the young *Aronce*; how *Aronce* fell in love with her, and by what occasion *Horace* became his Rival; the return of *Clelius* to *Rome* after the expulsion of the *Tarquins*; how *Horace* was there chosen for Husband to *Clelia*, and *Aronce* afterward discovered to be the Son of the King *Porfenna*, which made *Clelius* prefer him to *Horace*; and in fine, how that the day that she was to be married to the illustrious *Aronce*, that fearful Earthquake happened, which gave *Horace* occasion to ravish her from his Rival: Forgetting nothing, as I have said, of all that succeeded that Rape, until the Rencounter of the Prince of *Numidia*, who attempted to have forced her from her Ravisher. And there she thanked the Marquess of *Riberville*, whom she took for that Prince, and at the same time made the Canal of *Kaux* the Lake of *Perusa*, on which the Prince of *Numidia* fought against *Horace*.

The Marquess perceived also by that Principality which she gave him, that by her eagerness in speaking of these Chimera's, she insensibly increased them; and though he took pleasure

sure to hear her, yet he could not but pity so  
 sad a Distemper, he thought it fit to leave her  
 to take a little rest, that he might see whether  
 in some good intervals, she might not name  
 other Parents than *Clelius*, whom he might ac-  
 quaint with her being at *Vaux*. For that effect  
 he recommended her to the Woman that kept  
 his House, who put her to Bed, and ordered  
 some Maids to attend her. In the mean time  
 the Marquess was told, that a Gentleman de-  
 sired to speak with him, who proved to be the  
 very same that the melancholick Lady had ta-  
 ken for a Ravisher the day before. The impa-  
 tience that the Marquess was in, to know the  
 name and quality of that poor afflicted Maid,  
 made him go meet that Gentleman immediat-  
 ly, that he might enquire if it was she he look-  
 ed for. The Gentleman answered him, That  
 he had been every where about in the Neigh-  
 bourhood to hear news of her, but all in vain.  
 The Marquess related to him the way how she  
 came into the Castle. I need not then, repli-  
 ed the Gentleman, inform you of her misfor-  
 tune, you have easily discovered it, since you  
 have made her speak. All that I can tell you,  
 Sir, is, That she belongs to persons of Quality,  
 who are afflicted beyond measure to see her in  
 that condition. It is certainly lamentable, re-  
 plied the Marquess, and I protest to you, that  
 though I know her not but since yesterday, yet

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I have been sensibly affected, to see so rare a beauty in so great a disorder; my surprize was extraordinary, when she told me that her Name was *Clelia*. But, Sir, continued he, Is there no remedy for that Distemper? And is that poor Lady always in that prodigious discomposure of mind? We believed her almost cured, answered the Gentleman, and she was brought hither to walk, because it is above ten days since she shewed any sign of Distemper. I have caused her be put to Bed, replied the Marques, and there are Women here who are to take care of her, to see if her Fit do abate. Sir, said the Gentleman, By what you tell me, it must be already over; for it never holds her above ten or twelve hours, and then for two days space there appears not the least alteration in her mind; she is as rational as any other, sings divinely, and is full of charms in conversation, but that now and then she falls into I know not what kind of melancholy, which (as I believe) proceeds only from the reflexion she makes on her misfortune; for she is very sensible of it, and that is the thing that troubles her most, and the most singular symptom of her Distemper. Perhaps if no body should ever speak to her of *Rome* or the *Romans*, her Cure might be more easie; we observe, that on such occasions, her Fit takes her much sooner than at other times; but there is no keeping of her shut up, for that

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increases her Melancholy, and irritates her Distemper; and it would be sad to inform all the Company with whom she is, of the fancies that such Subjects occasion in her. I ask no more then, said the Marquess, with a countenance somewhat astonished, what was the cause of the disorder she fell into last Evening. I remember, that amongst the Flourishes I spake to her, I compared the majesty of her Body, and the beauty of her Face, to a certain *Roman* Lady whom she resembles, and whose Picture hangs in the House, without doubt it is I that have spoilt all. O yes, said the Gentleman, and my presence hath compleated the disaster. You gave her ground, replied the Marquess, by running after her, to take you for *Horace*, and it is perhaps because you are the Rival of some person whom she loves. Alas! Sir, answered the Gentleman, that is but too true; heretofore I was much in love with her, and am hardly yet free; but when you saw me yesterday endeavour to overtake her, it was only for fear that she might hurt her self by running, for I imagined that her Fit had taken her. However, I must thank you for the trouble you put your self to on that occasion; for I was told that you took Horse with a very generous design. Yes certainly, answered the Marquess, laughing, you put me in a furious rage, and I took a strange resolution against you; if I had met

met you, we should have undoubtedly had a trial whose the Lady should have been. Then he told him of a second Adventure he had had, in rescuing the *Chevalier de Montal*, who was in danger of being assassinated. To which the Gentleman made answer, That he was the less troubled at *Clelia's* Fit, seeing it was the cause that so gallant a man as *Montal* was not killed. But, Sir, continued the Marquess, I have a great mind still to know, if you think fit, how that poor Lady fell into that Distemper; for how could she be possessed with that folly, to believe *Clelius* to be her Father; that he retired to *Carthage*; that he saved *Aronce*; and that there happened an Earthquake, the day that she should have been married to that *Aronce*, if there were not some conformity between her Adventures and those of *Clelia*? To give you that satisfaction you desire, answered the Gentleman, I must needs relate to you the whole Story, but then I should suffer those that expect news of her, to pine away with impatience. Alas! Sir, replied the Marquess, That needs not trouble you, we shall send one of my Servants, who shall inform them to the full; and if you will take my advice, send for her Governess hither, it shall be her own fault if she continue not here with her trust, as long as she pleases. I beseech you then, said the Gentleman, Cause that I may have Paper and Ink,

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to write a word to that Woman, otherways perhaps she may make some difficulty to come. Yes, said the Marquess, for I take her to be a little capricious; she instead of staying for my return yesterday, fled out of the Garden, as if she had been guilty of somewhat. That was, that she might not be obliged, said the Gentleman, to give you an account of so strange a Distemper, for the good Woman loves not to publish the blemishes of our Family. When the Note was written, it was sent to the Governess, who lived with the Aunt of the young Lady, about a short League off. They both afterward entered together into the Garden, and having chosen a convenient place to sit in, the Gentleman in this manner began the History of the fair distempered Lady.

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# THE HISTORY OF

Madamoifelle *Juliette d'Arvianna*.

**Y**OU have sometimes perhaps heard of the Counts *d'Arvianna*. They are one of the noblest Families in *Gascoigne*. The last Count of that Name, who died since the Marriage of the King, was Father to this lovely Lady. But that you may the better know the Reasons, that have made her apply to her self the Adventures of *Clelia*, I must trace a little back the History of the Father of my *Heroine*; I call her so, said he, smiling, because she has made me act the part of a *Romance-Squire* with you. In the year 1644, the Count *d'Arvianna*, with his Brother the *Chevalier*, equipped a great Ship, and another small Vessel, to go cruise with on the Seas. And as he set sail from the mouth of the *Garron*, he came at the nick of time to be witness of the wrack of a forrain Ship, which was split about the Tower of *Carduan*, and whereof he could only save

save a little Child, which in its Cradle stuck to the Rock; all the rest were by a Land-wind blown off into the Sea, and perished, no body being able to conjecture to whom the Vessel belonged. The Count took the poor infant-Boy, and recommended him to a Seaman's Wife, and having three months after returned from his cruising, and finding that no body owned it, he caused it to be carried to Madam the Countess *d'Arviante* his Lady, who having had none as yet of her own in the space of four years that she had been married, took pleasure to have it brought up. There is *Clelia* indeed, said the Marquess, interrupting him, and she has reason in the comparison, if she have none in the application. Two years after, continued the Gentleman, Madam *d'Arviante* was brought to Bed of a Daughter, who was called *Julliette*, and the Girl and Boy were brought up together until the War of *Bordeaux*; and there is nothing of Romance in what I am about to tell you; there could not be any thing more accomplished than these two Children. During this War, one of the Rebels thinking to gain my Father, by procuring him great advantages, proposed to him *Julliette* in Marriage with me, who (though she was not above five or six years old) was nevertheless betrothed to me. There were great hopes re-

ceived of me ; I had an Estate ; I was a Kinsman ; the *Chevalier d'Arvianne* was dead, and it was thought there might be means found to restore the House of *Arvianne* to its ancient splendor, by giving me that Maid with thirty thousand Livres a year: For Madam her Mother having an Infirmary, which hindered her from ever having more Children, I was to carry the Name and Arms of the Family. But the event of the War was quite contrary to what was expected ; all these fair designs vanished by the flight of the Count ; he was forced to shelter himself in *England*, till he could justify his innocence ; his Estate was at the same time forfeited ; *Juliette* was carried thither with the young Stranger, who had opportunity enough to gain her favours, as both grew in years. In a word, What shall I tell you ? They fell both in good earnest in love. The Count *d'Arvianne* who perceived it, would not suffer that love to take root ; what virtue soever he found shining in that *Aronce*, yet his Birth, perhaps, answered not to that of his Daughter, and besides he had no Estate. The Count resolved then to separate them, and the young Lad had no sooner attained to the age of fifteen years, but that he sent him from *London*, to one of the most famous Academies of the Kingdom, there to learn his Exercises.

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In the meantime the beauty of *Julliette* began to be talked of in the Court of the Protector. She was courted by many *English* Lords, and as amongst a great many pretenders, there are always some that are more eager than the rest; so the Son of a great Lord became so passionately in love with her, that his flame became known to all people. *Julliette* nevertheless corresponded not with it, but on the contrary wrote to her young Lover of the displeasure she conceived thereat, who falling into furious despair, that the Count *d'Arvianne* approved of the pretensions of his Rival, returned secretly to *London*, challenged the Lord's Son, dangerously wounded him, and was instantly apprehended. He that was wounded being a man of great Quality, the young Stranger was believed utterly ruined. The Count *d'Arvianne* himself was obliged in policy to forsake him; but here is again a Subject of application for our *Clelia*. One of the Lords of Parliament called the Marquess of \*, having understood how that young man was rescued from Shipwrack, and having considered the day and year when that Shipwrack happened, observing besides in the face of the Prisoner, some features that touched him, he entered into some suspicion that he might be his Brother's Son, whose Ship he always believed to have been cast away the

very same year when he fled from *England*, about the beginning of the Troubles. In fine, That Lord ordered to well some Sessions of the House, that he had time to inform himself. The Stranger was acknowledged for the Son of the Lord \*, and his Uncle obtained his Pardon. I tell you not now of the joy of poor *Julliette*; she was a real *Clelia*, that saw her *Aronce* owned to be the Son of King *Porfenna*. Such was her joy, that she being unable to conceal it from all *England*, the wounded Rival died rather of despair than of his wounds. In the mean time the Marquess of \* being highly in favour with *Cromwel*, the Count *d'Arviagne* endeavoured to make his peace, by his mediation with Cardinal *Maazarin*, and was again restored to his Estate. The young Lord returned also with his dear *Julliette*. She was about that time a Maid of fourteen years old, one of the most charming persons in the World. They came afterward to *Paris*, where she read *Clelia*; and as she read it, *Monsieur de Scuderi*, said she a hundred times, hath foretold in this Romance, the Adventures that I should meet with. She could not forbear to admire that surprizing resemblance between the Adventures of *Clelia* and her own; for two years together she perused them day and night, during which time her Lord left her not without other pastimes.

times. There were no magnificent and great Treats which he bestowed not on his lovely Mistress; not that he spent all these two years in that amorous idleness, for he had a Command in the Trained-Bands of *England*; but when he could steal any little time from the War, he came in Post to imploy it in his love. At length they came to treat of Peace between the two Crowns; and the Uncle of the young\*, and the Count *d'Arviagne*, judging it an equal Match, resolved to marry *Julliette* to her Lover, and returned into *Gascogne* to celebrate the Marriage. Here is again another strange resemblance to the Romance of *Clelia*; The very day they were to be married, there happened at *Bordeaux* a furious Earthquake; flames and ashes did not burst forth as at *Capua*, but a kind of a Rock came out of the Earth upon the Bank of the *Garon*, and some were swallowed up by it on the High-way, some Houses were likewise overthrown. And, in a word, that the Adventure of that Lady might in all respects resemble that of the *Roman Clelia*, my jealousy led me at the very hour of that disorder, towards the Countrey-House where the Wedding was to be held, that I might endeavour to carry away *Julliette*; I came just in good time when the same House began to shake and totter, to carry her away in my arms. And

this, Sir, is the whole History of *Mademoiselle d'Arviagne*, which gave a beginning to her Distemper. I purged my self of the Rape whereof I was accused, under pretext of the Earthquake; but she who knew the truth of the matter was thereby so offended, that a Fever supervening so discomposed her mind, as by little and little she came at length to imagine her self to be *Clelia*. Sir, said the Marquis, you have told me wonderful matters; but what became of the young \*, after you carried away his Mistress? The Count *d'Arviagne* and he, answered the Gentleman, eagerly pursued me, the one by way of Law accused me of having given her some amorous Potion, and the other challenged me, with whom I fought twice. But, in fine, there being no hopes of *Juliette's* Cure, his Uncle recalled him into *England*. Since that time the Count and Countess *d'Arviagne* are dead; and my Mother being next in kin to the distempered Lady, was charged with the Guardianship and tuition of her. That poor Maid hath been now almost six years afflicted with that Distemper without any Cure. She hath had all kind of Divertilements; six months ago my Mother brought her to *Paris*, and she hath been visited by all the Physitians, who have not been able to find any remedy for her; neither the change of Air, nor so-

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liude, nor yet company and conversation, nor any thing else can alter that imagination; do but speak to her of the *Romans*, or let her but see any object that may revive her fancies, she falls immediately again into extravagancy; you had a sufficient proof of it last Evening, when you diverted her with the Water-works.

Having so ended his Story, he rose and desired to take leave of the Marquess, because he had business that day at *Fountain-bleau*. The Marquess asked him if he would not see his Kinswoman; but he judged it not convenient, lest that his presence might do her more hurt than good; and therefore he took horse, and pursued his way to Court.

Hardly was he gone, when the Marquess being still in the Court of the Castle, heard a Coach come to the Gate; and a little after seeing the *Chevalier de Montal*, and the Ladies who the Evening before promised to visit him, come out, he ran in haste to receive them. Immediately, *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux* speaking in name of all the rest, told him, That they were come to know if the fair Lady that was carried away, had not broken his rest. Look, Ladies, answered he, shewing them the Cousin of that Maid, who was but just got a horseback, there is the Ravisher, my good Friend, who hath just left me. How, Sir,

Sir, said *Madam de Montfionne*, interrupting him, Have you really had news of her then? And the pleasantest news in the World, answered the Marquess, that fair Lady is here between a pair of Sheets. You are happy, said *Montal*, I would I had her as sure. Ho! Be quiet, said *Mademoiselle Barbisieux* to him, you are already about to begin your usual fopperies. They entered all afterward into the Garden, with design to fetch a Walk before they went into the House, and the Marquess being there pressed to tell what he had learned of his fair melancholick Lady, he recounted to the Ladies the whole Story, as he had just before heard it. Well, really, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, when he had made an end, I protest I suspected last night that the Marquess had told us some made Tale, and did not in the least believe that he was in chace of such an Adventure. And so did I, added *Madam de Montfionne*, I fancied that his surprize in having met us, when he desired no such thing, had made him invent on the spot that which he told us; for the truth is, there was so little probability in it, that if I had not heard what now I hear, I should never have believed it, and I suspected as you did, some other mystery in his Journey. Ye do me too great honour, Ladies, said the Marquess, and I am truly very much obliged  
to

to you for these good opinions. We speak not without reason, replied *Madam de Moulionne*; and I appeal to *Mademoiselle Velzers*, and *Mademoiselle de Kermas*, if the other day we were not told such things, as might very well give us ground to have that suspicion of you. That's true, said *Mademoiselle Velzers*; but if you will be ruled by me, let *Monsieur the Marquis* alone, and let us endeavour to make the *Chevalier* as good as his word, in telling us a Story which he promised last night. Ah! You are in the right, answered *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*; he told us, that the attempt that was made yesternight upon his person, was the consequence of a Love-intrigue; he must tell us what it was. With all my heart, answered the *Chevalier*, and the Story shall be no less pleasant than that of the *Gascoigne Clelia*. At these words all held their peace; and thus he began.

THE

## NOVEL II

## The History

OF THE

Chevalier de Montal, and  
Madam de Lanmer.

**I**F Monsieur the Marquis hath been in great trouble for an Hypochondriack Person, a fanciful Lady also was the cause that last Night I narrowly escaped being Murdered. There is a certain Lady who hath a House on the Road to *Marsal*, that would be thought the greatest Beauty of *Lorrain*, and to have likewise the best Wit in the World. As to Beauty, without doubt, she has her share, and for a proof of that, Ladies, I have been in love with her, and am not so bad a Judge of Beauty as to love an ugly Woman; but as to her Wit, you will hardly agree with her in Opinion.

At that time then when the King made his Expedition to *Marsal*, one of the loveliest Princes, not only of our Court, but of all *Europe* also; and I know, Ladies, that you  
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are willing I should conceal his name and quality: had I but nam'd him; a secret that I have long kept, would be sure to come to his ears by to morrow, and therefore I think it not as yet convenient to see the impertinent Historiah! Said Mademoiselle *Kelters*, he hath spoken but three words, and yet cannot forbear to show his own vanity, and affront us! It is not to affront you, answered the Chevalier, to distrust your tongues; for there was never Woman that could keep a Secret half a day. And think you, continued he, looking on her pleasantly, that had it not been for that, I could have delayed till now to let you know I love you? Ha, ha! said Madam *de Moulionne* to the fair *Hollander*, there is a pretty way indeed of breaking Love, and I know not how you will take it from him; yet I think a Protestation made in that manner should not be received with disdain. The Lady, replied *Montal*, blushes no less for anger; but the reason is, because there is nothing truer than what I have said. Good, good! said Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux* interrupting him, nobody doubts but that you spake the truth in saying you loved her; and for all the bad opinion you have of Womens tongues, it is far less doubted but that she also is so secret in her love for you, as not to speak of it to any; but make an end, if

If you please, of the History of the Lady of *Marsal*.

This Prince, replied he, needing a little refreshment on the Road, was forced to accept of the civilities of that house. And seeing she was a Woman that let no occasion slip of entertaining fancies and visions, or that she was of an humour to brag of every thing, she would needs perswade her Friends that the bare civilities that the Prince had shewed her, were a real declaration of Love. She had even the wit to make them believe that he made a halt only in her Village, that he might have a pretext to speak with her. All her good Gossips presently advised her not to neglect so good a Fortune. They urged her to follow that lovely Prince to *Marsal*, and recommended to her care not to be sparing in giving him encouragements. Go, said they, Madam, you know not of what consequence it may be to you, and one must not make Ceremonies with Princes as with other People. These brave Counsels made the Lady go to *Marsal*, where I had the first time the honour to see and converse with her; for perceiving her to be in some perplexity, and that she lookt for something at Court, I offered my self to wait on her whithersoever she pleased; but she told me that she desired no more but to see the lovely Prince

Prince that I have been speaking of at Dinner, which I procured her. My Friends placed her so commodiously and so full in view, that the Prince to the great satisfaction of her heart, eyed only her all the time of Dinner. Then it was that being her self perswaded, of what she intended only to perswade others; she returned home full of pride and haughtiness for her conquest. The Lady who before that was proud of a crowd of Votaries, who flocked daily about her from six leagues in compass, thought it afterward a great disgrace to be served by Galants of their quality, and there was not any, not so much as her Husband (whom even the bonds of Matrimony could not serve) that could avoid her slights; if he asked or stole any favour from her, it was a kind of Treason and robbing the Publick, he took to himself what only belonged to the Prince, and she threatened to undoe him. At that all the Company burst out in laughing. There was, said Madam de Moulionne, a foolish creature indeed, if it be not one of the foolish inventions of the Chevalier. Confound me, replied the Chevalier, if I add one word to the Story, and if I describe not to you the humour of that Lady just as it really was. Nay, I have been told that she so slighted her Husband, that the poor Countrey Gentleman was constrained

strained in a great fit of Love to beat her, because she would not suffer him to use her more kindly. In fine, she led this life two years, until it pleased my destiny to make me a Companion at Hunting with *Monsieur de Laumer* her Husband, who was come to *Thoul* where my Regiment lay. However I knew not that she was the Wife of that Gentleman, for though she had received from me at *Marsal* the good Office that I have told you, yet I informed not my self of her name, and knew her not but by sight. And that made me pleasantly surpris'd to see her in *Laumer's* house, when he treated me after we came from the Chase; but I may likewise say that the amazement I put her then in, was no less than mine own. *Laumer*, who perceived that his Lady changed colour when she saw me, came familiarly and whispering me in the ear, Chevalier, said he, be not surpris'd if my Wife look not favourably on you; she is a Beast that uses all people so, and is mad when I bring any man hither. Alas! answered I, shrugging up my Shoulders, let her look on me as she thinks fit, and if she please I shall not at all eye her. On the contrary, said *Laumer*, you will do me a kindness to speak to her: and turning to her, Wife, said he, entertain this Gentleman, till I go and give orders for Dinner. Then it was that I

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fell in love with that Beauty. The curiosity that I had to make her change her humour which her Husband had set forth to me to be so cruel, and the convenience that he gave me of being with her alone, were the first causes of my love. Your Husband, said I to her, Madam, so soon as he was gone out, has been telling me a strange thing of you. Is it possible, Madam, that you give so bad usage to those whom he brings hither to adore you? for to see and adore you is but one and the same thing. She fetched a little sigh before she answered to that, and then turning her eyes amorously towards me, Sir, said she, If I had as great obligation to all those whom my Husband brings hither, as I acknowledge my self to have to you, I should not so much dislike their Company. As she ended these words, her Husband returned, and hindered me to answer their kindness; the kindness was not so great as you take it to be, said Mademoiselle de Barbisieux, and it might very well have admitted an explication. I confess that, replied he, but for my part, who never desire more of a Woman, to make me believe my self in good terms with her, and who besides, had no ground to believe it was a riddle, I had not failed to have thanked her by a fair declaration of Love, if her Husband had not by his coming prevented me. That

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had been very pleasant, said Mademoiselle *Felzers*, she would have certainly scratched out his eyes. Just so as she scratched them out, answered he, when I made that declaration three days after. I sent it to her cautiously by one of my Lacqueys, and received a very favourable answer. As you say, says Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux* again interrupting him, --- 'Slife! there it is still, said the Chevalier, plucking it out of his Pocket, and you may read it if you will. Madam *de Moulianne* took it, and whilst *Barbisieux* looked over her Shoulders, she read in it these words:

To Monsieur,  
The Chevalier de Montal.

**Y**Es, Sir. I shall always reckon my self the happiest Woman in the World, in having obtained your acquaintance, and without doubt your first cares have sensibly affected me. I would, if it were possible abide with you always, not to speak of any thing else; but however I pray you entertain no love for me, for that will do us both an injury.

Conceive who can the meaning of that answer, said the Marquess, it is an admirable quibble

quibble, for when the Lady says that she is happy in having obtained acquaintance of the Chevallier, and that his first cares have pleased her, it is clear she means of the pains he took to get her in to see the Prince Dine; But surely, added Madam de Moliennes, for one to have answered in these terms, the note of the Chevallier must have been also no less ambiguous on his part. How I? said the Chevallier, I wrote to her that I was very much obliged to her for the good reception she had given me; and that if I thought that my first cares had not displeased her, I should use all my Art to see her as often as I could. To conclude, I prayed her to be assured that she had rendered me the most amorous of all men. However it be, Ladies, continued he, what ignorance soever I might have of the meaning of that note, yet it made me downright in Love. And from that time I began to contrive a thousand devices to see her; and I had the more reason to do so, in regard her Husband grew Jealous of me, and suffered me no more to come to his house. That design cost me a good deal of Money at *Thoul*, for the space of a whole Winter that she lived there with her Jealous Husband, who had a Suit at Law there. He would not so much as leave her alone in his house. I used all colours and pretexts that I might speak

with him, until at length having found an occasion to tell him that she seemed to be angry because I had solicited on their behalf; that Artifice lessened a little the diffidence of her Husband. Then did I disguise my self into Womans Apparel, that I might go often to her Lodgings; which succeeded so well with me, that every time her Husband was abroad, I never budged from thence. But to my shame I must confess that I gained no ground upon the Lady, and that after a great many ambiguous discourses, and at least as many sighs as I have already spent for Mademoiselle *Welzers*, I thought I had fallen from the Clouds, when out of pity she resolved to make me her confident, being she could not admit of me for a Gallant. That happened in the most pleasant way imaginable, for as in the height of transport I embraced her knees, accusing her of cruelty for being the cause of my Death, and protesting that I wished to have been the Son or Brother of the King, that I might have better deserved her favours; she fetched a deep sigh, and giving me her hand to kiss, as a signal testimony of kindness: Ah! said she, dear Chevalier, how cruel are you to prick me in the Sore! And why so, Madam? answered I, taking what she said as meant for my self, would you rather that I should dye  
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by keeping silence? Go, go, continued she, I will no longer abuse your patience; and seeing I know the power of the affection you have for me, I will likewise by the confession I am about to make to you, testify what a great esteem I have for your merit. After that, I expected no less than that she would give me assurances of my happiness, and in that expectation even expiring in Love; to say the truth, I know not what I was not preparing to do, when the fanciful Woman stabbed me by the foolish confession of her Love for the Prince. Though I perceived my hopes frustrated, yet I could not forbear to laugh; and the novelty of that extravagancy so strangely amazed my Love, that it seemed to fly as fast out, as it had entered into my heart. However the vexation that I was in for having spent so much Money in vain, and a certain point of honour, which ye may name as ye please, would not suffer me wholly to abandon my pursuit; and changing my battery with her, I told her I was obstinately resolved not to be her Fop. I persisted daily in a disguised habit to render her Visits, and carried on my designs so well with her in the quality which she offered me of a plain Confident, that I desired no other. I gave her constantly advantageous descriptions of the Prince, which was a thing that might be

done without fiction; I pretended that he was in Love with her, that I might render her more amorous; and adding a thousand promises to order matters, that she should one day enjoy him in private, and that the Prince himself should be desirous upon my return to Court, to come and see her *incognito*; I put her into so great a transport and excess of Joy, that I may tell you freely, she gave her self in prey to my Love without considering what she did. Ah! Madam, said I to her one time, sitting by her upon the Bed where she still lay, and impudently stroaking her fair Breasts; if it were the Prince, when it is but a bare Confident that taketh this liberty, what pleasure would it be. O! extravagant Woman, cried Madam de Moulionne. Good Madam, added *Barbiseux*, say rather extravagant Man, for telling us such improbable fopperies. Ah! replied he, let me become the most miserable wretch that ever was, if I tell you not the truth, and if it be not certain that the Lady would not have repulsed me, provided I had undertaken nothing, but by way of comparison to what the Prince might have done. Well, well, Chevalier, said the same Lady, looking with a kind of severe gravity, we tell you in plain terms that we desire not to hear such follies. But Mademoiselle, answered he, you desire to know my

my Story, and these are the chief points of it; ye must resolve to have a little patience if ye be curious to hear the rest. Come, come, go on, said the Marquess, I'll stop them if they intend to be gone. Goodness, replied the Chevalier; as if it behoved them not, to be nice and ceremonious in every thing, their honour is concerned that way, but it's no matter, I shall have a care what I say. In fine Ladies, amidst my delights, Heaven thought fit to give me a trial of its vigour; I received Orders from Court to march with my Regiment to another Town at a considerable distance. I leave you to guess how much I bewailed my fortune to the Lady; how much I accused the Court of Injustice, that ought not to have been ignorant that I took more pleasure at *Thoul* than any where else. And for your sakes, and to spare your scrupulous Modesty, I will not tell you neither that she gave me above a thousand kisses at parting. She fondly regretted the absence of a man who acted so well the part of his Prince. She sent me above twenty most tender and affectionate Letters, to put me in mind of speaking of her to the Prince; and she importuned me so much, that at length the Idea of her Beauty, that could do any thing upon a man of my temper, made me take the resolution that I am about to tell you. Upon a day

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when the Feast of *St. Hubert* was to be kept, I returned purposely into the Neighbourhood of her house ; and taking with me four or five of my Troopers, I went a Hunting with the rest ; where, in cold blood I killed several of her Husband's Dogs, and made some other ravage on his Ground. The Lady whom I had informed, solicited him immediately to pursue his revenge, and perswaded him to sue me criminally. The Suit as we had well foreseen, was removed before the King's Counsel, by reason of some circumstances, and the fair Lady continuing her rage against me, she offered to go her self and sollicite it : The Husband at first made difficulty enough to carry her thither, but a troublesome Gout to which he was subject though still young, nailed him to his Bed ; and the affair being pressing, he at length sent her all alone to *Paris*. I instantly followed her, and there were renewed our Confidences, until an occasion of doing better presented. That precious occasion and more favourable than I expected, happened at last, by means of the King's leaving *Paris*, and going to *St. Germans*, after the Death of the Queen Mother ; for the Council having followed the King, *Madam de Laumer* had a pretext to go thither also, and there it was that I desired to have her. I imparted there the  
secret

## Madam Quixote. 41

secret of my good fortune to one of the Princes Officers. And seeing there is not any Courtier who is not willing to serve his Friend in the affair of his Mills, I made him promise to go see the Lady, as if it had been by order, and in name of his Master; to the end that if she promised any pleasant minutes, I might go under the name of the Prince, and sweetly spend them with her. O what Knavery! said the young Madam *de Montlionne*. I have heard of that adventure, added the Marquess, but believed not, said he to the Chevalier, that you were the Heroe, and there was no body named in it. That is true, replied *Montal*, because I was made to promise solemnly never to publish it; but the countenance of the affair is now changed. Matters being then ordered in this manner, I brought the Lady to the old Palace, there she saw the Prince Dine once more; for he was come to wait on the King that day. My Friend failed not after Dinner to deliver her the Message we had agreed upon; told her that the Prince knew her to be the same Lady with whose Beauty he had been smitten on his way to *Marsel*, and at *Marsel* it self, and that he had sent him to wait upon her, to entreat her that she would suffer him to come see her the Night following. She look'd big at first, and seemed to

to arm her self against such a Proposition, after the manner of the Sex, who reject at first the pleasures they most desire. The Prince, answered she, weeping, hath but a very small esteem for me, in desiring to begin where he should end; must a poor Woman then be so unhappy, that she cannot love a Man, but straight he must imagine it to be for such fooleries? and from the meanest Gentleman even to the Prince, so soon as ever they think that one loves them, is that the fair Complement they have to make us? Her tears interrupted a little that Lamentation. Then as if she had gained a considerable victory over her love; no Sir, said she, I shall never consent to that. Well then, replied my Friend, withdrawing coldly, I'll go give the Prince your answer. Bless me, replied she, what haste you are in; would you have me say yes, at first dash? ought you not to find out some reasons to overthrow mine, before you go? if all Messengers were of your humour, no Lady should be reduced to give everlasting denials.

Madam de Moulionne could not forbear to interrupt him again, saying, Here's a man for you indeed, of whom we should have a special care, if we will believe him, and who gives pretty Characters of Women. Madam, answered he, I give you the Character

rafter a of foolish fond Woman, who resembles none of you ; but I have not said one half of what I might have told you of her. You know Saint *Soulieu*, continued he, addressing himself to the Marquess, and seeing he is the man that I employed, you may judge what he is able to do. It is true, said the Marquess, Saint *Soulieu* is a great Buffoon. Let me die ! added the Chevalier, if he had not an hours discourse with that fantastical Lady, where they said things infinitely more pleasing than what I have related to you, if I could but call them to mind. Well, well, much alike, I believe, said Mademoiselle *Felzers*, make an end. Ah ! Lady, replied he, how do I love that charming impatience in you ! it is a sign that you are curious to hear of lovely passages. With these words he put her to a terrible blush, and then continuing his discourse, at length said he, the Lady granted the Prince the interview that he desired, but with condition still, that to ease her Modesty, she should expect him without a light, which after that they had made their acquaintance might be allowed : and in that she did but luckily prevent the demand that Saint *Soulieu* was to make to her about that caution. It was then agreed upon that the Prince should come about midnight with a Dark Lanthorn only, which he should not open until

til the Lady gave him leave: That her Land-  
 lord where she lodged should leave the Door  
 open all Night: That he should watch alone,  
 and that he should suffer those that minded  
 to see her at that time of Night to go up un-  
 to her Chamber, without informing himself  
 who they were; which Saint *Soulieu* in  
 name of the Prince, immediately ordered the  
 Landlord to do, who took it as a great honour  
 that so Noble an Intrigue should be carried on  
 in his house. I went on in my part to act  
 the Prince the best way I could, and when  
 the hour was come, which I expected with  
 the impatience of a man of good assigna-  
 tions; I set out with my Friend Saint *Sou-  
 lieu*, to go to the field of Battel; but a fear-  
 ful misfortune which I had no ways foreseen,  
 waited for me there; the Husband being in-  
 formed that I solicited his Lady more than  
 my Judges, and being free from his Gout,  
 was come purposely to *Paris*, to observe our  
 Conduct. Having not found his Beauty at  
*Paris*, he stayed no longer than to bait his  
 Horses, and came with all speed to *St. Ger-  
 mans*: Being conducted by the Hostler strait  
 to his Ladies Lodgings, he asked the Land-  
 lord where her Chamber was, who taking  
 him for one of the Princes Officers, immedi-  
 ately shewed it him, he went up just a little  
 before I arrived, and his Wife having at his  
 entry

entry called him his Highness, taking him for the Prince, was the cause of a terrible disorder; for as I entered her Chamber immediately after him, he caught hold of me by the Arm; I was forced to open my dark Lanthorn to know who it was, and the Lady at the sight of her Husband fainted away: the Jealous man followed me out into the Street, whither, notwithstanding his resistance I ran. We both drew, and had come to blows, if Saint Soulien, and a great many of the Neighbours had not parted us. And this, Ladies, added the Chevalier, is the true cause of the accident that befell me yesternight. Saint Soulien however made a kind of accommodation betwixt us, for seeing we made use of the Princes name, we were glad to prevent the noise of that adventure from coming to his ears, though the Prince himself would have but laughed at it. And after it had been represented to the jealous Husband, that this happy arrival had prevented his shame on that occasion; after a thousand Oaths, I was forced to take that I should never mention it, and he, that he should never remember it more; in fine, after that I had willingly condemned my self to pay the expenses of the Law Suit, they obliged us to embrace one another, and I did it as heartily, as if I had entertained no grudge for

for having hindered me from embracing his Lady; notwithstanding you saw by the base action he intended to have committed last Night, that he hath less patience than I. And that is the reason that for the future I shall not forbear to tell some good Tales at his cost.

And by what chance, said the Marquess to the Chevalier, came he to meet you so pat off the Road? By what chance, replied the Chevalier, I protest I know not, unless that Traytor spied me at *Fountain-Bleau*, where I saw him four or five days ago. In truth, said Madam de *Montlonne*, there was never a more pleasant Story, nor more foolishly told, added the Marquess. True, said Mademoiselle de *Barbisiens*; the Chevallier is none of the discreetest men amongst Ladies. Ye complain when ye are too well served, answered he. If ye imagine to make him change his humour, said Mademoiselle de *Volzert*, ye are much mistaken. Ye are all true Hypocrites, replied the Chevalier, and pretend to be vexed at that which pleases you most; and if there were any thing to be found fault with in my way of Relation, it is to Mademoiselle de *Kermas* who hath not said a word, that I should refer my self, rather than to you; but I know very well that she has found no hurt in my discourse. How, I? said that Lady,

I never play the Philosopher on the words of an Historian, and I barely mind the Story, without considering the Ornaments where-with it is set off. It had been better, replied her Companion *Felzer*, that you had been still silent, than to have opened your lips to make such an answer, and to declare against us. But what would you have me say? replied that Lady; there is no hurt to be found in such Stories, but what people imagine to themselves. What still? said Madam de *Mousson*; ah! verily I believed till now, that you were silent for anger, when the Chevalier told his fopperies; but since you entertain such thoughts, I will not say all I think of you. Say, say it boldly, continued the Chevalier; for I for my part maintain, that Mademoiselle *Kermus* is the discreetest Lady of all you four.

During this discourse, the Marquess had stepped aside, and was reading a Letter with a great deal of Secrecie. Mademoiselle *Felzer* drew near, to see if she could discover what it was; and at a pretty distance perceived it was a Letter which she had dropt out of her Pocket. And as she endeavoured to recover it. It is a Love-Letter, said the Marquess, it comes from a happy man, and the violence that she uses to snatch it from me, shews very well that she is concerned in it. How? Lady,

Lady, said *Montal* to her, I have a happy ritual then? O! no, said she almost out of countenance; that is a Story wherein I have no share. If it be a Story replied he, you shall tell it then, as well as we have told ours; otherwise we shall think of it as we please. In reality, said *Madam de Moulionne*, it would make a subject of the bravest Romance in the world, if every one would tell their Story. I offer mine, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*. And I shall tell one likewise, added *Madam de Moulionne*. And I four if ye please, said the Marquess. With these words, he took the Letter which was directed to *Mademoiselle Pelzers*; having first asked her several times if she consented, he should read it aloud, because it was conceived in very scandalous terms; but she herself urged him to give that diversion to the Company; I am in no great trouble, said she, I know how to repair mine honour when I have a mind. And here is the lovely Letter.

To

To my dear *Velzers*.

AH! My dearest Mistress: How humble are you! How charming! And how happy am I in possessing such a heart as yours! Are the longest and fairest days to be compared to one sole moment of the night, which I have spent in adoring you? And is there any felicity to be found but in the bonds of those Lillies and Roses which have hugg'd me so tenderly? I could not conceive why a Woman called that, the granting of the last and highest favour which was often but the first; but sweet experience hath at length unso'led to me that amorous Riddle. When a beauty resolves to bestow such as I have had, it is certainly a last favour which she grants to him that receives it, seeing he must needs die of pleasure.

The Marquess gave back the Letter to *Mademoiselle Velzers*; who laughed heartily to see the amazement that the reading of it had put her Friends and the *Chevalier de Montal* in. You would make us believe by that laughter, said *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*, that there is some hidden mystery in it, that protects your honour; but in truth it is a fearful thing to be heard, and it is to be void of shame and modesty to have suffered that Letter to be

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read. I shall be thought naught, answered she, continuing still to laugh, until that I have told the Story that hath given occasion to it; and I shall therefore do it without delay; for I find you are such as have no favourable thoughts of me. You will do well to do so, said *Montal*; and I shall hang my self if I see not the explication of that horrible Letter.

However, Before she made the Relation, the Marquess prayed the Company to enter the House, in regard the Sun began to incommodate them in the Garden; and having taken *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* in one hand, and *Madam de Monlionne* in the other, and the *Chevalier* having done the like to *Mademoiselle Velzers* and her Companion, they went all together to learn News of the fair *Clelia*, whom her Governess was come to attend.

### *The End of the First Book*

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Mock-



# Mock-Clelia,

OR,

*Madam QUIXOTE, &c.*

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## BOOK II.

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**T**HE indisposed Beauty was now come to her self again, and fully settled; and perceiving that brisk Company came in, she received them with so much civility, and so composed a mind, that no body could judge her subject to the extravagancy that she commonly fell into. The Ladies were no less surprized with her Beauty, than the Marquess had been, and confessed they had never seen so much sweetness in a Face, such charms in a Mouth, nor so much grace in the actions and behaviour of any Lady. The Marquess considered her more than all the rest, and felt the same flame that

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the first sight of her had kindled in his heart, again-revived; though the knowledge of her Distemper had almost stifled it. In the mean while the distempered Lady durst not so much as look upon him, because she knew that he had been a witness of her last Fit, and remembered very well every thing that had passed between them. In fine, They all left the Chamber, that they might go see the stately Apartments of the House, except *Madam de Moulionne*, whom the Marquess prayed to remain with that lovely Maid, that she might perswade her Governess to permit her to come and dine with the Company. But that Lady had no sooner offered to speak, but that the unfortunate *Clelia* thus interrupted her; *Alas? Madam, (speaking in a most pleasant air) Whicher would you carry a poor wretch, whom her affliction renders the sport of all the World? There are none here,* answered *Madam de Moulionne*, who are not grieved to behold so ravishing a Beauty as you are, in so great misfortune. But come along, continued she, embracing and kissing her, *It shall be our care to divert you whilst you are well, and perhaps that may not a little contribute to the recovery of your health. Ah! Would to God that might be true,* answered the lovely Maid, sighing; but I have no such hopes. At these words, her Governess ad-  
ding

ding many reasons to perswade her to accept of the honour that was offered her, she promised to come, and Madam de Moulionne went to acquaint the Company with it.

At her return she found the *Chevalier*, to his great regret, had begun a Ball in the Hall; and indeed he had some reason, for there were no more men there but himself. He was all in a sweat, having the Dance to lead to three Ladies, and besides the Musick of the Marquess, which played ravishingly to encourage him; whereof the malicious Ladies taking advantage, gave him not the least respite. He made a pretext of the News that Madam de Moulionne had brought, to break off that tiresome Exercise; and that amiable Woman could never have arrived more seasonably for him, and therefore he thanked her as his deliverer. And as if he only had expected her, that he might take his revenge, he took her by the hand, led her to the place where the Marquess was, and as he was going, drolled most pleasantly upon his three skipping Dancers.

After this the indisposed Lady came with her Governess, whom the three other Ladies having saluted, and entertained with much civility, they brought her to the place where the rest were. The Marquess in a short time had caused to be prepared a most sumptuous

Feast, the Cloth was laid in one of the Parlours that looks into the Garden, where a little before he had regal'd a lovely Princess, and the same Machines which he had employ'd on that occasion, having likewise served for this Dinner, the Company were surprized at the Gallantry. The Table in appearance had nothing extraordinary; but over head hung a great *Cupid*, holding a Bottle in each hand, and so ingenuously made, that one would have taken it for a real Boy; there appeared nothing to hold it, but the end of its Scarf, which the wind seemed to shake and carry up to the Ceiling, and amongst the foldings of that Scarf there was a little Pipe hid, with so much art, that when any of the Company intended to drink, they had no more to do but to present the Glass to the *Cupid*, and at the very instant the Engineer that lay hid, or some body else making the Engine play, that little God poured out of one of his Bottles Wine, and out of the other Water, so that there needed no body but Servants to give and wash the Glasses. The Dinner was served up in the richest Dishes that ever any one of the quality of a Marquess had. All the time of Dinner a Set of Violins played in an adjoining Gallery, where by reason of the Echoes they seemed no less than an hundred. And on the other hand, whensoever the Violins

lins made a pause, a thousand Birds in a Volary made a delightful consort, and very well supplied the place of the Instruments ; they thought themselves to be in an enchanted Castle. But that was not the thing that gave the greatest satisfaction to that lovely Company ; for when they had risen from Table, and that the Servants had removed the Dishes, for an augmentation of surprize, they saw the *Cupid* which hung over head, change its posture, and descending lower, take hold of the Cloth in one of its hands, and immediately vanish by an opening made in the Cieling, from which at the same time issued out a delightful smoke of Perfumes, which shaped it self into a kind of Cloud. And as their eyes were taken up in considering that wonder, the Table likewise vanished, sinking down so suddenly into the Floor below, which was inlaid with the same Figures that the Table was, that having but just filled the opening that was made in the Floor, they believed that it had disappeared by Enchantment ; however there was more invention than cost in that Gallantry. After this the beautiful *Clelia* took a Theorb, which lay on a Table with several other Instruments, and by her dexterity in playing charmed all the Company ; to which joyning her voice, she no less ravished all that heard her.

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These Perfections served only to increase the pity that the Ladies had conceived of her Distemper ; but they so forceably re-enflamed the love of the Marquess, that it was now no more in his power to forbear it. And whilst the *Chevalier* employed himself in entertaining *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* , and *Madam de Moulionne* , and that the lovely *Hollander* , and *Mademoiselle de Kermis* were gone to take a turn in the Gallery, he fell on his knees before that witty indisposed Lady, and entertaining her for some time with much pleasure, expressed himself to her with so much tenderness and affection, that she began to be weary of his Courtship ; and *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* listened with less attention to the fooleries of *Montal*, that she might lend an ear to their discourse. I am willing that all the World know that I adore *Mademoiselle d'Arvianne*, said the Marquess, turning towards the curious Lady ; and though I speak low to her, it is not that I design to make a Secret of it. Alas ! Sir, replied the agreeable *Clelia*, If you entertain for me the thoughts you say, conceal rather than publish them, else you will be censured for having made a bad choice of the object of your adorations. No, answered *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, that would be a very unjust consideration to make him conceal them ; but rather he should do so, for fear

fear you may be counselled to reject them, as a thing that is common to too many. I know as much of the Marquess as any body can, replied the fair *Clelia*, smiling; and so soon as I understood that his Name was *Monsieur*, the Marquess of *Riberville*; I well thought to meet with some Flourishes from his hands. How? said the Marquess, in great amazement, but still with a transport of joy; Do you know me then? Yes, yes, Sir, answered she, and I know her likewise with whom you had your last Adventure. Good now! lovely Lady, said *Madam de Moulionne*, tell us that Story, I pray you. Ah! If you tell it, immediately added the Marquess, name no body; for there is nothing truer, than that that Lady who has been brought on the stage, was not in the Room with me, and that they are her enemies who have spread abroad that report. Ho! ho! said *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*, He is afraid the Parties should be named, and he speaks of a Lady in a Room; this must be a Story of importance. Dear *Mademoiselle*, continued she pleasantly, For all love dispatch and tell it us, that I may write an account of it to *Hermin Villiers*; for there lives a poor unfortunate Lady, who has the folly to imagine that he never loved any but her. The indisposed Lady, whom the Subject of such an Entertainment began to make a little cheerful,

ful, took pleasure to see the Marquess a little disturbed at that Raillery, whatever countenance he put upon the matter. However, with much sweetness, she told him; Be not alarmed, *Monsieur* the Marquess, I shall name no body, seeing you will have it so: And then turning to *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, and *Madam de Moulionne*, she thus began.

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NOVEL III.

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF

*Monsieur* the Marquess of *Riber-ville*; and a fair Lady of *Tbolonse*.

YOU must know, Ladies, That *Monsieur* the Marquess having been last Winter at *Tbolonse*, made a great many Mistresses there;

there; but applied himself more particularly to two very handsome Ladies, who were Neighbours and good Friends; I am mistaken, if it was not reported that they were Sisters, or at least first-Cousins. And because he could not see the one with so much liberty as he could have wished, he forsook her, that he might give himself wholly to the other, whom he waited on with more freedom. The *Thoulousians*, who are an ill-speaking People, give it out that he had his satisfaction of the former. Ah! said the Marquess, interrupting her, that is truly a great calumny. I believe it, replied the charming *Clelia*; and if she had not been jealous of her Cousin or Sister, as you please to name her, that had never been reported of her: But to be short, it hath been said, and it is a great cross to her.

The Amours of the second, continued then that amiable young Lady, made so great noise, by the care that the Cousin had to divulge them, that the Husband grew jealous, and discharged his Wife ever to receive the Marquess any more into her House; and that was the reason that they kept their Assignations afterward in a House without the City. The Lady slipt slyly out of doors, by the intelligence of her Porter and Chamber-maid, so soon as her Husband was gone to the Palace, whither he sometimes went at Four a Clock in the Morn-

Morning. Yet they had not taken their measures so well one day, but that the concerned Cousin, who suspected their commerce, discovered the Secret. She had notice from her Spies, that they had seen her Rival disguised in Mourning, come out of her House, and by the Rampart march privately to the Town-gate; that the Marquess, on his part, had left his Chair-men at the same Gate, where he ordered them to expect his return, and that from thence he had hastened away on foot to the place of Assignment. She lost no time; and thinking that she had found the fairest occasion in the World to revenge herself on her unfaithful Lover, she went immediately and awakened the Governour's Lady of *Thoulouse*, who, as you know, Ladies, is Sister to the Marquess. She told her that he was gone to Fight; and to colour the Concern that she had in it, added, That he had chosen a Cousin of hers for his Second; never Sister loved a Brother better than the Governour's Lady of *Thoulouse* loves hers. All in a fright she called immediately for her night-Gown, and in that disorder running in to her Husband's Chamber, Alas! Sir, said she, I am just now told that my Brother is engaged in a Quarrel, and that he is gone abroad betimes this Morning, with the Cousin of such a Lady who is his Second; hinder them, if

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it be possible, from Fighting. The Governour instantly gave Orders that Guards should be sent to all the Gates, and that there should be a search made after them without the City until they were found. At the Gate of *Narbonne* they discover'd his Chair-men, with an ordinary Street Chair, without their Livery-Coats, which increased the suspicion. Being asked where they left their Master, they answered, That he had commanded them to stay for him there, and that he went on foot into the Suburbs. The Guards divided themselves, that they might pursue their enquiry, and from House to House asked if any body had seen such a Marquess with some other Gentlemen pass that way. At length a Countryman said, That he knew not who they meant, but that he had seen a Gentleman not long ago go into a House, which he shewed them. The Watch entered the House, and knocked at the door where the Marquess was, and had upon the first noise barricado'd himself. The more they prayed him to open, the less he answered; yet offered no violence, because they believed him to be alone, and that having peeped through the Key-hole, they had discovered no body in the Chamber but himself. Nevertheless, upon his refusing to open the door, and fearing that he might escape, they set a Guard about the House, until

until that the Governour should be acquainted with the matter; but his Lady having prayed her Husband to take horse likewise, he himself arrived at the same instant. He entreated the Marquess presently to open to him; and having heard a confused saying, Alas! Do it not, we are undone if you open. Brother, said he, I know very well you are within; and that you are not alone; make no resistance, open, and we shall take care that your business may not come to the ears of the King.

Here the lovely *Clelia* interrupted her self, to tell the Ladies, That *Monsieur* the Marquess himself could tell them better than she, in what plight he found himself at that time. I know nothing else, said she, but that he deliberated with himself very long before he made an answer. However, perceiving it impossible to avoid opening the door, and that whether he would or not he must obey, if it was still believed that he intended to escape with design to Fight, he fell at length to capitulate with his Brother-in-law. He told him, That he did not deny but that he was there with one; but that the matter was quite different from what it was believed; and that he could not do him a greater diskindness, than to oblige him to shew the person that was with him. Brother, said the Governour,

I promise to you, that no body shall enter but my self; but alas / he was the person of whom the beautiful Mourner was most afraid to be seen; insomuch that *Monsieur* the Marquess had no easie game to play; however, thinking to overcome the obstinacy of his troublesome Visitant, by discovering to him a Secret, that might engage him to withdraw without seeing the Lady. No, Sir, said he, you cannot come in; but promise to leave me at liberty, when I have told you who I am with. I swear, added he, without giving him leave to answer, it is with a Lady. That's no answer for me, replied the Governour, who began to be out of patience, you will oblige me at length to make use of my Authority; I command you to open this door. At these words *Monsieur de Riberville* protested that what he said was no false pretext. He swore, and threatned those that had put that trick upon him, telling the Governour, That by endeavouring to hinder an imaginary Duel, he would so soon as it was day engage him in a real one, if he could but meet with the Author of that Affront. In a word, The poor Gentleman the Marquess, used his utmost endeavours to prevent his misfortune; but his eagerness and passion did but hasten it; for the Governour being provoked, caused the door to be broken open, and entering into the Chamber

ber by force, he was much amazed when he found no body there but a masked Lady.

But, said *Montal*, interrupting her, Was that same Governour who was so strongly prepossessed with the thought that the Marquels was gone forth to Fight, satisfied to see nothing there but Coats, and would not he try if there were no Breeches underneath? That's no part of the Story, replied *Clelia* softly; it is only said that all of them were in great confusion; the Lady, because she was discovered by *Monsieur* the Governour, for her disguise had not concealed her; *Monsieur* the Marquels, because he had not been able to prevent the disgrace; and the Governour, because he had been innocently the cause of it. Poor Brother, said he to the Marquels, I am very sensible that I have come to do you a bad office; but you must both quarrel with such a Lady, who came and gave my Wife notice of the Duel, telling her, that you had taken a Cousin of hers for your Second; I should have left you in quiet; had I believed that it was only *her* *she* instead of *he* Cousin. He charged immediately all his Guards not to speak of it, upon pain of being reduced; but whether it was that one of these Gentlemen preferred his pleasure in telling that Story, to his own advantage, or that the Cousin her self took care to make it publick, so soon as it was day,

day, the Adventure was all the Town over. Every one that went to visit *Monsieur* the Governour, cried to him so soon as they came within distance, Well! Sir, well! Have you parted the Parties engaged as you ought? And in a word, the Raillery lasted above eight days. And this Relation, Ladies, was made where I was present, by a Lady of *Bourdeaux*, the Evening before we departed from thence; upon our journey hither. Judge then if it be but small danger to love *Monsieur* the Marquess, with whom one runs such terrible risks.

I thought I had been acquainted with a great part of his life, said Madamoiselle de *Barbiseux*; but by what I have just now heard, I knew not the best intrigue of it. Let me die, said the *Chevalier*, if what the Lady has told us be not an incomparable Story. And besides, added Madam de *Moulionne*, she has expressed all that she said with so good a grace; that her Accent alone was able to charm all that heard her. Madam, replied *Clelia*, *Monsieur* the Marquess approves not all the praises you give me. I have good reason to believe, that my voice hath been a little rude to him whilst the Story lasted, and you see how severely he looks upon me still, because I have told you more News of him than he was willing to hear. Ah! cruel Lady, cried

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he,

he, having amorously beheld her all along; The persons of whom you have spoken, are much more offended than I, at the Relation you have made to these Ladies, for I have had the pleasure at least to hear it told by a lovely mouth, which would even charm me, in pronouncing the sentence of my death; but I know not what reparation you can make to those two Cousins, who have not the same comfort that I have, for the injury you have done them. Ah! Sir, replied she, I have kept my word to you, and have named no body. It is true, Madam, answered he, laughing, the matter is not easily guessed at, since you have named *Toulouse*, and told that the Lady went to her Affignation, whilst her Husband went to the Palace. But let that pass; all that I design, is to justify the Lady of whom some have had the charity to say, that it was she that was in the Room with me, for seriously, not to act the discreet Gallant do I say this, but that I may contradict a fearful Calumny; it was not she, but a young Client, to whom I had offered the small credit, that upon consideration of my Sister I had gained in the Town. The Discourse continued on the same Subject, till Mademoiselle *Valzers* and Mademoiselle *Kermas* returned into the Parlour, which I told you they had left, that they might take a turn in the Gallery. That Par-

Parlour was so delightful, by reason of the noise of several Fountains and little Cascades, (which seemed to interpose and hinder the Sun's entering at the Windows, and falling from thence again into reservatories; murmured along, and mingled themselves with the other Waters of the Garden) that it was resolved they should spend the heat of the day there; and *Montal* proposed that the beautiful *Dutch* Lady should be obliged to relate the Story she promised, whilst the Company was in the humour of hearing. I am confident, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, that *Kermas* and she have been consulting together, how they may give a fair gloss to the Letter which we read before Dinner. If there be a Charm for that, replied the *Chevalier*, it may be accomplished, and she to whom it hath been written, will no doubt invent some probable Story to justify her modesty; but I much suspect it. I need not invent any thing, answered *Velzers*, and you shall presently see that they who take upon them to judge of things by appearance, are often rash in their judgements. Gentlemen and Ladies, said *Madam de Moulionne*, interrupting her, Before ye engage in any thing, I advise you that we must go to our Lodging betimes; ye know that my Husband comes purposely from *Paris* to sup with us to night. How? *Madam*;

said the Marquess, Will you not stay at *Vaux* some days? do you intend to return to day? Yes, answered *Montal*, the Lady has a necessity to do so, but it is her design to have you with her. \* With all my heart, replied the Marquess, provided that that fair young Lady (looking on *Clelia*) go likewise. Both you and she, answered *Madam de Moulionne*, and ye will do us a great honour, for without you our Company will be imperfect, and I have a design upon you to morrow. The old Governess perceiving that her indisposed Lady pleased her self much in the Company she was in, did not at all oppose the overture; she only sent a foot-Boy to acquaint her Aunt with it; and afterward all the Company gathered about the fair *Hollander* to hear her Story, which in these words she began.

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Novel

NOVEL IV.

THE  
HISTORY

OF

Madamoiselle *Velzers*, the Chevalier de la *Grancourt*, and the Count of *Valdame*.

I Am to tell you a Story wherein I am very much and very little concerned ; reconcile these two if ye can. Last Carnival was a Twelve-month, having gone to the King's great Ball, I sat near a Young Stranger of a very good Meene, called the Count of *Valdame*, a *Swede* ; who had made room for me betwixt himself and the *Chevalier de la Grancourt*, because coming too late, the place that was kept for me was taken up. I had there the credit to captivate the Liberty of that Young Count, who eyed me much oftener

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than

than the Dancers; and it is said, that all of a sudden he fell so deeply in love with me, when he knew that I was a *Dutch* Woman, that it was impossible for him to live any longer without imparting to me his passion. Yet the *Chevalier de la Grancourt* who was one of his Friends, and to whom he confided his design as they went out from the Ball, told them, That it was not the Custom of *France* to discover Love so soon; that though I was of a Countrey where Men express themselves freely enough to Maids, yet I was brought young to this Court, and that it behoved him to court me with the same ceremonies that *French* Ladies expect, who desire that men should spend much time in Sighs before they declare their Passion. The Young Count with a great deal of regret obeyed him, and to say the truth, the poor Soul was burnt alive. He sought then all occasions to be where I was, at places where Ladies met for Play: at Comedies, whereof I was pretty fond; at Balls, and in a word in all places, where *La Grancourt* who put these follies in his head, made him believe I might be; in so much, that for the space of above two months wheresoever I was I saw no body but him, not knowing that his design was on me. In fine, one Evening about the end of the Spring, when I took the Air at *Rombouillet*, in company

pany with several Gentlemen and Ladies, I was quite amazed to see a Consort of Four and Twenty Viols and Violins, come and give us a Serenade; and as we asked one another who it was intended for, we heard a Voice sing some Verses wherein I was named, which convinced all the Company that it was onely designed for me. The Gentlemen that were with us ran immediately to that Voice, that they might learn who gave the Serenade; but the Musick not knowing themselves who it was that employed them, answered onely, That they were ordered to play so long as I pleased, and that they were payed for the whole Night. Then all the Company concluded that we must dance; and one of these Gentlemen would have taken me out to begin the Ball; but I was so enraged at the boldness that was taken, to name me in the Song; that taking him who came to desire my hand, for the author of that rude Frolick, I disdainfully refused it him, however it behoved me to dance, and patiently bear all that was said to me upon the account of my Gallant whom I knew not. Afterward I lived quietly more than six Weeks without further news; but in fine, the *Swede* sent me a melting Note, with a most rich *German* Cabinet; which in my absence was brought to our house, and which four hours after the *Chevalier de la Granconyre*

came to redemand, saying, That there was a mistake committed, and that it was not directed to me. However, my Father who had already read the Note, though he was surprized to see it conceived in terms of Love somewhat particular, would restore nothing until he had spoken with me. Neither did he give back the Cabinet untill that the *Swede* came to our house, and told him, That he was mistaken in writing my Name, for another that sounded like it. Yet all that hindered not but that my Father took a more narrow inspection into my actions than was usual to him. Now I'll tell you the mystery of the riddle.

*La Grancourt*, famous enough for many Tricks of Wit that he hath played, and which another than my self would perhaps call by another name; having found occasion to make a Fop of this Stranger, perswaded him to give me the Serenade; which, as I told you, I received in *Rombouillet*, and to make to me, the day following, a declaration of his Love in Writing, which he offered to compose for him; for it was the *Chevalier de la Grancourt* that framed the Letter which ye have read, and another which ye are still to read, and whereby the poor *Swede* thought that he daily discovered to me his passion. The Count onely transcribed them, because  
he

he knew no more but to cast a bastard Letter. And ye shall see, said she, pulling out of her pocket a Pacquet of Letters and Notes, in what manner that impertinent Chevalier made me answer in the Letters that he wrote in my name. I brought with me all these fooleries, with a design to divert you with them as being a noveltie; and to inform you of that egregious Cheat. With these words plucking one of these Letters out of the Pacquet, *Here, said she, is his first declaration of Love.*

For Mademoiselle Velgers.

**I** *Am impatient to spend my whole life, in discovering to you my Passion onely by Sighs and Serenades. Should I die for having declared it to you other wayes; I had rather die than you should not know it. Since the King's Ball, where first I saw you, and which shall make me say in all places, That there is no Security at the Court of France for poor Strangers, I have been almost a shadow that followed your steps, that I might ask you what you intended to do with the Heart that you have taken from me. My Eyes have a thousand times importuned you, but I well perceive, as to you they have spoken Swedish, which is a Language you understand not. I tell you*

*you then, Mademoiselle, in plain French, that I die if you declare not speedily what Fate I am to expect. You'll say that the loss will not be great, and that a great many others must die for the love of you, I make no doubt of it, but never shall any die more amorous nor more constant than*

### The Count of *Valdame*.

How, said the Marquess, Does the Chevalier *de la Grancourt* write so well? Yes verily, answered she, and you have not seen all yet, for I have a great many more, that have seem'd to me more gallant than this. And here is, the Answer which I gave to that goodly Letter.

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### For Monsieur the Count of *Valdame*.

**P***ardon me, Sir, Your death would be a great loss, and I shall prevent it if I can. I am not so ignorant of Languages, but that I know very well that the eyes of Swedeland speak love, as the eyes of all other Countreys; but I beseech you take it not ill that I always appear indifferant to you in Company, because of my Father, who is a*  
little

little troublesome. I shall be one day in liberty to tell you, that if I caught your heart at the King's Ball, you have since won mine.

Pretty Girl that I was! continued she, and for what a strange Piece would *la Grancourt* have had me taken? All they who give such answers, said the Marquess, are not to be condemned, and it is natural enough for a civil Maid to declare her self that way. Ha! Sir, answered *Madamoiselle de Barbisieux*, I am your humble Servant, and differ much from your opinions; the *Chevalier de la Grancourt* was quite out; for though we were the most amorous things in the World, we confess it not so openly. I believe that of you very well, replied he roguishly, (because that Lady was suspected to be secretly in love with a Person of great quality, to whom it was believed she was married;) but all the rest of your Sex are not like you. Dispute that at another time, said *Madamoiselle Velzers*, interrupting him, I have not too much time to make an end of my Story in.

The poor Stranger was so overjoyed, when he received so favourable an Answer, that I was told he was a long time transported, like a fool, not knowing what he did. A thousand times he embraced the *Chevalier de la Grancourt*, for the good counsel that he had given him,

him, and attributed my good inclinations, to the little civilities that he was perswaded by him to shew me. He protested never to have another Confident but him, and never to write nor speak but what he did dictate. And here I pray you observe the stupidity of this poor man, in imagining, though he could hardly smatter, and buy and sell in *French*, that I should believe that all these gallant Letters were his own. But *la Grancourt* knew very well what Sow he had by the ear, and seeking one that might defray part of his expences, he had good reason to cast his eyes on him. In the mean time he wrote to me a second Note, which ye shall hear, and which is a piece of Gallantry not to be matched, for in it I was no less than Mount *Etna*, to which a Shepherd directed his Discourse. And this perhaps that fool *la Grancourt* composed, because the other had entertained such a fancy.

*Montal*, who from the beginning of the Story had very familiarly fallen asleep, though he appeared to be one of the most concerned, to hear the Justification of Mademoiselle *Velzèrs*, awoke briskly at this time, when the fancy of Mount *Etna* made the Company laugh a little. And imagining that they laughed at him; Pardon me, said he, still very drowsie, that lovely *Hollander* with the sweetness of her voice lulls me asleep. However,

## Madam Quixote. 77

ever, added he, I have very well heard that ye were speaking of a Note, and of Mount *Etna*, and I have not lost so much as one word of the Discourse. But for all that, Madam *de Moulionne* and Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux* failed not to tell him, that it was a great shame to sleep amongst Ladies, and the Marquess, drolling likewise, said very pleasantly, If he sleep by day, Ladies, judge what he can do by night. But *Velzers*, who knew very well that she had somewhat that would puzzle him, thought it enough to give him the Note, that he might read and explain it. And he having a little rubbed his eyes, began with this title.

### The *Shepherd* of the North

TO

### *Mount Etna.*

What Devil of a Monster is this? said he, after he had read it. Is it the *Swede* who is that *Shepherd* of the North? Yes indeed, answered Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*; and Mademoiselle *Velzers* is *Mount Etna*; but read it: Let us read it then, said he, and so went on.

Dear

Dear Mount, about which I have turned almost six months without rest, May thine amorous Echoes always answer my inflamed sighs, as they have now at length answered them. I see nothing in thee but what is full of wonders: Thou art covered with a Snow, whose whiteness renders thee in mine eyes the most amiable Object of my Plains, and thou seemest to be Ice without, though within thou be filled with an immortal fire: But O suffer no Shepherd in my absence to come and tumble in that Snow, nor yet any Thief or Robber to ruffle thee, to my prejudice. Farewel.

All the Company were ready to split with laughter, to see the amazement wherewith Montal read that admirable Note; and in truth it was a Riddle for him who had not heard the beginning of the Story. But at length looking on Mademoiselle Velzers with an odd kind of serious aspect; S'lid! said he, Mademoiselle, If you be that civil discreet Mount, the things he speaks of are indeed pretty neat things: A man that writes to you in that strain, must needs have acted a fair Part with you; and it is indeed an excellent way to justify the Letter we saw not long ago, to bring out still new Billets of this nature. He had no other answer, but a continued Fit of laughter, until that Madam de Moulionnet spake again and said, That Swede must needs have

have had as little wit as reason, in sending such a piece of Folly to a person whom he loved, the second time that he wrote to her. Good, good! replied Mademoiselle de Barbisieux, A man who understood not *French*, might take that Note for one of the finest things in the World, and it was enough for him that he found Mount *Etna* in it; do you think that he minded any thing else? For the rest he referred himself to the Chevalier de la Gran-court. That Villain, said the Marquess, pursued his sport too far, and told fine tales of it afterward amongst his Friends, I'll warrant you. Not amongst his Friends, replied Mademoiselle Velzers, but to a Mistress of his own, whom he had long enriched at the cost of such Follies; for ye must know that she had the benefit of a vast number of Presents, which the Chevalier de la Gran-court perswaded that Stranger to make to me, and that I am to tell you in due time. It was a commodious fetch, said Mademoiselle de Barbisieux. La Gran-court never subsisted but by Fops, added the Marquess.

The Swede then, continued Velzers, sent me that goodly Note, or it was his intention at least. And seeing the Chevalier de la Gran-court, upon occasion, set me out for a witty Maid, for a pretty little nibler at Poetry too, if that was wanting, and in a word, for every thing

thing that could serve his ends; he made me likewise answer to that Note in the manner you shall hear.

Mount *E T N A*

TO THE

*Shepherd of the North.*

**S**hepherd full of Jealousies,  
 Whose silly Soul appears  
 Disturb'd with vain and idle fears,  
 Fears that from your folly rise;

*Know that Mountains, such as I,  
 Although expos'd they stand  
 To storms and winds on every hand,  
 Yet stand unmov'd, and all defy.*

Once more, Shepherd, wonder not if I shew  
 not all my flames till our interview. I am afraid  
 lest the smoke of them should discover us, and  
 that would not be the right way to order our af-  
 fairs. Farewel.

You

You must observe, continued Velzers, that the Chevalier de la Grancourt made me pray the Stranger to take in good part that I made as if I had no commerce with him, for fear we should have spoilt all if we came together. Indeed, my indifferency would have clearly convinced him, that he was played upon; but seeing he believed I did but counterfeit, my imaginary constraint, as they say, made him more amorous, than if I had spoken to him with all the tenderness of affection. This rage of writing lasted a whole month, during which he ceased not to admire my singular Wit which appeared in many such Notes; but never durst for all that turn his Eyes to the place where I was. The more he was seen to affect that stayedness, the more I was made to take notice of it in all places where we met together, yea and when sometimes I had a mind in raillery to ask him the reason, he withdrew; and made signs to me with his eyes, whereat I was not a little amazed. But at length, my Lover grew weary of making love only by Tickets and Billets; wherefore finding me one time at St. German's alone in the Queens Anti-Chamber, through which I was going to the Lodgings of Madam de Montausser; he stopt me, and made such impertinent discourses, which I understood not in the least, being ignorant of the

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tricks

tricks of *Le Grancourt*; and made such impudent Propositions to me, under the name of his *Moult Esne*, that I was forced to flie out in passion and take him up with all imaginable sharpness.

In the heat of this Jangling, as he accused me of inconstancy, I assured him that I never wrote to men, and that they who had delivered him Letters in my name, had counterfeited them, and intended onely to put a trick upon him; this had very near broken all the measures which the *Chevalier de la Grancourt* had taken; for my *Swede* understood not raillery. He went immediately to upbraid him for the Cheat, and to tell him that he intended to see him with his Sword in hand: which would not have a little intangled the *Chevalier de la Grancourt* who stood upon his honour, if he had not made his bravery yield to the desire he had of preserving so beneficial a Fop. But ye shall hear the course he took. Having answered in higher terms than had been used to him, and made a thousand *Rodomantado's* as to the Challenge, he told the Count, That he knew no reason why I had been so ill to him; but that so soon as he had informed himself of the matter, and justified his own proceedings, he should be willing to fight, yea and to urge him to decide it with the first opportunity. Upon this both separating,

rating, the Swede went to his Lodgings, and La Grancours made haste to make me write a lovely Letter, which next morning he sent to him by my Chamber-Maid; that Slut was in the Plot to cheat me: And in this manner the Chevalier made me speak in that Letter.

For Monsieur the Count of  
Valdame.

**T**Hough I doubt not, but you have had a bad Night, because of the harsh usage you have received from me yesterday; yet I write not at present but to quarrel with you still. You had almost undone me by speaking to me in the Old Palace of St. German. And if Madam de Choisi, who heard us behind the next doore, were not one of the discreetest and best Ladies of the Court, there would be strange discourses made of me; and the carriage that I affected towards you, would not secure me from censure. I could never have believed that you would have been so imprudent as to talk to me of our secrets, in those places where the very Walls have ears; I confess the rage which that weak action occasion'd, drew from me many offensive expressions. However, I immediately repented what I had done, because I am not pleas'd to see you suffer: and what I tell you is so true, that I have wept for it all night long.

long. I beg my dear Count, that you pardon the trouble I have given you, and in revenge desire of me what you please, my Love shall grant you every thing that possibly can make amends for my Cruelty.

The Chevalier *de la Grancourt* who always nickt his opportunities, came to the Strangers Lodgings immediately after my Chamber-Maid had delivered her Message, and affecting still much indifferency, told him that he came to wait upon him to the house of a Lady where I was to be, that he might ask me the reason of the last adventure. But the poor Fop who was by my Letter more than ever confirmed in his fancies, embraced the Cheat with great expression of kindness, prayed him to excuse the weakness of a Lover who was deceived by appearances, and having with much ado won him again, consulted with him what answer was best to be made to that Letter, being resolved to revenge himself to purpose, by the demands which I allowed him to make to me. The Chevalier *de la Grancourt* advised him at first not to let slip so fair an occasion of obtaining some favour. There is nothing like it, said he, to engage Ladies that way. And having made as if he considered with himself what demand was fittest to be made to me, he concluded at length

length that it was best to oblige me to grant a private interview, in what place I pleased to choose; which I was instantly acquainted with by this other Note adorned with an address which shews it to be of some worth; for the Direction is; *To the most Cruel of all Beauties.*

Ha! really, interrupted *Montal*, that Address did not at all displease you; for it did you honour. Without doubt (replied she :) But to be short, here is the Note.

To the most Cruel of all  
Beauties.

**I** Had been dead, inhumane Lady, had not your Letter early this morning prevented my despair; for I have suffered last Night all kinds of torment, when I called to mind the cruel words that came yesterday from your mouth. Is it possible that so harsh terms could proceed from so soft a heart, and that an unfortunate Lover could receive so great a slight and not expire for grief? But I shall never pardon the wrong which that fair Mouth hath done me, unless it be desired by the same Lips; for seeing I must tell you so, I trust no more to Paper, since the time you so cruelly maintained that you had never written to me, And I shall never believe that I have

received any Note from your hands, untill that  
for my revenge you have given me a meeting,  
where I may a thousand times kiss those Arms  
that have been almost the cause of the death of

### The Count of Valdame.

To speak the truth, said Madam de Mau-  
lionne, that same *La Grancourt* made a great  
fool of the poor *Swede*. The Story requires,  
(continued Mademoiselle *Kelzer*,) that to be  
as good as my word I should give him the  
meeting that he desired, and that because of  
my Father, who made me closely to be ob-  
served, (which was the least thing however  
in the good Man's thoughts) I should find no  
better Expedient than to make my Galant at  
Midnight come under the Balcony of my Anti-  
Chamber, which lay in an open place off of  
the Street, and by throwing down a Silken  
Ladder to bring him that way into my Ap-  
partment. And you must know, if you please,  
that this was done. My honest Chamber-  
Maid promised to the Chevalier de la *Gran-*  
*court*, to appear on the Balcony, and to throw  
down that Ladder, on condition that he should  
invent some trick at the instant that the  
Stranger intended to get up, that might hin-  
der him from effectuating his design, but the  
luck was, that the design was other wayes,  
and by other people interrupted. The

The Coach of Monsieur *de Soyecourt* was coming that way, at the very nick when the Gallant was upon the Ladder; and the Torches having made light enough in the open place, to give occasion to the Son of the Marquess of *Maucombe*, who came immediately after in a Chair, to observe that Scalado, the young Gentleman stopped, cried out Thieves; laid hold on my Gallant who was in disguise, and put him in the Officers hands, who carried him to prison, the poor Lover not daring all the while to name himself, nor to make his justification, for fear of undoing my reputation: Observe a little how great obligations I had to him; greater than you are aware of, said *Montal*; and 'tis well he be not as much obliged to you. To me? answered she; without doubt he is: Have you not seen very well by the Letter that was read not long ago, that he had all he desired of me? You jest, replied *Madam de Moulionne*, or otherways it has been the same way that you wrote all these Notes to him, to wit, by a third person. Ha! answered coldly the lovely *Hollander*, I think that is to be understood, and my looks give you no ground to judge otherways. 'Y faith! said *Montal*, the looks are nothing, and I never accomplished my designs on any with greater ease, than on those who cry out; Murder, when men speak to them of Love. And

that is the reason, replied she unconcernedly still, that you apply your self to me; do but persist, and you'll be sure to gain your point. Well understood, continued he, do you imagine then that you love me not already? Ladies, said he, directing his Discourse to the Company, This is one of the most dissembling Maids in the World; for though she seem to you so chaste, so disdainful and inexorable, yet it is only because we have conspired together, that I complain of her cruelty, to deceive the curious, and I will not tell all that we two have done by our selves. At these words she grew so red, that the Company believing her vexed, were very angry with *Montal*; and *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, amongst others, told him, that she took no pleasure in such kind of familiarities; not but that she knew very well, that among good Friends they might be sometimes used in Gallantry; but because we may very frequently meet with persons, whose humour hath no sympathy with our own, and that making no difference of those to whom we speak, we give occasion to such foolish heads, to interpret things according to their own reach: Seriously, Chevalier, said the Marquis, you are a little too free; or to say better, you are one of those great Talkers, who to appear Wits and Gallants, know not for most part what they

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they say. How? Are you against me too? replied *Montal*. Upon my faith! for the future I shall be so discreet and reserved, that ye shall twenty times entreat me to speak before I open my mouth. That is indeed as much as he can do, said Mademoiselle *Velzers*, smiling, (to shew that she was not vexed,) but I will not desist from telling my Story.

Ye know, continued she, the rumour that was spread last Winter, that there was an attempt made to rob us in the night-time. Yes, answered Madam *de Moulonne*, It was said that there were Daggers, and Cords with nooses found in the Balcony, with which ye were all to have been killed, and it was all the Town-talk at *Paris*. Yet for all that there was no design against my life, replied Mademoiselle *Velzers*; the Robber was but my Gallant, who, as I told you, was cast in prison, and next day answered to his Charge under a borrowed Name, for the same reasons that hindered him the Night before from naming himself. Alas! said Mademoiselle *de Barbiseux*, he did not deserve to be so gulled and abused. *Montal* that great Caviller would not have done so much, said Mademoiselle *Velzers*. At these words he was about to speak again, but the thought of his promise checked him so pleasantly that that was worth all that he could have said, and in the mean

mean time she went on in this manner:

The Chevalier *de la Grancourt*, who lost no occasion of making his own advantage at the cost of the *Suede*, made a very dextrous use of that opportunity, to fleece him of a considerable sum of money; and having agreed with the Officers for a small matter to set him at liberty, he told him that it would cost him a thousand pounds, and put nine hundred of them in his pocket. Ha! It was that money then, said the Marquess, interrupting her, that put him last Winter in so rich an Equipage. That may very well be, replied she; but however, so soon as the poor Prisoner was at liberty, he began again to send me Notes, and I gave a great many of them, that I may shew you the pleasantest of all, which is this.

### Fore Matemoſele Velgers.

**D**E *Missager*, Matemoſele, being went fore de King, who didden order em to come to San Germens Hoſe; ay aſſe ſenden to yw one pretie Duytch Capinet, to ſit in yw Shampber, aſſ yw deſird at de Fair of San Germen. Looffe mee wit all me ſoul, aſſ ay looffe yw be all me life; and ay fore me part aſſe gret impaſſion to imbraſſe yw be de ſimbol of Matrimonie.

De Count of Valdame.

This

This then is at length the Note which your Father received, said the Marquess. The very same, answered she; at least it is the blotted Paper which came to my hands with the other Letters. Well, to the purpose then, said Madam de Montal, How came they to your hands? That you shall know in due time, replied the fair *Hollander*; I have something else to tell you first. Good now! said Mademoiselle de *Barbiscow*; before she enter again into her Relation, will some body explain to me what is the meaning of a Symbole of Matrimony; this term seems to me very pleasant, though I understand it not. Ah! Madam, You have too much wit, replied the Marquess, not to understand the true meaning of it. I swear to you, answered she, that I know not in the least what it signifies. But, Mademoiselle, replied he, how could that way of speaking then have pleased you? How now! said *Montal*, interrupting him briskly, and being weary of silence, Perceive you not very well, that it is because the Symbole of Marriage and Concubinage is one and the same thing? O the impudent man! replied immediately, Mademoiselle de *Barbiscow* laughing and blushing both together. He only held his peace thus long, that he might watch an occasion to tell me such a Foppery. I am mad, continued he, to hear so many words spent

spent about a trifle. Why, a Devil do not you rather let us come to an end of our Story? Come on, said Mademoiselle *Kellers*, he has reason. Observe then; and thus she prosecuted her Discourse.

That was the incomparable Note which accompanied the *German* Cabinet that the *Swede* sent me, and that ye may understand this part of the Story, ye must know that the reason why he wrote to me in that wonderful Jargon, was because he had seen me prize that Cabinet much in the Fair. And having bought it, with a design to send it to my Lodgings before I could return, he chose rather to write to me the best way he could, that he might accompany his Present with a Note, than to expect his Secretary who was gone to *St. Germans*. It was blockishly and heedlessly done, but his imprudence did him no great hurt, and the *Chevalier de la Grancourt* was the great Master that set all things to rights again. The latter however was much surprized, when at his return he learnt that the Cabinet was sent to me. And when he understood that my Father would not return it back, unless the Author of the Note came, and gave consent to it in his presence, it was said, that there never was a man so out of countenance as that Cheat; for he was afraid that if his Fop came to our Lodgings, he might discover

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how much he had abused him. However, I have told you how he came off at that time. He made him believe that I was undone, if he did not come and tell my Father that he was mistaken, and deny that he directed the Cabinet for me. By this means he shunned the Information, got back the Cabinet, and feigning next day a Letter, wherein I ordered the poor Lover to cause his Present to be carried to a certain House; the Chevalier *de la Gran-*  
*court* being in correspondence with the people of that House, seized it, and made a Present of it to his Mistress. In the mean time I was no less astonished upon my return home, to find my Father out of humour; and I could hardly persuade him that I was innocent, by telling him that that Stranger was a Fool, and had taken a fancy that I was in love with him. I told him the Complement he made me in the Queens Anti-Chamber; the signs that he gave me that I should not be so familiar with him, when I had a mind to laugh at the extravagancies that sometimes he told me, and in fine, the entreaty that one of his Friends made to me to divert my self with him on occasions, and out of pity not to contradict him; for, said I to my Father, it is said, that such kind of Blades are not to be exasperated; and as for the Cabinet, he sent it to me, because he saw me prize it in the Fair. But, said  
Madam

Madam de Moulionne, interrupting her, you took him really then for a Fool? There is nothing truer, answered Mademoiselle Velzeri; I was so well perswaded of it, that I accustomed my Friends to entertain the same opinion. And besides, the Chevalier de la Grancourt himself helpt to confirm me in it, telling me, that it was the folly of that poor man to fancy that Women loved him. O! the Impostor, said Mademoiselle de Barbisieux, can any man be more cruelly imposed upon? But, continued she, how came you to discover all that Mystery? Truly, answered the Hollander, we are not come to that yet, and there happened a great many other Adventures, before I could come to the knowledge of any thing.

After the business of the Cabinet, the Count of Valdame whom I took to be a Fool, made Courtship to me, for the space of a month at least, with tranquillity enough, and I allowed all that he said he had done for me, and that I had done for him, because I considered him as fantastical. But, in fine, a considerable Inheritance recalled my Father to Middlebourg, and it behoved me to go along with him. Ye are now to hear of fearful matters that happened on occasion of that Journey, and whilst we continued there. In the first place, Before we departed, I saw my poor distressed

distressed Lover shed floods of tears, which might have perhaps affected me, if another besides himself had testified so much tenderness; but the conceit that I had of his folly, was a guard to my discretion, against all the assaults of commiseration, and the more he wept, the more I laughed. I had all the trouble in the World to hinder him from following us to *Holland*; and I am perswaded that without this valedictory Letter, wherein I discharged him to attempt it, nothing could ever have taken him off of it; it was made up under a Cover with the ordinary Direction, *For Monsieur the Count of Valdame*; but upon the Letter it self were these tender and sweet qualities, *To the most amiable and most affectionate Lover, from the most afflicted and best beloved of all Women.* And I believe that that was written with a Chickens Blood; the Contents of it were as you shall hear.

To

## To the most Amiable, &amp;c.

I Leave you, my dear Count; and God is my witness, that as there shall be but one half of me in Holland, so long as you shall remain here; so I should heartily wish, that you might come abroad; but my bad Fortune obliges me to forbid you so much as to think of that, by reason of the ill Judgments that may pass thereon; and I command you by all the power that you have given me over your self, to stay in France untill my return. I do not think my Father will be long at Middleburg; but should that happen, I advise to me the troubles that my absence may give you, and consider for your comfort, That the pains which I shall suffer are no less than your own. Farewell, my dear Count. Farewell the most beloved of all men: Write often to me by the secret way that I shall instruct you in, And believe that I shall alwayes be yours, since once I have been so.

How then! said Madam de Moulionne, and was there an *Alwayes* in it likewise? Right, answered Mademoiselle Velzers, I was so much enamoured in the Letters of the Chevalier de la Grancourt, that I observed no bounds nor measures. And that was therefore the reason that he stayed willingly in France, untill

that

that three Weeks ago I came back, in the company of Monsieur the Chevalier, said she, pointing to *Montal*. But tell me, *Madamoiselle*, said the Marquess of *Riberville* interrupting her, had he already shared any way in your favour when you made that Journey? that is true, answered she, and I forgot the best of all; yes, yes, he was already perswaded that I had used him kindly, and the order of the History requires, that I should have granted him all that he could desire of me, before there was a word spoken of our departure. But admire a little, if you please, the extravagancy of the Chevalier *de la Grancourt*, and to what pleasant acknowledgments of thanks he exposed me, next day after he had given him one in my place; for it was in sequel of that rare adventure that he wrote the Letter which this morning was likely to have undone my honour and reputation. But how came it, said the *Marquess*, that he perceived not the change? Sir, replied she, pardon me, if I give you no reason for that. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the ceremonies which are observed in such encounters, to satisfy your curiosity. All that I can tell you is, That next day he seemed ravished with certain pleasures which, as he said, I had afforded him, and which were Hebrew to me, who knew not all the mytery. But, added Ma-

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dam *de Moulionne*, how and which way could he think that you could come to such an affliction, and lye abroad? Good God, Madam, answered *Mademoiselle Velzers*, have you not heard as often as I, that love is ingenious in flattering it self, and thinks nothing impossible? To give every thing its due, said the *Marquess*, if it be true, that imagination produces our sweet pleasures, *La Grancourt* by that trick cheated the Stranger but in one half. These pleasures, replied she, cost him dear, during my stay at *Middlebourg*, and I question not but *Monsieur* his Confident pumpt out of his purse above Ten thousand Crowns, under pretext of Trafficking for me. Is it possible? said the *Marquess* again in great amazement. I tell you nothing but what is both possible and true, answered she: And observe, if you please, how that Knave accomplished his design.

The first Letter that he wrote in my name to that poor Fop, amongst many Proteftations of eternal constancy in my love, contained a most earnest sute, that he would chuse for me one of the finest suits of hangings that was to be found at *Paris*, and send me the price before he sent the hangings, that I might with all expedition order the money to be paid in to him. To write so to such a Lover as he,

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was as much as to have said, Give it me generously. Nor did he fail to do it, and having entrusted his Chevalier with the sending of it; (for this faithful Friend had gained so much on his mind, that without his counsel he could do nothing.) The Voyage of this Tapisserie into *Holland* ended at the house of this Cheats Mistress, where she likewise found the *German-Cabinet*. He provided this Slut also of a Bed of Crimson Damask, with Gold and Silver Fringes, which cost him as much as the Tapisserie, and gave her for apparel pieces of the finest Stuffs that were ever made in *France*. I know not, said Mademoiselle *Barbiseux*, what end this will come to; but I think *La Grancourt* hath done a great deal not to be discovered, and not to have given the *Suede* ground of suspicion. He never wanted good Precepts, replied Mademoiselle *Velzers*, to make me desire all these things; but at length, seeing it would be difficult, that upon my return into *France* the cheat should not be found out; can ye imagine, do ye think, what Plot he contrived? My poor Lover had sworn to him a thousand times, that he loved me with so violent a passion, that if I should chance to die, he would poyson himself that he might not survive the loss of me. *La Grancourt* imagining that so passionate a Lover would keep his word to him, resolved to make

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me die in fancie, that so by a noble despair, he might ease himself of any further trouble in bringing the Play to its Catastrophe. To this end, he makes me write that I found my self indisposed, To which the *Suede* made such affectionate answers, that it would break your heart, should I but read them. Afterward, the Knave sent him Letters wherèby a third person at my direction, gave him account of the progress of my distemper, and amongst others there was one which touched him so feelingly, that to the great astonishment of the *Chevalier de la Grancourt*, he came one day booted and spurr'd to the Lodging of his faithful Confident, to take his leave of him, being resolved at what rate soever to come see me at *Middlebourg*. What trouble has a Cheat to find remedies for so many emergents ! cried *Madamoiselle de Barbisieux*. Knavery and Envy are like one another, said the Marquess, they carry about with them their own punishment. *La Grancourt* believed himself fallen from his height, continued *Madamoiselle Velzers*, when he found the *Suede* so resolved on that design, and for his greater perplexity, the Lover was got on horseback, and all his Servants with him, and he durst not leave him so much as a quarter of an hour, to go write him Orders in my name not to depart. Nevertheless, the *Che-*  
*valier*

*valier Grancourt* having bethought himself a little, pretended at length that he would accompany him to *Holland*, and having perswaded him to alight that he might rest a little at his Lodgings, whilst his own Horse was making ready, he begg'd leave to go speak a word or two to a Friend that lived hard by: but that was to frame a Letter written with my own hand, wherein I assured him that I was in the way of recovery, and that for his better assurance, we should shortly see one another again. The *Chevalier de la Grancourt* returning, a little after he had caused the Letter to be delivered to him, pretended himself delightfully surprized, upon sight of it, and having given God thanks for my cure, found no more difficulty to put a stop to the Journey. And thus he also awarded that last blow. But all this increasing onely the fear he had of being at some time or other discovered, made him also without compassion hasten the hour of my death; and here is the fatal Letter by which, eight dayes after, I made it known to my poor Lover, at that very time when he swore most deeply never to survive me, and had his *Opium* always by him, so that *La Grancourt* was already contriving how to order his Funeral, so soon as he had read the Letter.

## For my Faithful Lover.

**O**UR Destiny, my dear Count, suffers me not to see you again, and I am so weakened by my Sickness within these four dayes, that there is nothing surer than that I must die before an end be made of this Letter. I well foresee that this troublesome News which you expected not, will assault you with cruel thoughts: and that as I would not think of living if you died before me, so I make no doubt but my death will put you into horrible despair. . . . Alas! were it true that Lovers United again below; I should not so much lament to die. . . . Farewell my dear Count, I can dictate no more, Grief and Sobs stop my mouth. I have given Orders that this Letter be not sent to you, untill I be dead. I die wholly yours, and the most Faithful of all Lovers.

The Chevalier *de la Grancompt* had added also these words in trembling Characters; Farewel the most beloved that ever shall be, to the end that the Count for grief or otherways might the more speedily depart this life. But, continued she, laughing, it is probable that the Swedes like all other men, think not themselves obliged to keep their promise to the

the dead. My Lover was so far from killing himself, had hardly a quarter of an hour sigh-  
ed and lamented his loss, but amongst a great  
many cares that afflicted him, he asked if he  
should likewise lose the Money he had payed  
for the Hangings, and whether my Father  
would not re-imburse it him; at which *la*  
*Grancourt* was so amazed, that he was ready  
to have died in his place. I believe it very  
well, said the Marquess, laughing heartily;  
for that was a rough Brush for his cunning.  
*Madam de Moulionne* also and all the Compa-  
ny laughed at it; but still with a great sur-  
prise, and with a moral reflexion on the sud-  
den change of the *Swede*. Traiterous men!  
cried she; and after all this can it be said, that  
there is any man worth a Rush? Good now!  
replied the fair *Hollander*, let me make an  
end. I am not at all surprized at their con-  
duct, and we must not expect that these Gen-  
tlemen are so heroical, as to die gloriously for  
us. They would be great Fools to do so, said  
*Montal*, and far greater still if they did it af-  
ter, rather than before the death of that which  
they love. And when would you have them  
do it then, said the Marquess? I am of opini-  
on, that if any one should die of despair, it  
should be when he has for ever lost that which  
was dearest to him. That is a Tale of a Tub,  
replied *Montal*; for Desire being dead with

the Object, we come to our wits again ; and as the living are made for the living, we let the dead go, for another that can eat and drink. So then, I should trust much to you, said Madam *de Moulionne*, if I intended to have a Gallant. How, to me ? replied he, I am the most constant Lover in the World, I was like to have killed my self ten times for the cruelties of my Mistress, and that fair One, ( looking on Mademoiselle *Velzers* ) was a witness of it in *Holland*. Yes verily, answered she, drolling, it was that was the cruel Mistress. Yes, yes ! sweet Laughter, replied he, it was you ; and you know that there was many times much ado to hinder me, from falling into the folly of poysoning my self ; but I shall have a care for the future, and the greater after your death, than at another time. You need not swear to make me believe it, said she, looking somewhat coldly upon him. Mademoiselle, replied he, to sweeten what he had said, Perhaps seeing I love you with extraordinary passion, the first shock of my grief would bring me to a natural death ; but, continued he, looking on the Company with his usual Drollery, Be assured, I would not kill my self, and it is not the fashion now adays for men to stab themselves for Love. But what reason have you, answered the Marquess, to be willing rather to kill your self

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self before, than after? Ha, ha! replied *Montal*; What reason have I? When we must often see a Woman, with whom we are desperately in love, the Object moving our faculties, and Love provoked by denials, making us mad, we may sometimes prefer poison to so uneasy a life; but remove all hopes of enjoying the person, (which can only be done by death) and we come to our right wits again. That is a good reason for a brutish Fellow, who might love a Woman sensually, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*; but for a virtuous Gentleman — Good God! said he, interrupting her, I know what you are about to say; but ye would be all fairly lured, if men loved you only like Angels; and when we hear such Preachments of the spirituality of Love, all are but conceits to lay us in the Cradle. Ah! replied *Madam de Moulionne*, I maintain that there are some men, who love with the greatest honesty imaginable, and without any design. And for my part, answered he, I maintain that that is a thing impossible. They pretend perhaps more honesty than others, but that is only to bait the hook, and it is a way that never fails. Ladies, then said the Marquess, If we believe his Philosophy, there will be no commerce betwixt the two Sexes, but what must be very dangerous. You play the Wag, said *Montal* to him, but you

you understand me not. Well, well, be gone, replied the Marquess; neither these Ladies nor I will hear you any longer; and we had rather that Mademoiselle *Velzers* would tell us, how the Chevalier *de la Grancourt* got out of the mire wherein we left him sticking.

How he got out? answered she. Two days after that he fought a Duel with a man that killed him; otherwise I believe he had never come off with credit. It is not long then since that happened, said Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*; for it is no more than three weeks since the Chevalier *de la Grancourt* was killed. You may easily imagine that it is of fresh date, answered Mademoiselle *Velzers*, seeing I told you that it is but three weeks since I returned from *Holland*, and the Chevalier *de la Grancourt* was killed but two days before. Yet I believe, continued she, that had he lived longer, he would have found out some new invention to have rid himself of his man. And he had even begun another Stratagem to bring things so about, that the *Swede* should depart from *Paris*, and give him up all the Letters which he fancied he had received from me. He told him, that if my Father made the least difficulty, to repay the Money that the Moveables cost, the only way to bring the old Man to reason, would be to threaten to publish the Letters of his deceased Daughter.

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However the success of that Intrigue was so uncertain, and the consequences of it would have proved so intricate, that I assure you the Chevalier *de la Grancourt* did far better to find a way to be killed, than to trust to it. But if his death relieved him from trouble, it wrought vexation enough to my Father and me, so soon as we returned to *Paris*. Two days after, the Stranger came, and in his own language which my Father understands very well, condoled with him for my death. To which my Father, who was possessed with the thought that the poor man was a Fool, and that one must seem to believe all his fancies, made answer, as if it had been true that I was dead. This he could the more easily do, because a Lady one of our Friends, had detained me at her House, as we passed that way, and being not as yet arrived at *Paris*, I could not by my presence falsifie his Discourse. He considered also the fancy of the *Swede*, as a means to deliver me at length from an importunate Fool, and believing that all he said of the Tapisstry and Damask-Bed, for which he desired back his Money, was such another Dream as that of my Death : That he might not anger him, he gave him likewise answer, That he expected Bills of Exchange, and that so soon as they were come, he should have his Money. The Stranger came several times to ask news  
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of the Bills of Exchange, until that being put off almost fifteen days, and losing patience, he at length sent another *Swede*, to tell my Father that he could wait no longer; that persons of our quality never wanted a thousand or twelve hundred pieces, which he desired only to be payed off, that he stood in need of them for his Journey into *Swedeland*, and that to be short, he must needs have his Money. My Father that knew the other *Swede* very well, whose Name was Monsieur *de Grustaw*, and who had only taken upon him that Message, because he was a Friend of ours, as well as of the Count of *Valdame's*, at first played upon his credulity, for having taken all the fancies of the Count for real truths, he also laughed heartily to see him in the same mistake concerning my Amours, insomuch that never poor man was more astonished than Monsieur *de Grustaw*. On the one hand he considered that my Father scorned baseness; on the other side he had never found any folly in the Count of *Valdame*, and being forced to entertain bad thoughts of both, for a long time he could not tell what to say. Nevertheless, being fully perswaded by my Father, that the Stranger was hypocondriack, my imaginary death, and my pretended Letters, which were not of my writing, the Relation of the Carriers, who had carried no Furniture into *Holland*, at the

the time and with the mark that the *Swede* mentioned, and a thousand other as probable circumstances, having sufficiently convinced *Grustaw* that the Count was crackt; and that besides that, he had not seen him for the space of a year, in less than which one may turn Fool. He excused himself to my Father for having undertaken the Commission; and shewing himself much afflicted for the poor Gentleman's misfortune, he took his leave, returning to the Count again. And here comes in the pleasantest Adventure of all; for the Count having earnestly enquired what success he had had in his Negotiation, *Grustaw* believing him to be a Fool, observed the same measures, as my Father had done in his Answers. He told him that he should not in the least disquiet himself, because my Father was a man of Honour, that would certainly do him right as to his Money. And in the mean while he prayed him to go take a little rest; asked him if he slept well anights, from whom he had learned that I was dead, and how long it was since he was made believe that untruth: In fine, he wheedled him with all the gentle ways that melancholick persons are commonly won by. The *Swede* answered him, That he was infallibly assured that I was dead, and that I had given him notice of it by a Letter, which Monsieur *Grustaw* interpreted to be another

another effect of madness ; but nothing could be more pleasing than this that follows : Monsieur *Grustaw* thinking he had found the Secret, to bring the young Count to his wits again, by proving to him that I was alive, and for that end having next day understood that I was come to Town, he entreated my Father to bring me to the Lodging of the poor *Swede*, to convince him of it, that so afterward they might bring him by degrees to understand, that all his other imaginations were as false, as his conceit that I was dead. My Father carried me thither on that design ; but I cannot forbear still to laugh, when I think on the condition that I found him in. He was placed between a Physitian and an Apothecary, whom in his own Jargon he abused and cursed bitterly, because they would needs persuade him that he was ill, and had threatened him, that if he would not by fair means, they would force him to take a Clyster. So soon as the poor man perceived me come in, his luck was bad, and these Gentlemen had great satisfaction ; for being strangely surprized to see me alive, he fainted away, which gave them fair opportunity to lay him upon the Bed, where praying my Father to lend them a hand, and drawing the Curtain betwixt them and me, that I might not behold a spectacle offensive to a Lady, they administred  
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the Remedy proposed, which made him indeed stark mad when he was come to himself again. Ah! Fantafme, cryed he immediately, caſting his eyes on me ſtill with terroure; De bad Imaage of a Woman, whom I aſſe ſo mich looſſed; and phy, phy, yw, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to the Apothecary and Doctor; Sortſellers, (he would have ſaid Sorcerers) That de Tyvell aſſe mee to do wit yw? I cannot call to mind his proper terms; but in a word he Jargon'd in his own way a great many ſuch things, as if he would have accuſed the Phyſitians, and Monſieur *Gruffaw*, that they had raiſed my Ghofſt to torment him, which obliged me to ſay to him; How then! Monſieur *de Valdame*, Do you love me no more? And for my ſake will you not at leaſt condeſcend to be cured? What reaſon have you to believe that I am dead? Give me your hand, and that you may be undeceived, take mine. To which the poor Gentleman, anſwering me only with his eyes, cryed out at length in *Swediſh*, which he addreſſed to Monſieur *Gruffaw*, and who interpreted it to me: Ah! *Gruffaw*; Am I then indeed a Fool, as they would make me believe? And if it be not ſo, can it be poſſible that they whom I love moſt, ſhould have endeavoured to put ſuch an affront on a perſon of my quality? That my Friend, that my Servants, and all ſhould

should conspire in the same thing? With these words he turned his face to the Wall, that he might see no body any more; and the Physician thinking that he was going to sleep, made a sign with his hand that the Company should withdraw. This we all did, except Monsieur *Grustaw*, who remembred the Clyster, and stayed constantly by his Bed-side. Alas! said Madam *de Moulionne*, I pity the poor Gentleman's condition. That was the way, added the Marquess, to make him become a Fool in reality. He fell into a great Fever, continued Mademoiselle *Velzers*, and I know not as yet what the issue of it may prove. But that I may return to my Story: That unfortunate laughing-stock of Love and Fortune, having discharged his Clyster, and finding no body with him but *Grustaw*, addressed himself once more to him, all shaking and trembling at the thoughts of what was past. Tell me then, *Grustaw*, said he, speak seriously; Am I a Fool, or am I not? Is it upon the account of some revenge that I am so used? Or am I in any Distemper that needs this usage? I think not; but however explain to me in a word this mystery. Apprehend not that you have to do with a Fool, whose humour must be soothed and complied with: What Infirmary soever ye would make me believe I have, yet I think I speak reason still; tell me at least  
upon

upon what ground is it that you build this my folly? *Grustaw* hearing him speak in that manner, answered, That he would willingly shed the last drop of his blood to see him in good health; and that he might very well believe if he were so, they would not have taken the pains to use him as a sick person. You know, Sir, said he, that I am a poor Gentleman, whose fortune depends solely on the Favour of Monsieur your Father, and that being so much obliged to you as I am; besides that I should be very loth to put a trick upon the Son of one of the greatest Lords of *Swedenland*; I would not willingly do any thing that might in the least displease you. Forbear these Complements, replied the Count, and seeing you ought not to doubt but that I have (at least at this time) some good intervals, because I reason with you so soberly of my misfortune, satisfy me, I pray you. Well then, Sir, answered *Grustaw*, What would you have us think of your wit, when you would make men believe that *Mademoiselle Velzers* hath been in love with you? that you have received a thousand Love-Notes from her; that she hath given you Meetings; that she hath granted you the highest Favours, she who is a very modest and discreet Maid; that she has asked of you Hangings, Furniture, and Cloaths; and by an excess of Fancy, you imagine her to be

be dead, when she has not been so much as sick; you go and comfort her Father, and at the end, you demand re-payment of imaginary sums of Money. What would you have us, I say, think then, but that all these are visions and fancies that have got into your brain? Perhaps it has come upon you at first by the contagion of the *French* Vanity, for the Love-Letters which in great number you have caused to be written to you, are no small sign of this; and coming afterward by degrees to be perswaded of your own lyes, you are at length fallen hypocondriack. Let my affection and age excuse at your hands the freedom of this rebuke; I wish it might work a cure upon your mind, which perhaps is for ever out of order. Many other things besides they spake in *Swedish*; the Count made his Objections to *Grustaw*, and *Grustaw* answered them. He told him that it was a thing absolutely false, that he had ever seen me at any Affignation, or that it must have been some other Woman that he took for me; that when I confessed that he had given me any Present, or that I had written to him, it was only with a design to divert my self, and not to contradict him, because the *Chevalier de la Grancourt* had perswaded me that he was a Fool. He told him so many other particulars, that the poor Patient discovered at length that the

Chevalier

Chevalier de la Grancourt had always abused him. Ah I then, said he, dear *Grustaw*, now I clearly see from whence both your mistake and mine proceeds; the Rascal whom you have just now named, hath villainously played upon me, and the condition that I am in, is a deplorable effect of my credulity and his knavery; it hath cost me fifteen thousand Crowns, and may perhaps still cost me my life. They discoursed afterward more particularly; and the unfortunate *Swede* calling to mind all the appearances *pro* and *con*, made no more doubt, but that the Chevalier de la Grancourt had converted to his own use all the Money and Presents, which were only intended for me. But I assure you there was no body so much amazed as I, when Monsieur *Grustaw* came and informed my Father of all, especially when I came to know that my Chamber-maid was accessary to the Intrigue; for I could never have believed that she would have betrayed me so shamefully. Interest can do any thing, said the Marquess, with such kind of persons. What became of her? added Madam de Moulionne: Was she so impudent as to stay with you till these intrigues were discovered? No, without doubt, answered Mademoiselle *Velzers*, the Slut left me when I was still in the Countrey, where she had notice of the storm that was preparing

for her at *Paris*; for my Father had written to me of the last Fancy that the Stranger had had. Nevertheless we sifted her a little, and by her means discovered many things, which perhaps may help for the recovery of the Hangings and Bed; but I am afraid it will not be a matter so easie to be done. From her also I got part of the Letters which I have shewed you, and which she kept to make sport with; for it was she that received them for me; and Monsieur *Grustan* put the rest into my hands, for fear that though they were counterfeited, yet they might be published to my disadvantage. In the meantime, continued she, and I think I told you, the Stranger fell into a high Fever, for meer vexation that he had been so gull'd, and it is not yet known what the event of it may prove. Monsieur *Grustan* and my Father these two days past have had many Conferences together, whereof I can give you no account, unless it be to take measures, how they may proceed against the Heirs of *la Grand court*. And this is the sum of the Story which I had to tell you, which if I mistake not, frees me sufficiently from the Gallantries whereof I stand accused, and I think it will not a little contribute to the Embellishment of the Romance that we have begun. Now let any speak who please.

The

The *Chevalier de Montal* would have spoken, as pretending not to have been fully perswaded of the truth of that History. But they were told that it was time to be gone, and that the Coach was ready. *Madam de Moulionne* pressed all the Company to go take their places, and that was the reason that no body minding the *Chevalier's* discourse; it behoved him to refer the telling of his thoughts untill they were upon the Road. Neither at that time found he any body for him, when he had spoken his mind; for rather than to suspect the Modesty and Discretion of *Madamoiselle Velzers*; the Company thought it better to do her the injustice to think, that for all she was so sprightly, yet she had not Wit enough to invent on the spot an Intrigue so well circumstantiated.

In the mean time the *Marquess* continued his Adorations to *Clelia*, and as he leaned to one side of the Coach, to whisper her somewhat in the ear, the fair *Hollander* espied a paper in his pocket; which without being perceived by him, she could easily pull out. *Madamoiselle de Barbisieux*, who saw it as soon as she, gave her a sign not to lose the opportunity; and told her softly, That it was perhaps some sweet Love-Letter, that might serve her to be revenged on him: But the *Marquess* purposely turning to know their  
C1 15 design

design, prevented the blow, and crying that it was unjust to rob him on the one side, whilst he was loosing his heart on the other, he put his hand quickly to his pocket. Monsieur the Marquess, said *Madam de Moulignon*, shew us that Paper. What Paper, Madam? answered he. The Love-Letter, said she, of *Mademoiselle de Seucelles*, which we have seen sticking out of your pocket. Ah! replied he, the Trick is dull; you would here wrong me in the esteem of the fair Lady whom I love, by attacking me with another person whom I love not; but *Mademoiselle D'arviane* hath too much Wit, not to discover the artifice. To all this the charming indisposed Lady answered onely with little smiles, which made her pretty Mouth admired, but at length that she might entertain the Company in the gay humour that she found her self in; she became, or pretended to be a little curious. Who is that *Mademoiselle Seucelles*, then? said she to *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*. May nay not I know the commerce that passes betwixt her and the Marquess: And is her Beauty so powerful, that I ought to fear he will forget me so soon as he sees her again? It would be nothing at all, replied *Madam de Moulignon*, if you had no more to be afraid of but the Beauty of that Lady; for it is not with her that he is in love, and she is but the Confident, or

to say better, the Agent of one of the Loveliest Ladies of the Kingdome. Ha! replied *Clelia*, let the Company do me right then. I have told the Story that I know of the Marquess; therefore I intreat some body to tell me that. Alas, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, you may be told it in a few words.

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I 4 NOVEL

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## NOVEL V.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF

Madam the Countess of *Tourneuil*.

**M***onsieur* the Marquess is in love with the Countess of *Tourneuil*, so that you may already judge if he hath not planted his Amours in a rich Field. Every one knows that that young Lady hath been sacrificed by her Father to a Husband whom she could never love; for the Count of *Tourneuil* is one of your pretended Bigots, and a clownish man; and there is nothing more gentile, and less devote than his Lady; Sympathie does not commonly spring from such opposite Qualities. *Monsieur* the Marquess of *Riberville*, who seems cut out for making his advantage of all good occasions, payed a Visite one day to the Countess, just when the old jealous pate and she had been gravelling,

gravelling, and the ground of their quarrel was, because by a capricious whimsey worthy such a one as himself, he had caused a picture that hung behind her bed to be dawbed over; by reason, said he, that it was a naked piece which was not fit a young Lady should look upon, and which might bring idle thoughts into her mind.

Well! said the *Chevalier*, interrupting and he had reason; for it was a cunning piece of Policy by that means to remove from Madam the Countess all pretext of tentations. Who knows, but that she might have come a dunning, when he was about his spiritual exercises? Hold your peace, you caviller, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, no body asks you the question whether he had reason or not in doing what he did. The Countess *de Tourneuil* who felt no tentations by beholding Pictures, or who thinking less harm than these Zealous Pater-noster-men, did not seek occasions from inanimate things; was extremely troubled at the grievous effect of her Husband's impertinent scrupulosity. And her discontent grew so high, when she had called to mind a thousand other displeasures that she had received from so ridiculous a man, that she would live no longer with him. She told the Marquess, That she had a resolution to separate from him, in which he had a  
special

special care to confirm her, untill the day that was pitched upon for putting the design in execution; And the day being come, the Lady about Mid-night in a Gentleman's Apparel slip out of her own house, came to one of the Marquess's, about three leagues from *Paris*, and layed there all the rest of the Night. There passed nothing but what was honest and civil, sayes the Story, and nothing but what any fair Lady, being in the place of the Countess of *Tallemont*, might have done without danger, in acknowledgement to the Services of the Marquess; for he excused her upon promise that she would shew him all kind of favours, when she could once return to *France*; and be there Mistress at home, wherewith the Marquess was satisfied .... Ah! cried the *Chevalier*, you are sweetly paid off, Marquess, you are rightly served, and there is your recompence for the unseasonable discretion you used with that Lady; if it be true though, that you used any: for I take you not to be so ignorant of the way that Women would be used. If what is supposed of me be true, answered the Marquess, perhaps I carried my self with no less respect towards that Lady. We know very well, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, that you put on a garb of Civility when you have a mind, and it concerns you to do so here. But in fine,  
continued

continued she, I have supposed nothing in that Story. The Marquess swore inviolable fidelity to the Countess, that he might oblige her to remember her promise one day. They laid down their measures that they should correspond by Letters, when the Lady was got into England, whither she pretended a design to go see her Friends. *Mademoiselle de Senecelles*, of whom we have spoken, and who hath a House in *Hermivilliers*, or to say better, near it, for *Hermivilliers* is but one House, that Lady, I say, who is overjoyed when she can perform some certain good offices, was pitched upon to receive and deliver the Letters. It was also resolved, That the Marquess should interpret to himself all that seemed to be written onely to that good Lady, and that there should be a little mark on the margin of the Letters, to give notice every time that he was to explain them in that manner; and that was a Caution against the Curious, if they happened to be intercepted. The day following she went away in the habit of a Gentleman, came to *Calais*, embarked in the first Vessel, and at length arrived at the Court of England, from whence she writes daily with much tenderness to the Marquess. And that is the reason which made me suspect that he was going secretly this Night towards *Hermivilliers*, because we have been told that

he

he goes thither frequently in that manner.

Judge you, *Mademoiselle*, added she, addressing herself to *Clelia*, what is to be thought of a man who hath so fair hopes; and so near at hand, (for the Lady is said to be upon her return) and who nevertheless plays the languishing Lover with you? What? said the lovely *Clelia*, is the Countess coming back again? *Madam*, answered the Marquess, you have been told a tale as to what concerns me in the History of the Countess; but though all that is told you were true; yet you may securely listen to me, if nothing hinder you but her return. He replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, I have been assured that she was come to *Calais*, and that her Husband by capitulation had consented to be no more Master at home. *Mademoiselle*, replied she, I know the whole History better than you. Truly, said *Madam de Moulanne*, we make no doubt of it, considering what *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* hath told us. That is nothing, replied he pleasantly, *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* is Jealous because I have given my heart to *Mademoiselle D'Arviene*; and one should not believe what a Jealous Lady may say. But in fine, this is the Story which I brag; that I know better than she, and it very well deserves to come in with the rest.

NOVEL

## NOVEL VI.

## THE HISTORY

## The Count of Tourneuil.

**A**Bout two Months ago, the Count of *Tourneuil* went to pay a Visite to a person of Quality, some fifteen or sixteen Leagues from *Paris*. There was but one Parish Church for three or four Gentlemen who live in the Neighbourhood of the Village belonging to that person. One day, as the Count was there at Mass, he saw a young Maid, whose Father was Steward of a little estate that lay thereabouts. She was not above fifteen years old, and had Eyes not to be beheld without danger; she pleased the Count so much as that she was like to have marred all his devotion. He came out of the Church in great disorder, & as it was his custom to resist a little before he gave

gave way to tentation, so he studied how he might avoid a second sight of that Girle, he sent her word by the Curat of the Parish, that he entreated her to come no more to Mals before his departure for *Paris*. This first means taking no effect, (for the Father and Mother of the Maid were honest folks that feared God, and who would by no means have her lose Mals;) he caused it be proposed to them, that if they would put her into a Cloister that she might become a Nun, he would pay what Money might be demanded with her. But they made answer that they had a portion to give with their daughter in marriage; that they intended to see her provided of a Husband, yea and that their Master was about to marrie her. So that the poore Count of *Tauracvil*, reduced to despair resolved to flie for it, and returned with all expedition to *Paris*; but he felt the wound still in his heart. That all powerfull Idea left him no where in repose. It was to much purpose for him indeed to fast and mortifie the flesh; the pulse of a quaking Bigot beats quicker than that of another, the stripes of discipline did but more and more warme him. What must the poore man do in this case? they asked him if there was no way left of accommodation with his wife, that seemed to him to be a message from God, nothing appeared more proper for his cure than she,  
and

and being persecuted by that pitiless friend that continually tormented him, he condescends that she should return upon what conditions she pleased, provided she did it speedily. News of this being sent to London, she repass'd the sea and came to *Calais*, where the Count had promised to go and receive her, but by ill luck the temptation had leisure to abate, whilst the messengers went between *France* and *England*, so that when the Lady came to *Calais*, she found no body there to receive her in name of the Count. She was complemented onely by a man with a long beard and blood, who told her that there was no way to be saved but by submitting to her Husband, and seeing that was not the thing that troubled her most, she re-imbarked next day with greater hatred than before against the Count of *Torreguilla*. And this is the reason Ladies that she returns not.

First, as he had ended these words the Coach stoppt. They found that they were come to the house of Monsieur *Provost*, where Monsieur *de Montlionne* was arrived two long hours before, with his usuall Companion, that is to say his little Sollicitor. The Marquess tooke his *Clelia* and Madam *de Montlionne* by the hand, whom he led into the chamber of her old Husband. The *Chevalier de Montal* took care

care of the other Ladies; and that lovely Company being out of the Coach, gave themselves to other Diversifements.

### *The End of the Second Book.*

Mock



# Mock-Clelia,

OR,

Madam *QUIXOTE*, &c.

## Book III.

**T**HE Fair Mademoiselle D'Arviane;  
 or if you will, the New *Clelia* ap-  
 peared in the Eyes of the old Judge  
 the most beautifull of all the Com-  
 pany, and he began at her to salute the amia-  
 ble Ladies that his wife brought along with  
 her. Having done so, he led them into the  
 garden, to fetch a walk; it is a place short of  
 the magnificence of the Garden of *Vaux*; but  
 exceeds it in shady groves. All the Compa-  
 nie sat down on a carpet of grass whil't sup-  
 per

per was making ready, and Madam de Moulionne having told her Husband that he must be obliged after supper to tell some Story, in obedience to a law made by the Company; and the good, Complaisant and merry old man having informed himself more particularly of that law; he answered, that he was ready with all his heart to obey it, yea even before supper if they pleased; and that there had been an Action decided in his Chamber that would furnish him with matter. Really Monsieur the Judge, said Mademoiselle de Barbisieux, you will do us a kindness; for we are now in a posture of hearing it. Ladies, replied he, the Story will be a little frolicksome, but the subject so requires. I hope, said the Lady, you will tell us nothing but what we may lawfully hear? O! Madam, answered the Judge, I know what respect is due to the lovely sex, and I shall be loth to lose it before so chaste a company as I take yours to be. You must know then that the other day we annulled a marriage, and upon this ground was the suit commenced.

Novel

## NOVEL VII.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE

Baron of *Coulan*, and Madamoi-  
selle de la *Templiere*.

THE Baron of *Coulan*, who is a handsome well-spoken Gentleman, and much of the same shape and stature, said the good old man, looking on the Marquess of *Riber-ville*, with Monsieur the Marquess there, I mean, (qualifying a little what he had said) a man of an excellent Meen. Spare me, Sir, if you please, said the Marquess, interrupting him, I am your most humble Servant; I am yours, Sir, replied the good man, and continuing his Discourse; that Gentleman, said he, having then familiarity in the House of

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the Guardian of a young Lady, called Mademoiselle de la Templiere, of the Province of Poictou, got into acquaintance, and became passionately in love with her. She was pretty, sang and danced well, had much wit, and what was the most real, perhaps, of all her good qualities, she was to have twelve or fifteen thousand Livres a year.

That was a Beauty, without doubt, said Madam de Mouloune, interrupting him. So it was, said he, but taking ill that she should have spoken, Wife, said he, I would have you be quiet, and not interrupt me; this made all the Company for some time break the thread of the Discourse. Sir answered they, Fear not that there shall be a word lost of all you say, for we hear you with all imaginable intention. Well then, replied he, if that displease not the Company, I must acknowledge my weakness, it troubles me tho. That answer having made a kind of Law against Cavillers, the Guardian of that young Lady, continued he, deserves not so many praises from me, as I have given to the Lover and his Mistress. He was a covetous man, and by consequent capable of all sorts of baseness, for there is nothing that avarice prompts not men to do. He delayed as much as he could to give her in Marriage, because he found the enjoyment of her Estate very sweet, and probably

bably he feared nothing more than to be called to an account; but all his delays were of little use to him, seeing the parties had a great mind to one another, and mutually loved; it behoved him to comply with the Inclinations of the young Lady, who was witty, and would have wrought him a great deal of trouble in case he refused. However, making the best use he could of the violent passion, which he knew the Baron of *Conlan* had for her, he caused this Proposition to be made to the Gentleman, That he would consent to the Marriage, provided he would give him a Warren, which he had long covered, because it lay convenient for him; otherways, that he should desist from his Suit. The Baron of *Conlan*, who would have given his life for the enjoyment of his Mistress, made no difficulty at first to condescend to it; but the night before the Marriage, when the other pressed him to seal a Deed of Conveyance for that Warren, with a full discharge of the Purchase Money, he had a great mind to have his Wife, and to keep the Warren still, imagining therefore that matters were gone too far for the covetous Guardian to dare to break them off, and that he might be afraid lest after the Marriage, his covetous Proposition should come to light: He hoped, perhaps, at length easily to disappoint him; but that was the reason

that the Guardian of Mademoiselle broke the Marriage clear off, and forbad the Lover his House. He likewise enjoyned his Pupil not to receive him any more, upon pain of being shut up in a Cloister; but to discharge young Lovers from seeing one another, is to command them to do it. And thus our Couple contrived the matter; for the gentile young Lady was resolved to proceed further; and one day when her Uncle dreamt of no such thing, she consenting to be convey'd away by her Lover, went and married him in a Village, where there was an Abbey of Nuns; and as she came out of the Church, entered into the Monastery; from whence she immediately preferred a Petition, that she might be permitted to go live with her Husband, notwithstanding the caveat and oppositions of her Uncle.

But, Sir, not to interrupt you, said *Montal*, dryly, and rising from his Seat; Went she into the Convent before she lay with the Baron of *Coulan*? A fine question indeed! cryed Mademoiselle de *Barbiseux*, pulling him rudely back to his Seat; he must needs come out with that impertinency. Sir, said she to the Judge, Mind him not in the least; for the Chevalier de *Montal* is one of the greatest Fools in *France*. Hold, Madam, said the good man, mildly, What the Gentleman has proposed,

posed, is not the most unreasonable question in the World, and it had been far better that Mademoiselle *de la Templiere* had done what she did, before she entered into the Convent, than since. Ah ! replied Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*, That's another matter, and I know not what she hath done. It is alledged, continued he, That as her Guardian prosecuted the Baron of *Coulan* for the Rape, and that he pretended as a proof of the violence, that that Gentleman was obliged to put the Lady into the Monastery, by reason that she would never consent to the consummation of the Marriage; the gentle Dove was got with Child by him through the Grates of the Parlour, to shew that it was not for lack of good will, that she had not perfected the Marriage before. At these words there was none, no not so much as the fair *Clelia*, that could forbear to shew a little surprize, at first by a smile which they checkt by biting their lips, but which at length broke forth into an excessive Fit of laughter. In the mean while Madam *de Moulionne* speaking again, Is not this a fair Tale, said she, that Monsieur the Judge has told us? Heark ye, Madam, answered he, I tell you nothing but what has been pleaded, and I refer my self to the Minutes of the Court.

The Nuns, who were concerned for the pollution of the Convent, pretended to have

been committed by the Baron of *Coulan*, maintained that he begot that Child in the Pensioner's Cell, *Mademoiselle de Messina* another Pensioner being present, who fearing lest the Gallant might be mistaken, because she lay with *Mademoiselle de la Templiere*, sewed up the bottom of her Smock every night; that to accomplish his design, he had got over the Wall of the little Garden, into which lookt the Chamber-window of the Lady *de la Templiere*, and that being there, he had made use of a Ladder wherewith they pruned the Trees, and by that Window entered into the Chamber. That is far more probable, replied *Madam de Moulionne*: And why so, *Madam*? answered *Montal*; For my part, I think, that there is a great deal more appearance that the feat was done in the Parlour, than elsewhere; for there was need of no such great mystery to get in, and though the young Lady boyled not much at the prophanation of the Convent, yet without doubt, she liked that place better which is not consecrated ground, than another.

The four Ladies during this Discourse, asked one another a hundred confused questions, to make it thought that they minded it not; but *Montal* having drawn from *Madam de Moulionne* a kind of a Box on the ear, for some soppery that he had whispered to her on the

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the same Subject, they began again to laugh in consort, and so earnestly, that they made it well appear, they had not lost one word of all that he had said.

*Montal* in the mean time withdrew so pleasantly with his Box, that the good man and the Marquess could not forbear to laugh also; the Judge however rebuked his Wife for it; but she told him, I pray you, Mr. Judge, meddle with your Story, and take no cognizance of this: She said; that nevertheless, looking every minute behind her, to see the countenance of the Chevalier, who so soon as the thought of his affront was a little over, came to sit down by *Mademoiselle Velours*, but she would not admit of him, and the like did all the rest, by whom he offered to sit down, in so much that he fell a railing against all Women, and was forced to stand on his legs.

Amidst this Conversation, Monsieur the Judge was told, That there was a Lackey come from Monsieur *de Lucheres*, to know if he was arrived, and to acquaint him, that his Master, who had two or three words to say to him, was not far off. This obliged the good old man to leave the Company, that he might receive that Gentleman; yet before he rose, Madam his Lady asked him, if he would not compleat his Story, and if it ended at so fine a period; who answering, That that was all, and

and the matter they had decided ; he told them, That the Court had annulled that fair Marriage, discharged the Baron of *Coulan*, to beget any more Children on the Lady *de la Templierie* through the Grate, and had condemned both him and the Guardian in a certain penalty ; the one for the Rape, and profanation of the Grate, and the other for having demanded the Warren, with permission nevertheless to the said *Coulan* and *la Templierie* to be married once again, provided it were performed with all the requisite Formalities. And thus ended the Relation of the Judge, who at these words left all the Company in the Garden until next meeting.

When he was gone, the Marquess began to speak : If, said he, I were as confident as *Montal*, I would tell you a pleasant Story of that same Monsieur *de Lucheres*, who, if I mistake not, is a great fat *Norman*, and whose Lady is as innocent as he is cunning and witty. Is he of *Normandy* ? replied *Montal*. Ah ! If it be Monsieur *de Lucheres* of *Normandy*, I know him as well as you, and his Lady also ; and I'll tell you the Story, if the Company please. Tell it then, replied the Marquess, I yield you the honour ; and we, interrupted *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, if there be any fopperies in it, we will not hear it. Ladies, answered *Montal*, I assure you the King is only

in the tail, and you may hear the beginning without any fear ; I shall give you notice when I come to the tickling point, and shall stop there, if you please. Let it be so, answered Mademoiselle de Barbisieux ; but I give you notice, that in case you chance to trip, my hand is heavier than Madam de Moulionne's. Well, well, said he, you shall do all that you please ; only give me the hearing a little.

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NOVEL

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## NOVEL VIII

THE  
HISTORY

OF

Monsieur de *Lucberes*, and  
his Lady.

**T**hat I may dispose you to believe the Adventure of that gross Man, I must tell you what his Lady was before he married her. She was Widow to a Person of Quality, who was very rich, most peevish, exceedingly jealous, and deadly old; three qualities that made him look out for a Wife who wanted wit to take notice of them, and who was simple enough to believe that all rich men were cast in the same mould. He met with that happy disposition in this Lady, who was born in *Picardy*; I name her Country to you, that I may not do too great honour to *Normandy*, by attributing to it such rare

rare productions. She was of a good Family,  
 and was very proud of that; but her Portion  
 was but small. It is not my design to tell you  
 all that happened during their Marriage; I  
 know but too little of that; you shall only  
 judge of the Piece by the Pattern. Ye have  
 heard say, that heretofore the Queen having  
 ask'd a great Lord of the Court, when his  
 Lady would be brought to Bed, he answered,  
 When your Majesty pleases, Madam; the  
 mistake perhaps was, that that good Lord  
 had taken one word for another; but when  
 Madam de *Zucheres* made a like answer to the  
 like question, it was out of a design, made up  
 of civility and submission to the pleasure of a  
 great Princess; and her simplicity went so far,  
 that that Princess having since said by way of  
 wish, Heavens! Madam, How great a plea-  
 sure would you do me, to be brought to Bed  
 in *August*, that you might go with me to  
*Gourdon*? She returned home in all haste and  
 told her Husband, that he should send for the  
 Midwife; that she would by no means dis-  
 oblige so good a Princess, and that she intend-  
 ed infallibly to be brought to Bed next night.  
 This, Ladies, is the true Character of the  
 Wit of Madam de *Zucheres*, and what to my  
 knowledge happened in her Husbonds Life-  
 time. Now I'll tell you a pleasant passage that  
 occurred on the day of her second Marri-  
 age. How

How fast do ye run, Chevalier? said the Marquess, interrupting him; and know you nothing else until the time of her second Marriage? No, answered *Montal*. I'll tell you then somewhat, said the Marquess, for you forgot the best passage of all.

She was about six months a Widow, and as she was beloved of all men, as well by reason of her singular beauty, as of that candor and ingenuity wherein she excelled all others of her Sex, so, few passed that way near her House, without stepping aside a little to visit her. Monsieur, the Duke of *Longueville*, in his Progress through that Countrey, came one morning very early to her House, and was at her Chamber-door before she had time to be advertised of it, she was still abed when the Prince entered her Chamber. Alas! my Lord, cried she, In what confusion does your Highness here put me? Just God! my Lord, Have you so little kindness for me, as to surprize me in this manner, and to necessitate me to fail in my duty? (all her trouble was that she could not courtise abed) be pleased then, said she, my Lord, to stay a moment, and come no nearer. Afterward she rose before him in her Smock, went and took her night-Gown, advanced and made him five or six reverend Courties; and then glad that she had done her duty, returned back, and  
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went to Bed in the same manner she had risen. The Duke of *Longueville* sat down by her Bed-side; and among many things that served them for discourse, they fell at length to speak of the Lady's Village: I think, Madam, said he, that this Lordship of yours has many Priviledges. Yes, my Lord, answered she, it hath the right of Bake-house and Brew-house, and besides that, I can make all my Tenants keep Pigs for me. Ah! Monsieur the Marquess, said Mademoiselle de *Barbiseux*, You add some ornaments to the Story; for is it possible that a Lady could be so simple? Upon my Honour, Mademoiselle, replied *Montal*, he says true; never was there simplicity like to that of Madam de *Lucheres*. Can you tell no more then, continued he, directing himself to the Marquess. No, answered the Marquess; and you may now relate the other Fopperies, if these Ladies will hear you. Oh! no, let him have a care of that, cried they. Good now! Ladies, replied he, Trust to my word; it is too soon yet to take the alarm, and I have promised to give you warning when it is time. Well then, said Madam de *Moulionne*, Let him go on, and if he dare tell any Wagery, let him venture. Zouks! answered he, I am in continual fear and distrust among you, and I had as good be amongst my Enemies. Go on, go on, said the Marquess, they

they will not be so severe to you as they say. Ah! Cursed Gravity, replied *Adonai*, It is you that undoes me in their esteem, and by the opposition of a counterfeited modesty and civility, with which you would disguise your self; notwithstanding all that is publicly known of your life, spoils every thing that I speak here. This Repartie made the Company laugh; but *Madamoiselle Pelzers* said, Good now, Let him make an end of his Story, that he may win a Box or two. Yes, yes, replied *Madamoiselle de Barbisieux*; That is the way we should speak, if we have mind to hear Wagery; you seem to be as good as he. Leave off these Debates, answered the Chevalier, and if I am to be beaten, let it be so. But I will go on with my Relation.

Two or three days before the Lady married *Monsieur de Lucheres*, a Gentleman, near of Kin to her Husband, desiring to give some occasion of Raillery on the Wedding-day, told the Bride, That she was happy in marrying *Monsieur de Zucheres*, whose merit, good humour, and a thousand other rare qualities, made him esteemed by all men. And that which at present I think most advantageous in him, Madam, said he, is, That you may be assured, he will use you much better than your former Husband did. Ha! Sir, answered the witty Lady, My first Husband used me well,

well, and I were to be blamed, if I should complain of him. Alas good man, he hath left me twenty thousand Livres a year; what would you have him do more, than give me all his Estate? The Estate is fair, replied the Gentleman; but that is not enough for such a Lady of Quality as you are, if she be not treated with all the respect that is due to her, and that your first Husband never did. Ah! Sir, Excuse me, said she. Good Heavens! replied he, He hath bragg'd of it himself to me that speak to you. He used you as common people use their Wives, and as a Farmer would use his, but not like a person of your Birth and Quality. And how was that then? answered she, allamazed. Good, good, replied the Gentleman, making a laughter, as if you did not know it; but you carry yourself like a modest Lady, in concealing the faults of your dead Husband. I assure you, Sir, said she, if you express yourself no other-ways, I know not what you would say to me.

And I assure you, said the Marquess, if you make not an end very quickly, you shall not be well beaten; for I see the Judge bringing his man along with him, and there they are already at the end of the Garden.

I conclude, said *Montal*, and he expected that at these words the Ladies would have

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been

been gone for fear of hearing the end of the Story: but none of them budged from their places, which began to put him in some fear. I appeal to you Ladies, said he, if there has been the least scandalous word in all that I have told you. No, answered *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*, and hitherto we have nothing to say to you. Well! replied he, fair Ladies, take the pains then, if ye please, to be gone whither ye will, for the rest will not be of the same strain, and there is none but *Madam de Moulionne* that can modestly hear it. How, I answered she, I will not hear it no more than they, and I will be gone with the rest. We pretend not to be gone, said *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*, we have a design to drub him soundly, if he be not discreet. They stir not, replied *Montal*, and I'll die if they be not more curious to hear than I am to tell it; but to punish them, added he, speaking to the Marquess, I'll whisper it you in the Ear, and they shall not hear a word.

With that, drawing near in effect to the Marquess's Ear, he told him, You must know then, that upon the debate that was betwixt the Gentleman and Lady, who could not devise how her Husband had used her ill; the Gentleman told her, Is it not true, Madam, that when he would pay you his amorous respects, he —— he said it roguishly, and I sweeten

tart it purposely, lest the Ladies, who would  
 not hear me speak aloud, should listen to what  
 I tell you softly, and take thereby occasion to  
 quarrel with me. The Marquis could not  
 forbear to burst forth in laughter at the man-  
 ner how the Chevalier had told him that lit-  
 tle piece of waggery; and, said *Madam de*  
*Moulonne*, my life for it, he has been telling  
 him some egregious foppery. I knew the  
 story very well, answered the *Marquis*; but  
 I confess I should have much ado to have put  
 it in so clean linnen. Do not tell them that,  
 replied *Momali*, they'll be stark mad that they  
 have not heard it. And yet for all that I am  
 apt to believe, said he, that they have not so  
 much as lost one single word of all I said; but  
 however it be, that was the conceit that the  
 Gentleman told *Madam de Lucheres*, and she  
 answered him, Should not my Husband then  
 have used me so? Good/ God! *Madam*, re-  
 plied he, make you any doubt of that? per-  
 sons of Quality take a far more civil course  
 with their Ladies, but your Husband either  
 understood not what Civility was, or, think-  
 ing he did enough to leave you his Estate,  
 made no account to use you better. Alas!  
 Sir, replied she, I believed that all Women  
 should have been used at that rate, and I in-  
 dured it contentedly and without murmur-  
 ing; but what would you have? I was an

Innocent young thing on whom he imposed; for had I known that he should have gone another way to work, I stand so much up on my quality, as not to have suffered any thing that might have wronged it.

The marrow of the Jest was, that some dayes after, the Lady was married to Monsieur *de Lucheres*; and when the Bridgroom was put to Bed, and would have carressed his Bride, she would by no means suffer him in the manner he desired; she strugled against him with all her might and main, saying that she would be sooner cut into pieces, than be made consent to it, and that women of her quality were to be used otherways; that if her late Husband had taken advantage of her tender years, she should have care that another should not do the like for the future. In fine, the pleasant dispute lasted so long, that the Gentlemen who heard all at the Door with some of the guests, was forced to come and undeceive her by Laughing and Drolling on the Bridgroom. I am far mistaken, Ladies, if any of You ever expose your Husbands to such raileries.

Here *Montal* made an end, and the Ladies had not much time to repartie, because Monsieur *de Lucheres* came to joyn the company. He saluted the Ladies and Marquefs, hugg'd and embraced the Chevalier because of former

mer acquaintance, and after some brisk compliments on all hands, Monsieur the Judge told them that it was time to go to supper. All the company went up into the Hall, and sat down at Table. It was no entertainment prepared with Gallantry, like the Dinner that the Marquess of Riberville had given them; but the Supper was nothing worse, and they who know the sumptuous humour of Madam de Moulionne, will make no doubt but that having foreseen that she was to entertain so goodly a company, she would not fail to do things handsomely. It was a sign the treat was good because they fed heartily; and so soon as their hunger was a little abated, they began to talk, and drink Healths. The Marquess began with a Health to Madam de Moulionne, which he addressed to the Chevalier de Montal. So, answered the Chevalier, it is because she gave me a box on the Ear that you would have me drink her Health. Away, said she, Monsieur le Chevalier, drink it, I shall give no more blows. But Madam, replied the Marquess, may not we know what it was he told you? *par ma foy*, replied Montal, I'll say it once more. Hold there, interrupted Mademoiselle de Barbiseux, you sit pretty near me, and you know what I have told you of my heavy hand. Zowks, answered he shrugging up his shoulders,

ders, and looking pitifully on Monsieur de *Lucheres*, where am I got now? poor friend, said he, you believe that you have fallen in to the company of Angels, and they are Devils. I have found no such thing as yet replied that Gentleman, and if all the Devils were like them, men would give themselves to the Devil more freely than they do. Well, well, answered *Morial*, you'll know in time what stuff they are made of, however I will pledge the Health that the Marquess has drank to me. I thank you, Monsi. the Chevalier, answered Madam de *Mouloune*. After that they drank a Health to the Judge, who did the like to Madam *D'araigne*; and that fair Lady being entreated to sing by the Marquess of *Riberville*, who never took his Eyes off of her, she delighted the company with a short merry Air, which put the old Judge in an excellent good humour. Then did Jests flie about, joy and mirth reigned without controul, and a thousand little tricks were invented for sport and laughter; amongst which was not the least the cheat that the Foot-boys put upon the good little man the Solicitor, whom the Judge had brought along with him; for these Rogues knowing that he mortally hated water, served him nothing else in a double Glas, at the foot whereof they poured in Wine to an equal height with

with the Water; and the poor Dandy-prat was observed to make faces every time he pledged a Health, not daring to tell the reason, nor why he drank not all up, having only touched the Glass.

At length, after that the fruit was set on the Table, Madam de Moulionne leaning to the Ear of the Marquess, Sir, said she, if we would hear another pleasant story, we must oblige that little man, to tell us what lately befell him. I believe, Madam, answered Monsieur de Lucheres who had heard that discourse, it will be no hard matter to be obtained, and if so be you tell him that you desire it. No, said she, my Husband perhaps will take it ill if it come from me; some body else must start the matter, and Mademoiselle de Barbisieux will be the fittest Person in the World for that. For what will I be fit for? replied that Lady who heard her self named. Monsieur the Marquess will tell you, said Madam de Moulionne; and the Marquess told her to effect what the business was.

Immediately she called for Wine, and prayed the Company to do the like. Then applying her self to Monsieur the Judge, she told him, that she was going to drink a round to his good health; but that seeing she was informed that some balked their Glasses, he that let a drop of Wine in his Glass, should forth-

with relate the most pleasant Adventure of his Life, and that without exception of any, no not of Monsieur the Solicitor. The good little Man perceiving very well what the design was, answered Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*, laughing, That the Plot was not so secretly laid against him, but that he heard very well what Madam *de Moulionne* had said to the Marquess, but that he had rather resolve to leave nothing in the bottom of his Glass. In that case, Mr. Solicitor, she answered, you shall not be obliged to any thing. With that he thought to avoid the blow, by gulping down all that was in his Glass; but he was never so surprized, as when he saw all the Wine remain, and that he began at length to discover the Cheat. Ah! Poor Mr. *Tigean*, cried the Judge, You are trepann'd. My faith! That's true, Sir, answered he, and I have not as yet drank one drop of Wine. In the mean time the Company laughed till they held their sides again, and Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*, in pursuance of her design, said, Come, come, Mr. Solicitor, you would willingly find an evasion; but you have incurred the penalty, seeing your Glass is not empty; and you must tell us the Story of your Priory. Ah! answered the little Man, I appeal to Monsieur the Judge; that is not just. Poor Friend, replied the Judge,

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Judge, I have not the greatest Authority here, and you are concluded. They have obliged me my self upon my coming to tell them a Story; and if they be resolved that you relate yours, there is no remedy for it; I advise you to drink three or four good Glasses of Wine, and do as they bid you. That is very hard though, Sir, said he; but to be short, Ladies Wills must be obeyed; if they laugh at me, at least they are not the first that have done so.

With these words he called for a Glass, and a Bottle of the best Wine, of which according to the directions of the Judge, he drank a Health to his Auditory; and that Liquor having put a little more life in him, than the Water which he had drank, he began the History they desired in this manner.

of his... I am not alone who have... the Occurrences of this Story, and there are others besides my self that have... in it; but it is I who have been told... About my means agree... 

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 his behaviour, and whom my body would... we must not judge of people by their looks... the man then, who said he was of... courted for his sake... **NOVEL**... She was called...

## NOVEL IX.

## THE HISTORY

OF THE  
 Abbot of St. Finmin, Madamoi-  
 selle de Bessmont, and the  
 Solicitor Tigean.

**I**T is not I alone who have contributed to the Occurrences of this Story, and there are others besides my self, that have a large share in it; but it is I who have been tossed most. About six months ago, a Gentleman, or who called himself one, a modest man in his behaviour, and whom no body would ever have taken for a Cheat; but I assure you, we must not judge of people by their looks: That Gentleman then, who said he was of *Whiston*, courted for Marriage a Maid of my acquaintance. She was a Gentlewoman, that had

had long waited on Madam the Dutches  
of . . . I cannot hit of her Name; but so  
much I know, she gathered above two thou-  
sand Crowns in her service; and besides that  
money, she had a great many other good qua-  
lities; for she was of a tractable and gentle  
disposition, foolded to the life, and rejected  
not the Merchants. In a word, she was a  
Girl whom the Abbot of St. Firmin, he that  
makes such pretty little Songs, saw and court-  
ed often; yet no body mistrusted any harm,  
and they were both looked upon to be very  
civil persons. He that sought her in Marri-  
age, was called Monsieur de Broynne; and  
you must observe, that it was a Name he had  
taken to himself, the same with that of a  
Gentleman of Thoulouse, who possessed a very  
handsom Estate. This he did, that he might  
more easily beguile the Maid, if she should  
have informed her self of the Estate, which  
he pretended to have in that Province.

Matters proceeding very well, to the great  
satisfaction of the Lais, and the Articles of  
Marriage being signed; there was nothing  
wanting but a Bill of Exchange for four thou-  
sand Livers, which the future Husband said  
was upon the Road; and which was sent him  
from the Countrey to buy Necessaries against  
the Wedding; but that Bill being too slow  
in coming, for it was only in his fancy, our

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Gentleman at length who had his design in all this, bethought himself to counterfeit a Letter, wherein the reasons of the delay were specified, whereat he seemed to be desperately afflicted. At the same time he set himself to prepare another, which he wrote himself as well as the former, and in this he had news of the death of a certain Prior in *Languedock*, whose Benefice being worth three thousand Livers a year, was at his disposal. The news being come to the Gentleman, you may judge how much joy he expressed; it could not have appeared more real, if it had been true; God gave him by that means a way to regain the money, whereof he was disappointed by the Bill of Exchange, and that served not a little also, to make the Maid judge her self more happy, considering the fair Patronage that was annexed to her Husband's Estate.

She could not let one day pass over, without acquainting her Friends with it, and the Abbot of *St. Firmin* first of all. This Man having heard of three thousand Livers a year, thought that with that he might have opportunity enough to make Songs at leisure; and nibbling at the Bait, Good God! said he, Mademoiselle, Seeing you have an absolute power over that Gentleman, may not you so carry matters, as to make him nominate me to that Benefice? He will rather chuse to oblige

oblige such a man as I who have some reputation, and who shall besides bestow on him a considerable Present, than to favour perhaps some unknown person, upon the bare recommendation of some great Lord, who will never thank him for it. Heark ye, Propose the matter to him, and let me be obliged to you, for having added three thousand Livers a year to my small Living; it will be a way to cherish my Muse. Dad! Let it be so, and we shall feed on Capons. The Damsel promised to speak about it, and in effect spake the same Evening to her Sweet-heart concerning the matter. This Blade thought that he had already fleeced the Abbot of St. *Firmin*, of three or four hundred pieces. He made answer to Mademoiselle *Bessumont*, for that was the Maid's Name, that she was absolute Mistress of all that belonged to him, and she might pass her word to the Abbot, that the Benefice should be his, and that she should likewise order the acknowledgement which he should make.

The Mistress full of joy, next morning told the Abbot the good News, who went to thank the Gentleman, and offer him the greatest friendship in the World. There passed not one day after, but that he sent him Copies of Verses; I know not how they call them, Songs or Sonnets I think, wherein in expectation

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tion of his Presentation, he described the pleasures that the Rent of the Priory would procure them, which should be still as much at the disposal of the Gentleman as of himself; and in fine, he sent him a great many other fine things, to which the cunning Knave answered only in the same kind by Verses, making no haste to give him his Presentation, for he would in no ways trust to the Abbot's liberality, nor did he believe that his purse was strong enough to furnish the sum which he pretended to expect. Nevertheless, seeing he had pass'd his word to his Mistress, to present that Abbot, and that she daily pressed him to be as good as his word, he must needs at length have condescended to do it. But that he might so order matters, that she should for the future, pray him as much not to give the Benefice to the Abbot of *St. Firmin*, as she had till then pressed him to the contrary, and by the same means have leisure to wait the coming of a Fop, of some better stock than that Abbot (and that was I, as the Devil would have it) I'll tell you the trick he devised. As there are no Maids who have not played Pranks, some greater, some less, but always enough to give occasion of speaking ill of them, when they come to be known.——

Take it among you Ladies, cried the Chevalier de *Montal*, the Solicitor speaks to You

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now. O! We understand well, answered  
 Mademoiselle *de Barbisfeux*, and we perceive  
 he revenges himself on us; but have a little  
 patience. Alas! Mademoiselle, Pardon me,  
 replied the little Man, I spoke without mind-  
 ing what I said. Nay, pray, said *Monsieur*  
*Proceed*, Mr. Solicitor, and fear no colours;  
 had you said as much truth all your life time,  
 as you have now spoken, there could not be  
 an honest Lawyer in the World than your-  
 self. Hold there, good Chevalier, replied  
 Mademoiselle *Kelzers*, giving him a knock  
 with her Fork on the fingers, You are very  
 pleasant, in saying that there is no virtuous  
 Maid. I said it not in these terms, continued  
 he; but seeing you give me an example, I  
 think I should not lye if I said so; yea, and in  
 my opinion, there is nothing truer. Imperi-  
 tinent man! cried Mademoiselle *de Barbisfeux*,  
 and then addressing her self to the Judge,  
 What do you think, Sir, said she, Should we  
 not take this man and drown him? Do ye  
 hear, replied the good old Man, There is no  
 body but your selves, that know whether he  
 have Reason or not. How then, said Mad-  
 moiselle *de Kelzers*, Do you also question our  
 Vertue? And are you afraid to be mistaken,  
 if you speak to our advantage? Not so, an-  
 swered he, but I say that Monsieur the Che-  
 valier must needs be acquainted with your  
 Intrigues,

Intrigue, in saying what he sayes. Alas Sir, said *Montal* drierly, there is not one of the four, you see, but I would raile against, if I had set my self to it. What! said *Madam de Moulis-onne*, without excepting *Madam D'arvianne*, whom you never knew but to day? That's all one, replied he, I know her well enough to maintain that she is the discreetest of all the four. That amiable indisposed Lady, at these words blusht a little, as if she had known that he maliciously praised her discretion, because sometimes she was apt to fall into some fits of folly; and the Marquess by several signes rebuked the Chevalier for it. In the mean while the Judge said, ye have all pressed and tormented *Monfieur Tigean* to tell you his story, and now ye are no more for it. How! answered *Madamoiselle de Barbi-sieux*, care we no more for it? we have not forgot where we stopt, and pretend not to have lost any thing by the Foppery of the Chevalier. Master Solicitor, replied *Montal*, will excuse me, I have not done him so great a dis-kindness as is believed, and I have onely given him some time to recover a little courage from his plate; have at you, *Monfieur Tigean*, continued he knocking the Glasse against his, a good Health to you. The good little man pledged him, and all the company being again composed to hear, he began to renew his discourse in this manner: I:

It seems it was my luck to suffer under the effect of that stratagem, which the said Gentleman contrived to take off his Mistress from pressing him any more to confer the benefice on the Abbot. Having then digged out of the Grave some calumnies that had been formerly raised of her; as for instance, that she had been long in good terms with the Dutchess's Husband, and that one day when the Dutchess came unexpectedly back to her Chamber, she had found the Duke so out of breath and in disorder, and the maid so red, that there was some ground of suspicion that he had urged her, and that she had defended her self; having, I say, pickt up this somewhere, the cunning *Thoulousian* purposely let fall the matter, one day as they reasoned together, asked her, if she was well acquainted with that Abbot, and if she was sure that he was her friend. O! answered she, he is the best friend I have, and a man that would lay down his life for my concerns. Trust him no more, replied the Knave, for he hath told me such and such things of you, and under pretext of gratitude, for the favour I am to shew him, in presenting him to the Priory, as a true friend he hath done all he can to dissuade me from marrying of you. I leave you to consider what rage Mistress *Bessmont* was in against the Abbot of St. *Firmin* for this

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pretend.

pretended treachery. Ah ! Sir, cried she, he is an Impostor, and since I must tell you so, a villain that hath alwayes made foolish pretensions to me, and hath told you that out of Jealousie ; but if you love me, you will revenge me on him, and in stead of giving him the benefice, you will give him a hundred Bastinado's. She said this with terrible rage, because the truth had perhaps offended her ; and as people are apt to mistake, she imagined that no body but the Abbot could have told him these tydings ; though he was all the while most innocent. On the other hand, my Cheat meeting the poor young man as he was coming out of his Lodgings, told him with the highest impudence : Monsieur Abbot, my Mistress is furiously incensed against you, and hath positively discharged me ever to present you to the benefice, because you have imployed some body to give me notice of calumnies that have been raised against her, and I advise you to remedy that before it take farther rooting ; which he said that he might incline him to go to her instantly, and that the Gentlewoman being extremely in rage, and using him roughly, they might effectually quarrel together, as it happened indeed, for as the poor Abbot was entering her Chamber to Justifie himself, she no sooner saw him, but that she took fast hold of his

his hair, and having laid him on the floor, she so kickt, beat, and tore him with her nails, that the Neighbours were fain to come in and part them. Good God! said Mademoiselle *de Barbifieux*, there was poor *Orpheus* torne to pieces by a Nymph. It was what you please, replied the Solicitor, but the Abbot of St. *Firmin* for revenge, in pleasant Notes warbled out all that he knew of her, in so much that he made the bravest Lampoon that ever was, and the Knave that served them the trick had the satisfaction to see them engaged together in a long and pernicious quarrel. Now it comes to my turn, and I am now to Act my part in the Play.

Some dayes after, Mademoiselle *de Bessumont* came to the Hall about some business, and seeing I was particularly acquainted with her, as she stood by a Shop, I came to wait on her; Good morrow, said I, Mademoiselle, Good morrow: Well? when shall us Dance at your Wedding? Alas! Good Neighbour, answered she, all is spoilt almost; and you can never imagine the base trick that the Abbot of St. *Firmin* hath played me, that Traytor, said she, to whom I freely discovered all my secrets; with whom I used no Ceremonies, and whom I took for the best of friends, has gone and told fooleries to Monsieur *de Brojonne* to take him off from

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marrying me: Gatzto! that's bad indeed, answered I, and he is in the wrong. It had been nothing, replied she, if he had not been obliged to me; but it was to reward me for a Priory of three thousand Livers a year that I was procuring for him, can there be a more unworthy piece of ingratitude? What were you procuring him a Priory of three thousand Livers a year? replied I. Yes, yes, said she, dear Master *Tigean*, a Priory worth so much, to which Monsieur *de Broyonne* has the right of Presentation, and which he left freely to my disposal. But really, said I all in amaze; do you forget that I am your humble Servant, and that besides I am not unthankfull to those who do me a kindness? why do you not think of me when such fair casualities come in your way? you have heard me so often say that if I could obtain a benefice I would leave the Law? Alas! said she melting in tears, it shall be no bodies fault but your own, if he ever have it; and if you come not unto his place, for I shall die rather than consent that he be presented to it; and if by his artifices he carry it over my Belly, I shall object all the incapacities that may hinder him from the enjoyment of it: I know enough of his life to grin my point; and at this very present, he is kept by an old hypocrite, who every time that she has a mind he should go to  
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a certain place of assignation, puts out at her Window a Waiffe of Linnen which he observes in passing by, and that serves them for notes of advice.

The invention is not bad, said Monsieur de *Zucheres* interrupting, and it is the way not to be betrayed by Servants. Do ye believe that then? said Madam de *Moulionne*. Do I believe it Madam? said *Montal*, make no doubt of it. Yes, yes, I believe it very well, added Mademoiselle de *Barbiseux*; for there is nothing more damnable and wicked than some of these begot Hypocrites, and to me my self, one of these mincing Sluts hath played a thousand tricks; I shall tell you the story when it comes to my turn to speak.

For my part, replied the Solicitor, I studied how to provide my self of a Priory, without minding what was told me of the Abbot of St, *Firmin*, and indeed I did not much listen to such things, for I never took pleasure to hear tattles. I fancied that all that the Gentlewoman knew of him, was but the effect of some counterfeit secret that he had told her, as it is usual with those that endeavour to cheat maides, to tell them tales and lucky adventures that they never had but in conceit, to the end that by this tacit setting off of their own merit and prowess, they may wheedle them into a compliance.

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Ha!

Ha! Master Solicitor, cryed the Chevalier at these words, you undo us with your digressions, and you so discover all our Arts to these Ladies; that they will clearly see through them, when we come to make use of them in laying our Siege. It is true, added Madam *de Moulionne*, these Trayterous men begin that way, when they dare not all of a sudden speak of their passion; they tell stories, as Master *Tigean* sayes, and silly maids that would have scorned them if they had spoken point blank of Love, suffer themselves to be affected by the example of those chimerical adventures, by which they insensibly instill the poison of their pernicious Maximes, which make vice virtue, and so maids undo themselves. Good Madam, cryed Mademoiselle *Velzers* twice, be charitable to some, and believe at least that some here, are not to be caught that way: Believe that some there are, to whom Monsieur *le Chevalier* may long enough brag of his happy adventures, before they can be tempted to encrease the number of them. I doubt of that, replied Madam *de Moulionne*. Come, come Madam, said the Chevalier bluntly, you are in the right, for she that would be expected, would be the first to yield to be tickled that way. You want not vanity, answered Monsieur *de Lucheres*, and I believe Mademoiselle

damoiselle is more insensible than your say. But Madam, added the fair *Hollander*, have these tales made sometimes an impression on you, seeing no body goes free? No, answered she, because I was married so young that I was not capable of them; but I cannot tell what they might do if I were still a maid, and that my business were not done. Ha, ha! replied *Velzers*, it is then because your business is done, I am glad of it. That made the Company laugh, and *Montal* that fool keeping still the matter on foot, y<sup>e</sup> faith, said he, Monsieur Judge you may be very proud that you do Madams business so well.

The good old man was half asleep, when the blow was given him, upon which he waked, and blusht at the same time. Ha! answered he, ye are all good people, and ye will never suffer a man to be melancholick in your Company. Upon that the Marquess spake again, because he perceived also the little man ready to fall asleep: Gentlemen and Ladies, said he, Master Solicitor will go to Bed, if you will not hear him, for he is almost asleep. Ha! excuse me, answered he looking up briskly, excuse me; I use not to be guilty of such incivilities in so good Company, and if ye please, I shall end my story. By all means, said they, Master *Tigean*, we pray you do it.

I pressed then the maid, continued he, to bring me to the speech of her Monsieur de *Broyanne*, who having protested to her that the calumnies of the Abbot had not in the least lessened his Love, made her the same complements in relation to me as he had done for the Abbot, and left all to her disposal. I agreed to give him a present of four thousand Livers in hand, for the furthering of my grant and succession, wherein I was desirous he should have a share; for a mark of the long friendship that had been between us. Which donation was one of the *Simonies à la mode*, by the nicety whereof men have found out the secret to avoid all other condemnation, but that of Gods Judgment, securing themselves in the opinions of men. And without doubt I ought to be very well satisfied to have lost that money; for it was better I should loose it than hazard my own salvation. These are pious thoughts, Master *Tigean* said the Judge, and so long as you are in that mind, you cannot fail to regain your money. Alas Sir, answered he, I have no more thoughts of that. Then returning again to his story: after that I had, said he, made that fair donation, my Gentleman told me that he would not touch my money till I had well informed my self of him; which the Traitor did, that he might engage me in honour

honour to pay him instantly, as I did, telling him he feared me ; but I did not think I had said so much truth, then : Not but that I had been before informed of that Priory ; nay I had received an answer from the Convent, that Monsieur *de Broyonne* was really the Patron of it ; but it was not the same *Broyonne* that we knew. However, having payed my money, and received my Presentation from that Knave ; I sent to *Rome* for my *Bulls*. In the mean time my man who waited only for my Crowns, that he might marry ; espoused the Nymph, who delivered him also her two thousand Crowns, for which he gave a good Acquittance. We were the best friends in the World. I treated them daily, and was not well pleased when I was not for the future called Monsieur *Prior*. I therefore gave all my friends notice of my preferment, who wished me joy ; and there were none ( no not so much as a Lady, ( who would never own me for a kinsman whilst I was a Solicitor ) but began then with open Arms to receive me and call me Cousin, in hopes, perhaps, that the Priory might one day or other fall to one of their Children. Though my money got me no more but that Illustrious acknowledgment, it was somewhat however. These publick rejoycings lasted at least six weeks ; at the end of which they were encreased

creased by the arrival of my *Bulls*. Then did Monsieur de *Broyonne* think it time that we should be gone, that he might put me in possession, and at the same time carry his new Wife down to his estate in *Languedock*. I spent two dayes in receiving the Adieus and Complements of my friends, and asked every one that came to me, what is your business? what would you have me do for you? Which, I believe, procured me the greater number of Visitants. Afterwards we set out for that brave Journey, whereof I was at all the charge also, giving every night over and above Musick to the new married Couple, and to the maids of the Towns and Villages where we Lodged, that I might begin the Life of most other *Beneficiaries*, and in this Jollity and Mirth we arrived at length within a dayes Journey of the Priory. There, our good man told us that he must needs go before, that he might give orders for my reception; and recommending his dear Wife to my care to bring her gently on in her Journey, whom he affectionately took leave of; the Gallant shewed us a fair pair of heels, with my four thousand Livers, and the two thousand Crowns of the new Lady de *Broyonne*, and I doubt so long as we live, we shall never more see him. In the mean while, I continued my Journey next day with the Lady,

dy, whom I incessantly thanked for the good Office she had done me ; to which she strained her self to make answer by other complements full of so tender friendship, that I could not in gratitude forbear to shed Tears.

But, said *Montal* ; being in that manner alone with a young Wife, did not Master Solicitor make a little Courtship to her ? Alas, Alas ! Sir, answered the good little man, had I offered to meddle in that, she would have found me as great a Cheat in Love, as her Husband was in other matters ; for no sincerity, as to that affair, can be expected from my Age. But in fine, continued he, next day towards the Evening, we arrived at the Priory ; and having declared the cause of my coming, I was received with great joy and respect. Madam *de Broyonne* was Lodged in the Appartment appointed for Ladies that came there by chance, and for my self, I was conducted with Pomp and Ceremony into the Lodgings of the Prior, where if I slept not well because of the joy that I was in, I slept at least better than the new Wife, who could not conjecture what was become of her Husband, and wherefore he was not as yet come to the Convent. The Monks being ravished, that their Patron had made choice of so beautiful a Wife, solaced her the best way

way they could, and told her that he would come perhaps next morning betimes and surprize her abed ; which was indeed true. But it was not the man we looked for, it being the true Monsieur de Broyonne of Thoulouse, who returned from Paris much about the same time that we came from thence, and who was not a little at a stand to find himself married without knowing his Wife ; and that he had presented a Prior and could not remember the Person. He was conducted to his pretended Wife, but she knew him not, nor intended to know him. I was likewise brought in presence, and asked by what Authority I became to be Monsieur the Prior. I shewed my writings : The Bulls were true indeed, but the Presentation was false, and therefore they told me I was a Cheat. Some younger Monks who loved to promote the Whipping trade, said I deserved honestly to fetch a walk about the Convent, and afterward to be referred to the secular Magistrate, that I might serve for an example : But the true Monsieur de Broyonne, who well perceived by our countenances that we had been cheated ; saved the new married Wife and me from that affront, and all our remedy was Patience.

And

And this is, Ladies, the story that Madam de Moulionne had a mind to laugh at once more, but if ye will take my advice, ye shall all go to Bed, it will do you more good than all the reflexions that ye can make upon my adventure.

*The End of the Third Book.*

Mock-



# Mock-Clelia,

O R,

Madam *QUIXOTE*, &c.

## BOOK IV.

**A**LL the Company followed the Counsel of little good-man *Tigean*. The Ladies a little weary, because they had not slept well the night before, through their change of Bed, willingly withdrew, in imitation of the Judge, who was already gone into his Chamber, without speaking a word; and the Marquess of *Riber-ville*, and Chevalier de *Montal* did the like. But next morning all met again in Madam de *Montlionne's* Chamber, that they might consult

sult how they were to spend that day, which was one of the fairest days of Summer; there was none wanting but *Monsieur de Lucheres*, whose affairs had obliged him to be gone by break of day.

A hundred kind of Recreations were immediately proposed; but the Company seeming puzzled in their choice, Mr. *Tigean* resolved the difficulty, telling them, that it was best to begin with a good Breakfast. Along then, said the old Judge; *Monsieur Tigean* is in the right; we shall have some little thing made ready, and a glass of good Wine may give us counsel. Breakfast was instantly prepared in the Hall, whither all the Company went, and had their mirth awakened again with their appetite; but the little good-man the Solicitor, would not be cheated a second time, with another Glass which was offered him, and wherein the Wine as one carried it to his head, fell down into the foot of it. A Solicitor at Law is not to be cheated twice at one time, said he; it is his part to catch others. It is true, answered *Madamoiselle de Barbisieux*, laughing; how well did you catch the Man with the Priory? That's very true, said *Madam de Moulionne*; we let pass that Story last night, without lamenting Mr. *Tigean's* misfortune. Alas! Poor Mr. *Tigean*, added she; he is so honest a Man. Yes, I am very  
apt

apt to believe what you say, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*. Oh! cried *Madam de Moulionne*, No body doubts of it, and there he stands, who hath never been guilty of the least trick, for the space of forty years that he hath followed his profession, which is a matter hardly to be thought. Ye make account to jeer my Solicitor, said the Judge; but it is true, that without disparagement to others, I never knew a more conscientious Lawyer than the little good-man *Tigean*, and therefore it is that I love him. Monsieur, answered he, It is only your goodness, that makes you entertain so good an opinion of me. That's very well, said *Montal*, who came to joyn in the Discourse; but notwithstanding the good opinion you have of him, you shall see that Monsieur *Tigean* for all his conscience, will not perhaps spare to comfort himself, for the loss of his four thousand Livres, at the cost of Mrs. *Beffemont*, whom he brought back to *Paris*, and will run the hazard of cheating her, by making Love to her. Good God! Sir, replied briskly and pleasantly the little Man, I am twice your Age, and am no Courtier; but for all I have said, perhaps I might cheat her less than you cheat your Mistresses; for all is not Gold that glisters, and Women are not satisfied with words. At these words the Company burst forth in laughter,

laughter, and left *Montal* for a time in some confusion, because he expected no such Repartie. But in fine, Madam *de Moulionne*; fearing that that Challenge of the Solicitor; might draw the Chevalier into a Conversation a little too free, as the matter seemed to engage him to, diverted him, by starting another Discourse. Well then, said she, What shall we do to day? Shall we fall to our Stories again? Every body hath not obeyed the Law that we made yesterday. No, answered the Marquess of *Riberville*; who till then pleasantly entertained *Clelia*; and it is your self that is in the fault. Ah! For my part, replied she, I know not any; my Husband and I made no Love to one another before we married. But, Madam, said the Chevalier, Have you never had a Lover since you were married? Saving the respect that is due to Monsieur the Judge, added he, drollingly, your eyes were never made for the face of a Lady that should live to this time without Pretenders; and if I thought that you had never had any, I would from this instant become your Gallant my self, even in your Husband's presence. Sir, replied the Judge, smiling, Do her not that Honour; I assure you she has others besides you; and more important too. I love Monsieur the Judge, said Mademoiselle *de Barbisienne*, for being so candid

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candid and sincere. Well, Madam, continued she, speaking to Madam de *Montlionne*, You shall tell us then, if you please, the History of your Gallants, since you are not destitute, and you cannot pretend to be exempted from the Law, which hath obliged others to relate their Adventures. Ha! answered Madam de *Montlionne*, It was I that made the Law, and the Law-giver is above it. However, it is our intention, replied *Montal*, that it shall be above you, and that you shall tell us even at this instant, who these Lovers are; otherwise we shall give it out, that you manage such shameful Intrigues, as you dare not avow. Ah! said the Marquess of *Riberville*, I believe that is the thing that Monsieur the Judge fears least, and that he has no distrust of Madam. *Ma foy*, said the good old Man, Fortune is all in these affairs, and Women are loyal or disloyal, as occasion offers. *Lucretia* was the most steadfast Lady of *Rome*, and yet she yielded before she killed her self. To these words Madam de *Montlionne* would have answered, but fair Mademoiselle d' *Archaume*, who heard ill spoken of *Lucretia*, took up the cudgels, and told him, that he ought not to injure the reputation of that *Roman* Lady, and that in good earnest he was mistaken; for the poor young Lady was by degrees falling again into her Fits. In the mean time the Judge,

(who

(who knew nothing as yet of the fancies to which she was subject, and whom they could not, or rather maliciously would not tell, that she was hypocondriack, to the end they might have the pleasure of the Dispute) maintained still that *Lucretia* only killed her self, for shame that she had granted what was desired from her. Mademoiselle sharply maintained that it was false; which for some time he took much like a Gentleman, but at length began to be vexed, thinking she designed to make him ridiculous. He told her however first, That in *Titus Livius*, and in all the other Historians, who had spoken of that *Roman* Lady, what he said appear'd upon record; but she made him answer, That *Titus Livius*, and all the rest lyed; and as he was about to open his mouth to say something, Go, go, said she, all in a rage; that's an infamous Calumny, and no body but an old corrupted Senator like your self, who hath always been in the Faction of the Kings, and is an enemy to the Liberty of the People, would have in that manner dishonoured the memory of Chastity it self. There was ground enough to suspect, that she who made such reproaches, had not her wits in a right frame; but the good Man was quite beside himself, to see that the Company instead of informing him, were ready to die for laughter. He began likewise

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to

to imagine, that she upbraided him for having been loyal to the King, during the Siege of *Paris*, whereas the melancholick Lady took him for a *Roman* Senator. This Point, wherein he was very nice, made his Colour rise; and he told her, that he did not at all repent his being against the Rebels; and that he would be a Servant to the King to his last breath. The Fits of laughter redoubling at all these *quids pro quo's*, redoubled likewise his disorder; insomuch that being mad against all the Company, and filled with a terrible rage, he made a sign to the little Solicitor, to follow him out of the Hall, caused the Horses be put into the Coach, and before the Company (who laughed still as they searched for him in places where he was not) could perceive his design, he took his journey back again to *Paris*.

At length fearing his departure might vex *Madam de Moulionne*, of a sudden they moderated their laughter, which till then nothing could repress; but when they found that the Lady was not much troubled at it, they ceased likewise to disquiet themselves; and said, that they should thereby have more liberty to do what they thought fit; she her self said, that it would give her occasion to tell the Company the Story of her Lovers, which she would never have related in her Husband's presence.

presence. In the mean time she gave order, that care should be taken of the indisposed Lady : The anger which the interest of *Lucretia* put this poor Maid into, made the Fit of her Fever more violent than the last she had had, and it was both a pity and pleasure, to hear the complaints which she still made against Monsieur the Judge, because he had spoken against *Lucretia*. But that which gave greatest amazement was, that Monsieur the Marquess would needs stay by her, bring her her Broth himself, and attend her with so much care, that it behoved them to pull him from thence, to oblige him to joyn the Company again, who designed to go dine in the little Grove ; and yet he had not condescended to that, had it not been chiefly, that he might leave *Clelia* in a condition of sleeping more freely , if she should chance to incline to rest.

The Company fell to play upon him at a pretty distance, when they saw him come forth of the sick Lady's Chamber ; and Mademoiselle de *Barbiseux* told him, What? I see then, Monsieur the Marquess, you are in earnest ; but have a care, it's no small matter to have Mr. *Aronces* for a Rival ; and I would not advise you to go on so far in your Love, lest you be not able to come off again when you have a mind. Add not to the fear

that I am in already, answered he, smiling; I doubt that I shall love her at long run more than I would, and that she will not answer it as I could wish. That will be a great punishment, said *Madam de Moulionne*; and if the example of an unfortunate Lover of mine, can contribute any thing to your Cure, while yet it is time, I offer my self to tell you instantly the Story, poor *Monsieur Marquis*. Well then, tell it, *Madam*, answered he, with a tender Love as she had spoken to him. Observe all of you then, said she, turning to *Montal*, and *Mademoiselle Velars*, who discoursed together softly; and after began in this manner.

NOVEL

NOVEL X.

THE HISTORY

OF

*Monsieur de Graumont, and  
Madam de Moulionne.*

**I** Was last Winter at a Ball, where was a very handsome young Gentleman, who attracted the Looks of all the Company; by reason of his Beauty and good Meen; it is enough that I tell you I admired him also. He took me out to dance, and by his pretty Flourishes of Discourse, increased the esteem I had for him; but a quarter of an hour after, I found my self ill, by having suffered him to sit so near me: Yet let not this be interpreted, either to his or my disadvantage; for the reason was, because he carried about him a certain perfume of Roses, which by a whimsey

of Constitution I could never endure, and the smell of that stirred up some Vapours, which joyning to my Sickness, obliged me to leave the Ball, that I might with all expedition return home. In the mean time I met with the strangest Adventure that ever ye have heard. My Lacqueys having had no time to light their Torches, and being gone out to call my Coachman, another Coachman who was asleep in his Box, awaked at their call, the Fellow thinking they called him, he having the same Name with my Coachman, brought up his Coach, not knowing what he did, so drowfie he was. Being mistaken on my part as well as he, and my Distemper giving me no time to ask questions, I threw myself into the Coach with my Maid, and in this manner, a little after, I was brought to the House of another Man. The poor Maid that was with me was astonish'd, when she found the mistake, and that nevertheless my Distemper grew worse and worse. The Coachman besides took on terribly against us, fearing that that mistake might put his Master out of all patience, if he came from the Ball, and found not his Coach. And to be short, that Brute would have suffer'd me to die without relief; but by good fortune Madam *de Graumont*, the Mother of him whose Coach it was, being still at play in her Chamber

ber with one of her Relations, sent to know why the Coachman made so much noise; my Maid learning that there were Women in the House, implored for me their help, and told my Name and the mistake, entreating them that I might be laid upon a Bed. Madam de Graumont, one of the most obliging Ladies in the World, having heard the News, came down immediately with her Cousin, and causing her Son's Chamber-door to be opened, which was the next and most commodious, and a Fire to be kindled therein, comforting and at the same time regretting my condition, caused me to be laid on her Son's Bed, who upon his return was much surprized, to find a buckfom Woman on his Bed; for, said she, smiling, I am indifferently buckfom, and so much the rather, in regard her Son was the Gentleman, with whom I had danced at the Ball.

How, Madam, said the Marquess, Was it the lovely Youth then, of whom you spake in the beginning, that was the Son of the House? Yes, replied she, the very same, and his Name was Monsieur de Graumont also. Ah! said Montal, I impatiently expect to hear the Complement he made you. The same that perhaps you might have made me, if you had been in his place, answered Madam de Moulionne. Y'faith! Madam, replied he,

I doubt of that, and you will not say so, for I know very well what I should have done, if I had found you in my Bed. That young Man, continued she, was at least as foolish as handsome, who like Monsieur the Chevalier de *Montal*, imagined that all Women ought to be in Love with him; who made impudence a virtue, and thought that to be the only way to speed with us, who, in fine, had liked me at the Ball, that the Adventure may be the safer, and who had committed terrible extravagancies, as I have been told since, when he spoke of me to his Friends; came running like a mad man to his Bed, so soon as he knew that I was there, and whether I would or not, laying his face on mine. Ah! Madam, said he to me, softly enough, but with such transport, as astonished his Mother, and extremely offended me; What is Love about to do with us? And who could have told me an hour ago, in the despair that your withdrawing from the Ball put me into, that I should find you again in my Bed, where perhaps, added he rashly, with words intercepted by sighs, my heart hath many times already wished you were in secret? That was a pretty violent passion, said the Marquess, laughing. My Distemper oppressed me, replied she, whilst he told me all his Fopperies, and my senses were almost all stupified by vapours which

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stilled me; but I assure you, that action con-  
 duced not a little to bring me to my self again;  
 and I was so surprized, that I became redder  
 than fire, for all I was so pale before. Sir, I  
 answered him, finding strength to thrust him  
 away, yet not before he had given me, as I  
 think, three or four kisses. You have not, I  
 say, well considered what you do, and I know  
 not whom you take me to be. I attributed it  
 only to chance, that I was unfortunately car-  
 ried to another House than mine own; but I  
 find now at length, that the mistake of the  
 Coaches, is an Art you have devised to be-  
 tray me. Then finding that neither his Ma-  
 ther, my Maid, nor all the resistance that I  
 made, could hinder him from kissing me still.  
 Insolent Man, cried I, Hold, or I shall make  
 you know, that you have not to do with the  
 person you think of. Madam de Grammont  
 also chid him severely; asked him what trea-  
 chery it was that I accused him of, and if he  
 knew not that I was a Woman of Quality,  
 who ought to be treated with more respect.  
 My Maid being vexed at the affront he had  
 done me, shew'd him likewise how much she  
 resented it; so that the poor Youth, whom  
 the excess of Love and good Fortune had re-  
 ally blinded, by offering him in his Bed a  
 Woman whom he hated not, remained in  
 great confusion, when he began to reflect up-  
 on what he had done.

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Nevertheless, he endeavoured to colour his action, and would needs have it thought a premeditated piece of Gallantry, that he might contribute, as he said, to my Cure; for, added he, speaking to Madam his Mother as briskly as he could, to be put to strive against so rude a Kiss, as that which I have given the Lady, is an excellent means to revive all the senses, and there is nothing so good against fainting Fits. But when he saw that I cast my self down to the foot of the Bed, and that I prayed Madam *de Grammont* to compleat my obligations to her, by sending me home, he was, as it were, thunder-struck, and all his Gallantry vanished. I believe he had the folly to imagine, that I was to be in his Bed all my life-time.

He conducted me not back, for I would not suffer him; but next morning so soon as I was up, I received a Ticket from him; I cannot tell, if I can relate it in the same terms; but however I shall do it as near as I can. And this was the Address he gave

My Mind being vexed in the effort he had taken to seduce me, I was not a little surpris'd to find him so soon as I was up, I received a Ticket from him; I cannot tell, if I can relate it in the same terms; but however I shall do it as near as I can. And this was the Address he gave

To

To her who hath ravished my  
Heart.

**H**AVE you slept well last Night, Madam?  
If it be so, I think you happy. For my  
part, I have done nothing, but think of you, and  
on the means to have you again in the same place  
where last Night you called me insolent. Alas!  
Madam, you languished there for pain; O that I  
might see you there languish for pleasure. Are  
you one of those that are offended when men love  
them with transport, and tell them of a sudden  
the thoughts that their beauty hath produced?  
No, Madam, you have too much Wit, and you  
must needs love me. Testernight your Eyes  
spoke friendship to me concerning the matter;  
they told me indeed you were a most beautiful La-  
dy: But they informed me likewise that I was a  
pretty handsome Youth, and they took pleasure to  
behold me. Besides I have been told that you  
have an old Husband. All that, Madam, pre-  
scribes to you what you have to do. I must tell  
you likewise, that I am believed to be so Giddy-  
headed, that no body will ever suspect that I ma-  
nage any serious design. Let us lose no time,  
Madam, it is the part of Maids only to suffer  
their Lovers to languish, and they have their de-  
signes in it; but that is below a fair Woman.

That

That young man was a Fool ; said Mademoiselle *de Barbisiens*. Not so, replied the Marquess, I rather believe he has gained his point with some Women by that *liberty* ; for there are some who are won ten times sooner by foolery and impudence, than by all the cares and secrecies that one could render them ; and the Gallant imagined without doubt, that Madam *de Mouloune* was to be caught that way. You have guessed right ; said the Marquess ; but the mischief was that impertinence never procured any thing from me but boxes ; these words were directed to *Montal* , and that besides, added she, the young man was really in Love with me, which perhaps he never was with those with whom he had succeeded. And that gave me occasion also to revenge my self sufficiently on his insolence ; for in the rage into which his carriage put me, so soon as I perceived that he was in earnest, there was no kind of fierceness nor slight which I did not use, a little to bring down his Pride. It was to no purpose for him to change his method with me, and to become at length as respectful and timorous, as he had been bold and impudent ; for I never gave him a pleasant word : I undervalued alwayes the best things he said ; and favoured with my conversation all those whom he thought inferiour to himself  
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in worth; shortly, I did him so many kindnesses, that about a month after, I was almost the cause of the death of a man, whom I had preferred to him in a Ball; and this is the account of that disaster.

The Baron of *Granmond* (for he was a Baron) laid Siege to me continually, and wheresoever we happened to meet together, though Princesses were there, I had always his first Homage and respects. He thought then to have had me out to Dance the Brawl in the Ball; having even preferred me to Madam the Marchioness of *Samee*, who would have Danced it with him; but I refused him my hand, that I might give it to another of whom I knew he was Jealous, though he might as well have been Jealous of a Watch-house. My little Baron had much ado to digest that affront, and I never passed him, when any one led the Brawl, wherein he had at length engaged with another, but that by the by he let fall some complaints, which testified his indignation. But seeing I was curious to know how far the patience of a man who had been so fickle, might go; (for I forgot to tell you that he scarcely loved his Mistresses two dayes together) I put not there a stop to my cruelties; and having come to ask my hand again to Dance a Corraut, I gave it him indeed, that all the Company might

might not be witnesses of a little intrigue that concerned only us two ; but I returned him not his Corrant, and when I was again taken out to Dance, I went and took out his happy Rival in stead of him, which was like to have put him in despair.

Wherefore anger for some time took place of Love ; and his Rival having given me the hand to lead me to the Coach, when the Ball was ended ; Madam, said he aloud and very fiercely ; I have in my Pocket *The Womens School*, and you shall read it when you have a mind : I ghesed what he meant by that, though he cited that *Womens School* impertinently enough too ; for being that which *Moliere* composed, it could not be applied to his purpose : It was enough to him, without doubt, to think that in speaking of the School, it would be supposed that I deserved to be sent thither to learn manners ; but however, these were his own words : His Rival, who thought himself obliged to make a repartie, told him very soberly ; Sir, that is not the way to gain the Lady. Oh ! that is most true, answered the little man in passion, and I know it very well ; nor shall I ever gain her, if Heaven grant me not the favour to become as great a Fool as you. From that they rose to higher words, quarrelled, and both drew, but the Fool was still Fool, and delivered

delivered his Sword to the Baron, who in disdain threw it back to him. In the mean time he that had the worst was wounded, and the Combat made a noise. My Gallant was forced to abscond, so that I had ground to fear that absence might make me lose so passionate a Lover. Nevertheless I received next day another Note conceived much in these terms.

To Madam de Moulionne.

I Am hid, Madam, and I endeavour to escape the Death which men deserve, that draw a Sword contrary to the Kings Laws, because if I must die speedily, I will have it to be only of Love; but I swear also that I shall die of it at your Feet, or that you shall use me more kindly. What, ungrateful Lady? I have sighed more for you than for ten others. You are the first; (if it must be told) for whom I have felt true Love; I have been always preferred where I desired it; and in the sight of all people you prefer to me a Fool. Ah! I am in furious despair, and if such a man as he deserves your favours, I shall die for anger that I cannot slight them. At least cruel Lady, believe that I write this with Tears of Love and Rage, for you have reduced me to a condition that deserves pity; let it not be more difficult

difficult for me one day to take from him your favour, than it was last night to take from him his Sword.

These Letters, said Mademoiselle de Barbisieux, are really very pleasant, and I begin to be pretty much in Love with that mutinous style: Well, what answer did you make to them? Very good! said Madam de Moulionne, you jeer me if you think that I was so much a Fool as to answer such fopperies; would your Maids answer them? What hurt do you think would be in it, replied Mademoiselle de Barbisieux, were it only done for diversion? for you did not receive these Letters as a Mystry, but communicated them to your friends. Yes certainly that is true, said Madam de Moulionne, however I pretended to tear and throw them into the fire before his Foot-boy that brought them, that he might tell him so much, to put my Gentleman in greater trouble, and for that end I burnt little pieces of other paper. But Madam, interrupted the fair *Hollander*, did he intend to Droll, when he wrote to you in that foolish style? Not at all, answered Madam de Moulionne, he spake most sincerely; and it was from the heart that he threatned or reproached me. Ah! replied the *Holland* Lady laughing, he was a Treasure to you  
Madam

Madam ; and you must needs have had much pleasure with a Gallant of that stamp: Yes, answered Madam de Moulionne, I had pleasure enough by it in the beginning ; but he tired me at length because his Extravagancy went too far.

There was no great trouble in taking up the matter of the Combat, which was considered but as a Ren-counter, and so my Gallant began to appear again. At what hour soever one had a mind to see the Baron de Graumont after that in our street, he might see him directly opposite to my Gate, lying in his couch in the posture of a Fool, on the other side of the Rivulet ; and hardly did he leave his station half an hour, to go Dine. None of my Lacqueys came out a Doors, but he called them and recommended to them to tell me somewhat at their return ; and at length he prevailed so much, that Monsieur the Judge taking greater pity of his condition than I did, or if you will, out of policy, thought fitter to command me to receive him, than to see him continually planted there. I was all amazed when he himself brought him one day into my Chamber, where I was entertaining two Ladies of my acquaintance. A Malefactor carried before his Judge lookt not paler than that Martyr of Love did, and of purpose to encrease his

besides

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fall,

pain, I told my Husband very seriously, do you know, Sir, whom you bring hither, and that it is a man in Love with me, who daily commits a Thousand Extravagancies? Madam, answered my poor Lover all shaking, Monsieur the Judge, is not Ignorant what violence you do to the Soul of these who have once seen you, and if he approve not what I do, neither does he approve that you should force a poor wretch to despair, who desires nothing else but the happiness to see you. No, Wife, added my Husband, who had much ado to forbear laughing, and seeing Monsieur the Baron desires no more but to see you, let him see you as much as he pleases. With these words he left us all together.

How Madam? said Mademoiselle *Barbier* then, is it possible that so gallant and sprightly a man as you described the Baron *de Graumont* to be in the beginning of your discourse, could be so stupid, to see himself made the laughing-stock of any man without minding it, or at least that shame and vexation did not work his Cure? These sprightly blades, answered Madam *de Moulionne*, become usually the greatest Fools, when they fall in Love to purpose. And besides, know you not that Love grows stronger by resistance? ye wonder at what you say, continued she laughing, because it may be ye have not resisted

resisted your Lovers so much as I did my Gallant: But it is your own fault, and you are all Cheats. Madam, said the Marquess, it is not at all necessary that all Ladies should be as cruel as you, and put their Lovers to so hard a trial. For my part, replied Madam de Moulionne, I have no greater pleasure than to see these insolent and presumptuous blades who have so good an opinion of themselves, love without a sutable return of affection; and I confess I reckon it one of my good fortunes that I had the advantage to reduce one of them desperate. But Madam, said the Chevalier de Montal, who told you that your Baron did not counterfeit all the Extravagancies that he played, finding that there was need of Ceremonies to gain you? Ah! replied Madam de Moulionne, I assure you there was no counterfeiting in that, and you will presently confess as much.

My Lover having spent some months in following me wheresoever I went, without any success, and without having even ever found an occasion to his mind of speaking to me in private; he resolved one Evening to slip secretly into my Chamber, he hid himself under my Bed, saw me undrest at his ease, and go to Bed, and when he thought I was asleep, he came and sate down by my Bed-head, where he had the patience to wait un-

till next Morning that I waked: And was he honest? said the Chevalier; I think he was, said she smiling, or at least I felt nothing to the contrary. When I awoke and saw him, I was not a little surprized; and be-  
 thought my self that if I should cry out, and so render many witnesses of that piece of folly, the matter might be variously interpreted. Malitious people, thought I with my self, may think of it what they please, and will say that I stayed till it was day before I cried out, without considering whether or not I might have been asleep. These good reflexions made me resolve not to speak a word of it; but only contrive some way to send him off without the knowledge of any but my Maid, whom I instantly called in, and whom I acquainted with my adventure. It was no easie matter for all that, to perswade my Baron to it, who falling on his knees by my Beds-side; Madam, said he, I will not budge from hence till you have heard me. Befall you and me what may, I am resolved to die if your disdain continue, and he that intends only to die observes no measures. No Madam, I will not remove from this place unless you do me justice; I desire only to be heard, and if you grant me not that slight favour; which you refuse not to the meanest of men; tremble at the very thought of what my de-  
 spair

spair may force me to do. That threatening which seemed to me Ambiguous, made me very quickly promise to hear as long as he pleased, provided he gave me his word that he should commit no Extravagancy. And then the Fool told me, I doubt not Madam, but that you have reason to complain and revenge yourself on me. I have failed in the respect that was due to you ; I have written to you with too much freedom. In fine, Madam, I took you for another, when I believed that you would as easily Love me as other Ladies have done ; but I acknowledge my fault, Madam ; is there no pardon for me ? what delight have you to force me every minute to despair, because you have found that it is impossible for me not to Love you ? Oh ! said he, you take advantage on my misery ; for if you thought that I could cease to Love you, you would perhaps fear to lose me, you would comply a little with my humour, and not force it as you do to the most terrible of all extremities, and that, said he, kissing my hand, notwithstanding all the resistance I could make, is one of the detestable Maximes of you Beauties. Why cannot I retrieve my heart ? continued he ; then returning to his discourse again, I know, Madam, that the transports of Love which I fall into, are no ways pleasing to you, and that you will never

entertain any favourable inclinations for me, so long as I commit the Follies that I fall into daily. Yes, yes, I put my self in your place, and I well conceive that a Lover whose grief makes so much noise, is not made for such a Lady as you, but help me to lose that bad habit I have of complaining; leave off at least for once to give me cause; be but content to use me no worse than all those whom you look upon with indifference. Well, said I, you may take my word for it, I shall use you better for the future, only begone quickly; and I suffered him again to kiss my hand, that I might oblige him to withdraw with greater diligence, so great was my fear lest he might have been found in my Chamber, but the nicety of his Love made him conjecture that all the favours I shewed him were only upon a design, and taking thereby a fresh occasion of complaining; he importuned me a whole quarter of an hour longer with his grievances, but afterwards departed.

I see nothing as yet, said *Montal*, that should convince me but that all was counterfeit; a man might play the Fool and Mad-man more than all that, for the pleasure of getting his will of you. Nor is it by that yet, replied she, that I pretend to convince you. He must first vex me, and by the satisfaction that he does me, you shall Judge if he was in earnest

earnest or not ; mind what comes after.

He left my Chamber then, and was willingly conducted by my Maid out of the House. That Girl so ordered matters that no body in the Family either saw or heard the least passage ; and he might have even avoided the Eyes of those that were abroad ; but as he was half way out of the Gate, he fancied that he discovered his Fool at the end of the street ; and indeed it was the very same, who was coming to pass by my Gate, what entreaty soever my Maid then made to him to slip into a Neighbouring Lane, before that the Gentleman whom he heard but did not see, should have leisure to perceive him ; the Mad-man could be perswaded to nothing, on the contrary he held her by the hand without the Gate, under the pretext of ad-juring her to be his friend with me ; gave his Rival time to come so near as to observe him ; kissed again the Maids hand, that he might give the other ground to suspect that it was mine, then letting the Maid retire ; and fiercely Eying the other, who was not a little surprized at what he had seen, he crossed his way in the posture of a Triumphant Rival. How is that ! Madam, said the Mar-ques interrupting her, did he who was dying for Love of you ; to whom you had just before given so good hopes, satisfy you in  
that

that manner to his own vanity, so soon as he was gone out of your sight? It was not only done, said Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*, but by one who nevertheless pretended to be much in Love. You have reason, said Madam *de Moulionne*, my Baron was one of those who though they play their Mistresses an hundred idle Pranks, yet love them still very well; his Ascendant carried him to these vanities, and his face forced him whether he would or not to love me.

The very same day I had notice given me of his Impertinency, for that Rival whom I had always used civilly to exasperate the Baron, thought he had good ground to complain; and having deferred his Journey till another day, he came to see me before I was dress'd, that he might upbraid me, for being less affected with his modesty and respects, than with the insolencies and impertinencies of *Graumont*, and gave me an account of all that he had seen. I confess I was surprized at it, because I was so innocent as to imagine, that it was best to conceal that the Baron had passed the Night in my Chamber, but at length I judg'd it better to be the first in publishing it my self, lest the mystery might otherways prove more dangerous, and accordingly I did.

In

In the mean time, the other who was wholly taken up with the thoughts of the fair promises that I had given him, to use him for the future more kindly, and had not in the least considered, that his imprudence might have provoked me to anger, resolved after Dinner to come and pay his respects to me; but so far I was from entertaining him with a better reception, as he expected, that I did not so much as look upon him: He asked my Maid the reason, she answered, that she knew nothing of it. He returned next day, and I caused my Gate to be shut against him: He waited until I went forth to Mass, but so soon as I perceived him, I commanded the Coachman to put back, and resolved rather to lose Mass that day. Insomuch that falling into an excessive rage against me, and thinking I made a Fool of him, he began again his Follies. Now I'll tell you very near the terms of a Note, which I received from him, upon occasion that he had been told that I usually laughed at, and made sport of his Love,

For

## For Madam de Moulionne.

**I** am told, Madam, that your excellent Wit seems pleased to laugh at my pains, and that in all places you make so pleasing descriptions of me, as are not only sufficient to make your self, but even the most melancholick Company merry. I am not at all troubled, Madam, to be a Subject of Divertisement to your self and Friends, provided it be not of too long continuance; but call to mind; that there are some certain sights and contempts that produce cruel Tragedies; and that a ~~Lower~~ hath suffered a thousand with patience, so long as they were secret or serious, who has not been able to endure a contempt shewed publicly, and with derision. I thought fit that you should learn this from me, Madam, and that it is better of a sudden to cut off the hopes that a Man entertains sometimes, than to amuse him for sport and recreation. I tell you no more. Farewel.

Still Threatnings? said the Marqueſs. Yes, answered Madam de Moulionne, and by the By also very profitable Instructions; for though Rage did dictate these Notes, yet there can be nothing more wisely conceived, than what he says he was willing that I should learn of him: And for your sakes, fair Ladies, added she,

she, I make this moral Reflexion; Women must never amuse and keep in play, those whom they intend never to love. Why then, Madam, said Mademoiselle *Velzers*. Have you given ground to your Baron to reproach you with that? It is not my fault, replied Madam de *Moullonne*; he imagined without ground that I intended to amuse him, for if I expressed any kindness for him, it was only to prevent him from committing some Extravagance in my Chamber, which would have displeased me; and to incline him more easily and speedily to be gone. This is so true, that as I have already told you, he himself suspected it. I agree with you, answered Mademoiselle *Velzers*; but when we amuse any one, it is also upon some consideration, and sometimes to prevent the Follies, which would not please us neither. There is no doubt of that, added Mademoiselle de *Barbifex*; and it is the men who amuse themselves, interpreting often our actions in a quite contrary sense than they ought. But let Madam de *Moullonne* make an end, that we may at length know what became of her Baron de *Grammont*.

Seriously, continued she, he terrified me by the threatnings he made of acting tragedies; and distrusting a man of his humour, whom I saw continually fall into the excesses

of

of so strange a Folly, I desired my Husband to rid me altogether of him, lest at length he might do some mischievous act. I was confirmed in that resolution, by the late example of a Maid whom a brutish Rascal had poisoned, because he could not obtain her from her Father and Mother; and I thought with myself, that it was no pleasure to be exposed to so dangerous Amours. My Husband therefore finding one day the Baron in a convenient place, told him plainly his thoughts concerning all that passed; and that Discourse made the poor Youth so ashamed, that he took a firm resolution to cure himself of his Love, at the cost of her to whom it was made; and this is the course he took to accomplish his design with greater ease: There is nothing, said he, but empty hopes of bending that Woman, that gives fuel to my flame. Come, let me outrage her in such a manner, and out of humour do her so sensible an injury, that I may never have ground to expect pardon, and by consequent a reciprocal affection. In this thought worthy of himself, he began next day to play the Man, fully disengaged and at liberty; before me he affected a Jollity, like to that wherein I saw him at our first acquaintance; in the sight of every body he talked to me familiarly, with a show of the greatest satisfaction imaginable, and all this

to

to the end, that it might be thought my rigorous proceedings were now at an end, as he had already made the report go. Insomuch that being at a stand what to think of that new way of carriage, I considered some time if I should be angry at it or not; but I quickly resolved what to do; for so soon as I had asked the cause of his Joy, which was the only thing perhaps he expected, that he might have occasion to shape me an answer, he maliciously fell down at my knees, and gave me aloud so abusive thanks, that never was Woman more amazed, nor in greater rage than I was. Good now! For what could he thank you? said the Marquess. For what you please, answered she, it is enough that I tell you he offended me so much, that I gave him a Box on the ear, much better laid on than that which Monsieur the Chevalier may remember. Let us wave that, Madam, said *Monsieur*. With all my heart, continued she; but I am indeed an enemy of such as talk idly. Yet this was not a means to put a stop to the Follies of the Baron; on the contrary that Box perswading him, that he ought not to observe measures any more with me, he continued to tell me so many offensive things, and with so much contempt, that he succeeded in his design of making me his irreconcilable Enemy. But I have my revenge also, and

and it is by this that I intend to prove to Monsieur the Chevalier, that my Lover did not counterfeit folly and madness, that he might the better accomplish his designs with me; he will judge by the sequel, that when one is master of himself, he never takes such desperate courses, as the Baron was prompted to.

After that he had atchieved his great Exploit, he spent nine or ten days without the least thought of Love. All his thoughts ran upon his Box on the ear. A short absence, the design of curing himself, the little appearance of obtaining his pardon, the reflection he made on my faults and cruelties; on his own good aspect, which deserved more favourable usage; and on the pleasures that he found in his indifferency before he had seen me; all this made him believe that he was perfectly cured. He was the first that drolled upon himself, for the Extravagancies he had been guilty of, and that he could not conceive how he came to be so much and so long in Love. In fine, he was too happy, if his ill luck had not brought him afterward to a sight of me, at the House of a Lady of his Acquaintance and mine, to whom by chance I payed a Visit whilst he was there; but the defects that he found in me when he saw me not, appeared no more at next view; I appeared

peared to him more beautiful than ever; he made a wrong construction of a little disorder that my hatred put me into upon the sight of him; felt a sensible remorse for having offended me, and his Love being all again in flame, he cast himself on his knees before me a second time, without speaking a word; as a man struck dumb with grief. I made at first as if I had not perceived it, turning as much as I could towards the Lady with whom I was entered in discourse; but finding the matter last too long, and that I could not any more demean my self as if I had not seen him, I rose and took leave of the Lady, with as satisfied a countenance as possibly I could, and withdrew, as if I had not so much as minded what the Baron had done.

I appeal to any, who have had the folly to think to cure a violent passion, by offending the person they loved, and who have missed their aim, if he was in a desperate case or not. He continued like a stunn'd man, as I have been told, almost a quarter of an hour immoveable, and the Lady whom I had been to visit, after she returned from bringing me to my Coach, found him still on his knees in the same place. She comforted him, recomposed his mind the best way she could, and advised him once more to write to me, which he did. But I cannot exactly call to mind that Letter, as I did the others, because there were

no more of those brisk expressions in it, which for diversion I loved to read over again to my Friends; and that to see him lament seriously, and like a Gentleman, especially after the Jirk he had given me, was not the thing I required, because I resolved to have no pity on him. And therefore I read that fair Letter but once; and when two others that were with me when I received, and forced it from me out of curiosity, had done the like, I threw it into the fire.

It deserved tho to have been preserved, that I might have thereby given you an instance, of the various transmutations of Love; for as I have told you, there was no more of that threatening style in it, it was in a strain proper to affect any Woman, that had not been so much incensed as I was. He begg'd me pardon for his last insolence, in terms which clearly shewed, that he could not without tears have couched them in writing. Judg, said he, Madam, what desperate Love may not force me to act against my self, since it hath reduced me to that pass, to seek a cure for it, by offending you as I have done. He confessed that he had justly incurred my indignation; that he had been too presumptuous in the beginning of his Amour; that a youthful transport had made him act in that manner, being deceived by some good successes on his rashness with other Women,  
and

and that he had since fully changed that turbulent inclination. That at the instant he discovered my vertue and merit, he had entertained nothing but submissive respect for me; that he had not conceived any hopes or desire, that might bring prejudice to that vertue; that he had loved me as an Angel might love me; and that if he had seemed guilty of some transports, which appeared inconsistent with the moderation of a man that loves in that manner, they were occasioned by his grief, to see me obstinate in refusing to hear him, and in taking cognizance of the change that my vertue had wrought upon him: And then concluded by a thousand oaths, that he would kill himself, upon the return of the person that carried the Letter, if he brought him not back word that I had pardoned him what was past; wherein he kept his word too religiously.

How, said Mademoiselle de Barbiseux, did he kill himself? No; he did not kill himself outright, answered Madam de Montlionne, but he did at least as much as was necessary for the work; and when my answer was brought back to him, that he should have already killed himself, and that he made too many words about it, they say he drew his Sword, and casting himself upon it, run himself quite through the Body. Ah! He loves you, Madam, said Montal then; and seeing

he hath been so great a Fool as to kill himself, I make no more doubt of his Love. I knew very well, answered she, that you would doubt no more of it, when I had once told you this circumstance, for you told us yesterday that Love might carry people to that extremity. And were you no way affected at that accident, Madam? said Mademoiselle *Velzers*. My passions were at that time too much divided, answered Madam *de Moulionne*, for me to be able to give you an account how I received that News. I trembled all over when I heard it; for the News of any man's death as well as his would trouble me; but my heart however felt a kind of satisfaction, in the thought that it would clear me from the Calumny, of having condescended to the will of the impertinent man, as he had the insolence to give it out. I felt also another Consolation, because his ambiguous threats put me always in fear, that he had a mind to send me going unto the other World, and I was far better satisfied that he himself made the Journey. In the mean time his Mother soon after came to render me a Visit, and to pray me to have some compassion of her Son; but, what would you have me do, said I, Madam? you are too vertuous a Lady to desire that I should abuse my Husband, and that's the thing your Son demands. We had a very pleasant Discourse on this subject,

she

she adjured me to find out some expedient for the Cure of her Son, without interesting Monsieur de Moulionne or my self in the affair, and I obstinately refused to shew him any favour. But perceiving that she desired no more but the permission to order him in my name to suffer his wound to be dressed, I told her she might speak in my name what she pleased, and provided she employed none of my Servants to do it, I was not concerned at what ever she thought fit to say.

Did he dye then at length? said Madamoi-  
selle de Barbisieux. So far from that, said Ma-  
dam de Moulionne, that I found him next  
day at Mals just over against me: The wound  
that he gave himself was not at all danger-  
ous; a little remnant of Charity that people  
have for themselves, without minding it,  
make them always chuse places that are not  
mortal, and that poor Lover pierced only  
the fat of his side, which he had squeezed  
hard in his hand before he gave himself the  
thrust, insomuch that it proved but a wound  
to be cured easily with a penny-worth of  
Salve. And I failed not to tell him so when  
as I was going out of the Chappel, he came  
and spake to me of it; But I gave him a fresh  
ground of displeasure, so sensible, that preten-  
ding to faint away for weakness, he fell  
down at the very door of the Chappel; that  
he might be revenged on me by the hubbub

that action would occasion. I trouble you too long, with the Relation of his Extravagancies; he committed four or five more for some days time, and then resolved to return into his Country, where now he hath been two months, and I desire he may remain there untill I go fetch him back. However this is a fair example for Monsieur the Marquess, and the dangerous effects of Love in those who cannot obtain a reciprocal affection, ought to perswade him to be careful how he ventures.

Ha! Madam, cried Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*, there is no comparison to be made between your Baron and Monsieur the Marquess; and no Woman will ever use him as you have used that Extravagant. It's no matter Mademoiselle, said the Marquess, I shall make the best use of that Example, and endeavour to live a little more civilly with *Clelia*, that she may not oblige me to kill my self. But indeed, Madam, added he, you have told us a very wonderful Story; and I think strange that it hath been so little talked of, that we could never learn it but from your own mouth. I wonder at it also, said Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*; for it might have given ground to many Gossiping tales, and Calumny is very modest in the Neighbourhood of Madam *de Moulionne*, that it hath so secretly buried such adventures. They

They have been sufficiently talked of amongst my Neighbours, replied Madam de Moulionne, but there are so few Persons of Quality amongst them, that Fame finds no mouths there, to carry the News of these transactions to Persons of so much worth as you. And besides, the best passage happened in presence of some who were so much my friends as not to divulge them, knowing that I was not well pleased therewith. You had reason not to be well pleased with them, Madam, said wittily the fair *Hollander*; for your cruelty would have got you a very ill name. You jeer, replied Madam de Moulionne; but probably you would not have had the constancy that I had to see a poor Lover suffer, especially if he had pleased you as mine did the first time I saw him. For I am not so nice as not to confess, he seemed to me to be so Lovely a Youth, that when the vapours obliged me to withdraw from the Ball, my distemper was Augmented because it deprived me of the opportunity of seeing him so long as I desired, one whom I did not dislike. And it may be also, Madam, answered Mademoiselle de Barbiscux, if he had not offended you, by thinking to obtain your Love at an easie rate; you would not have been so hard hearted as to have made him suffer so much? Ah! spare your *May Bees*, replied Madam de Moulionne; though he had taken another

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course,

course, he should have had no better success; and I like not to be talked of; but your meaning is that if You met with such an adventure, continued she, you would not be so scrupulous; and I am glad to know your humor. Seriously, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, I would be sorry that a man should stab himself for love of me, or at least I would not have him kill himself; that I might not be inclined to pity him afterward. Nevertheless, added she, it is true your Baron did not take the right course to gain your Love.

Ho! do ye think then, said the *Chevalier de Montal*, that the Baron was in Love? or that his passion at least may be called the effect of true Love? No, said the *Marquess*, and though there be no Lady more proper to Charm, than Madam, I should rather call it a head-strong effect of the Barons vanity, and of a violent desire to surmount the difficulties of her resistance, than a real impression of Love. For proof of this, it is certain that if Madam had but shewed him the least favour, he would not have failed to have ranked her amongst his other Conquests. Alas! said she laughing, you are in the right, and he did not deny it himself. I remember that he proposed to me one day with the greatest sincerity imaginable, that I should favour him out of pity, to the end he might Love me no more; was not he in good earnest?

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nest? adding that otherways he could never be able to refrain. I never had so great a mind to laugh as when he made me that Complement. You had indeed good reason to laugh, replied the Marqueis; yet he told you the truth. How, said Mademoiselle de Barbiseux, would you make me believe, that any man could be so great a Rogue? the word is somewhat high indeed, but I cannot find a milder for such blades; would you perswade me, I say, that any man can be so base to cool so suddenly, after that he loved a Woman so ardently, as to fall upon a Sword for her. There are some of a more singular humour than that, said the Marqueis; and since we are got upon that subject, I'll tell you a Story.

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NOVEL

## NOVEL XI.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF THE

Marquess of *Franlien*, and  
of a Lady of *La Flèche*.

WE know the Marquess of *Franlien*, who who is at present very Famous at Court for his Gallantries. That brave Gentleman being in *Anjou* before he bought his Place at Court; was dreaded there by the Husbands as much as here. As many fair Ladies as he saw, which is not rare in that Country; were so many hearts infallibly his own. The most haughty and fierce forgot all their Maximes of cruelty when they beheld him, and there was not any who desired not to tast a little of his friendship. In fine, he acquired a sweet habit, of obtaining all that he desired without so much as a sigh, unless they were sighs of Gallantry. But his good fortune continued not alwayes, and it began to forsake him at *La Flèche*. There the Marquess fell in Love with a young Lady,

dy, and the Lady loved not the Marquess. The resistance which she made seemed to touch his honour, and the Lady stood on her points also to bring down the Pride of the Gallant. She brought him almost to the pass that Madam de Moulionne brought her Baron de Graumont; for after a whole year of assiduity, vexation, and pain, and after excessive charges, Love reduced poor *Franlieu*, to resolve at last to stab himself if he could not bend her stiffness. He carried the Dagger to the Ladies House, and hid it under the Toylet of the fair one, that it might be ready when he stood in need of it. And as the Lady had put him into his usual despair, he thrust his hand in a terrible rage under the Toylet to bring it out, and there is no doubt but if he had not been mistaken, he would have stabbed himself without mercy; but instead of the bloody weapon, he caught hold only of a Busk, (so great disorder are mens minds in when they are about to kill themselves) and gave himself a mighty stab in the heart with it, which proved not Mortal.

Ha, ha, that is exceeding Good! said Mademoiselle de *Barbiseux*. It was an Argument of no small Love for the Lady, replied the Marquess, to have had so great transports as not to distinguish a Dagger from a Busk; and it is also a proof that she drove him to no easie extremities, when she reduced him to the

the condition of committing so great a mistake: For, added he, though the adventure of the Marquess of *Franlieu* occasions more laughter than pity, yet the design alone is considerable: But observe also, Ladies, how he revenged himself on his cruel Mistress, when that blow with the Busk had made her repent her disdain. For she perceiving by her Lovers behaviour, who fell at the same time into a swoon, that he was really in Love, and finding the Dagger afterward, she judged that it was not his fault, if he had not killed himself, but the fault of the Busk which he found there. And as she was resolved to recompense all the tedious dayes that he had spent, by that which might render a night agreeable to one that hath long sighed for it, they say that he had hardly been with her the half of that sweet night, but that he found himself in extraordinary great trouble that it was so long to day. The Lady who believed, and with good reason, for she was very Lovely, that one should rather wish the nights which she bestowed, longer than other, was strangely amazed at his impatience, asked him the reason of it, and told him that without doubt, he found not the blessing for which he had sighed so long, worth the trouble of enjoyment. But that was not the thing that occasioned the Marquesses trouble. No, Madam, answered he, I tire not in your  
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Company ; it is more secret Delicious, and Charming, than any that good fortune can ever offer me ; but if you must know the reason, it is because I am so overjoyed, and have had so great pleasure, that my heart cannot contain so much at a time, and I wish it were day, that I might go and impart some of it to all my friends. How ! Sir, replied she, will you do me that affront then ? I most humbly beg your pardon for it, Madam, said he, but it must be so, I never Love, Sigh or Pine, but for the pleasure of publishing the favours I receive. The poor Lady wept, took on, added prayers, carresses, threats, and all that she could to divert the Marquess from his design ; but she could obtain nothing from the foolish indiscreet *Franlien* ; he made her answer that at least he must intrust the secret to the first he met ; and so he left the Lady even before day, that he might satisfy that horrible itch of speaking. By good luck, the first man he met was one that cried Brandy about the streets, & he was content to tell his adventure to that honest man, that so he might put the young desolate thing to despair, who not knowing what she did, followed him out into the street, and published, I think, her own shame, by accompanying *Franlien* farther and farther, still conjuring him to keep the matter secret.

How, Hath the Marquess of *Franlien* been guilty

guilty of that baseness? said Mademoiselle *Velzers*. Is he of that humour? And are there Ladies at Court such Fools as to listen to him? O! Do you think, answered the *Chevalier de Montal*, that the Misses at Court stand so much upon discretion? They desire a great deal of Love; and as little secrecy as men please. There are even some Women, that would be vexed if men were so reserved. Have ye not heard what has been said of the Duke of *Candalle*, and of the Vice-Countess of *Talut*? No, said Madam de *Moulionne*, and you bring us an example elder than any of us; the Duke of *Candalle* hath been dead so many years. But still! What is it that is said of him? I remember it, said the Marquess of *Riberville*, speaking for *Montal*, and I'll tell you also that Tale.

### An Adventure of Monsieur, the Duke of *Candalle*.

**I**T hath been reported, That the Duke of *Candalle*, after he had taken all imaginable pains to compass his designs with that Woman, whose Follies were not so publick at that time, as they have been since, got at length into her favours: And that as they were just about to withdraw, after they had spent the night together, she made him take  
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a thousand oaths, not to speak a word of his good Fortune; Sir, she said to him, You will promise me then that you will not speak a word of it? And the Duke having sufficiently sworn to persuade the Lady, that he should be more reserved than he used to be on such occasions; she answered him, Well, well! Sir, If you will not tell it, I'll tell it my self; for it is too great an honour for me, to do a favour to such a man as you, and afterward mince the matter. This has been reported, Ladies. And in effect, the Vice-Countess of *Talur*, so soon as it was day, went and told all her Friends the kindness she had shewed the Duke; but on design, say they, that by publishing it her self in Raillery, nobody might believe Monsieur *de Candalle*, if he chanced to speak of it; but her cunning had bad success, for they did her the honour to believe that what she said was true.

You would have, said the Chevalier to the Marquess the Indiscretion of that Vice-Countess, to have been an effect of some rational thought of hers; and for my part, I maintain it to have been an effect of her looseness. But, said Mademoiselle *de Barbisieux*, you have spoken of the Duke of *Candalle* in such a way, as it would seem, he was not discreet in his Amours; was he a man that bragg'd of Ladies Favours? Bless me! said Mademoiselle *Vetzers*, Expect you discretion and secrecy from

from handsome men? If their Beauty were so unfortunate, as not to afford them some occasion to tattle on, they would daily invent grounds of speaking, and there is none of them but brags. Say not so, replied Mademoiselle de *Barbiseux*; I have known one that suffered his Head to be struck off, rather than reveal the Favours that had been done him. Mademoiselle has reason, continued the Marquis; it is the Count of *Bermilly* she means, and it is but a year ago since that happened. Alas! said Madam de *Moulionne*, What I have heard already, hath made me very much regret his Fortune, and I have a great curiosity to be informed of all the Story: You have much kindness then, Madam, for men that are secret and discreet in their Love, said the Chevalier de *Montal*. In the mean time, if we may be believed, no men are more insignificant to you than these Blades, and you lament too much those that are good for nothing. I should think them good for something, replied she, laughing, could they be found daily, and could I but meet with one of them; but do not you perceive, that so soon as any of them appear in the World, they cut off their Heads? But, continued she, addressing her self to Mademoiselle de *Barbiseux*, tell us a little how that misfortune befel the poor Count of *Bermilly*. I am going to tell you, answered Mademoiselle de *Barbiseux*.

NOVEL

NOVEL XII.

THE

HISTORY

OF

*The Count of Bermilly.*

I Might make a long History of the Amours of that poor Gentleman before I come to his tragical End ; but seeing they are about to cover the Table, I shall abridge the Relation in a few words.

He was a handsome man, gallant, brave, and of great worth. One day as he followed a Law-suit in a Parliament-Town which I will not name, he had the honour to be loved by the Lady of a President who was to be one of his Judges: That Lady who was no less lovely than himself, stood in need of no second interview to make him in love also ; so that that sympathie for some time produced very pleasant effects for both : They met together privately ; talked and did whatever ye please. That little Commerce lasted at least six Months without obstructi-

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on; but something happened at long run which marr'd all the matter; too much circumspection spoil'd their affairs. There lived with the Presidents Lady a Neece of her own, whom she advised the Count to court, for the better concealing their Intrigue, and the greater convenience of seeing one another. He obeyed her counsel; a rival came in play who rais'd daily quarrels against the Count: He was forced to dispute his Pretensions to that Neece in appearance, to whom he had none in reality; their enmity became so publick, that it divided all the Town. Whilest these matters were in hand, the Rival was one evening killed in the street where the President lived. The Count was suspected for it; next day he was apprehended; there were some *Britons* who made Oath they saw him commit the fact, and he was condemned; though the poor man was three leagues out of Town when the Murther was done, and that it was easie for him to have proved that he was imployed all that night in matters quite contrary to the killing of men.

Sure enough, said the Marquess, he was busied with the Presidents Lady? You have said it, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, and he chose rather to lose his head, than to save his life at the expence of that Ladies Reputation.

Reputation; but the Chevalier wags his head at it, (continued she) and believes not this to be true. How come you your self to believe it, answered he, if that Master-piece of Secrecy hath told nothing thereof? There is repugnancy in all you have said; for if the matter hath been kept secret, no body can know it. Ha! Sir, replied she, neither was it discovered till long after, by the means of a Chamber-maid that was in the Plot, to whom the Presidents Lady hath done some bad Offices since. But, replied he, might not that have been done out of spight by the Chamber-maid? It is very well known, such Sluts can say and doe mischief enough when they are offended. Nay, said she, there is nothing more true than what you have been told; the Murtherer has been apprehended since, and hath at his death publicly declared that the Count was no way guilty of the murther of his Rival; but that it was himself onely, because having been abused by him, he could no other way be revenged. The Chevalier is onely incredulous, said *Mademoiselle Velzers*, because he is not the man that would doe what the Count of *Bermilly* did. How I, replied he? no, I assure you, and I have no such kindness for Wives that abuse their Husbands as to do them so good an Office; If it were for a  
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Maid, somewhat might be done, said he, looking on *Mademoiselle Velzers*; it is no great Crime in her to favour a Gallant, and if she had made choice of me, I could die rather than tell it; but for Wives, fy! their infamy cannot be published too much. You become a Saint, when the question is of dying, said the Marquess to him, and you are like those old Debauchees, who never entertain a good thought but at that hour.

These words were hardly ended when dinner was brought, and they dined delightfully in the fresh shade of the Grove. Afterward they consulted how they should spend the rest of the day. The Camp that was lately in the plain of *Trevers*, said the Marquess, is now at *Fountainbleau*, and if ye will follow my advice, we will go see the Troops muster this Evening, and afterward return to *Vanx*. With all my heart, said *Madam de Moulionne*; but do you not consider that you leave *Clelia* here? Ah! Madam, answered he, I beg that fair ones Pardon, I had almost forgot her. We will carry her along with us, continued he, and that divertisement perhaps may do her more good than Solitude. These are your Lovers a-la-mode; said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, who love so long as they are in Company with a Maid;

Mind; but let them be but a quarter of an hour out of sight, and they think on her no more. He pocketed up some other Jeasts, for the Infidelity he had committed, without minding it; afterward, they went to see how the sick *Clelia* did, and if she was in a Condition to go with the Company. Her Fit was not fully over, and she remained still in a deep Melancholy, which made them for some time doubt, if they should propose to her to go abroad so soon; but the good woman that had the care of her, who just before dismissed her Aunts Foot-boy, said, that on the contrary to take the air by going thither, might divert her, and that she seemed her self to have a great desire to be at *Fountainbleau*. So, about Four of the Clock they took Coach, and directed their way to Court, where they arrived two hours after.

All the Troops of the Kings Household were drawn up in a line from the Pine-trees which stand on the High-way, and had the house of *Fountainbleau* in Front; nothing was ever in better Order. Monsieur the Marquess of *Pegulin* was placed on the side of the Campaigne, the *Guard-du-camp* at the head of his Dragoons with their blew Cloaks and Caps; and his three Troops made three very handsome and well equipped Squadrons. Next came the Duke of *Noma-*

*illes* at the head of four Squadrons of the Life-guard armed with Back and Breast and Buff-coats, whereon Gold and Silver Embroidery was not spared, and who had all party-coloured Caps. After them came two Squadrons of the Kings Gendarms, commanded by *Monsieur de la Salle*, all likewise in rich Embroidery; as many Squadrons of light Horse-men, under the command of the Marquess *de Vannes* Cornet; as many *Scotish* Gendarms, commanded by *Monsieur de Haut-fueille*; six Squadrons of Musketeers in white and black, led by *Messieurs d'Artaignan* and *Colbert*; two Squadrons of the Queens Gendarms commanded by the Count of *Kermenon*, with as many light Horse-men; two Squadrons more of the Dolphins Gendarms, led by *Monsieur de Richfort*, with a third Squadron of light Horse-men, which was a new recruit levied by *Monsieur the Marquess of Lowvoy*, consisting of threescore and fifteen, either reformed Officers, or old light Horse-men with great Beards, and almost all of a stature, their Horses likewise all of a height, and excellent Buffe-coats, the sleeves laced with silver-lace; and there was nothing so much admired as that recruit, at the head of which was the Marquess *de la Valiere*: After all came three Squadrons of the Gendarms and light Horse-men of *Monsieur the Duke*

Duke of Orleans: And all these Troops had Tents of the same colour of their Caps ranked in good order. So that being made in the same manner as the *Roman* Tents are painted, they afforded new matter to the Imagination of *Clelia* to work upon, who without strict examination of the comparisons she made, took the Camp for that of King *Porfenna*, where she was detained as an Hostage.

The Marquess of *Riberville* perceived it by some words she let fall, and endeavoured by all means possible to dissuade her from thinking so, lest that might again put her into some new disorder. Having also learned that the Court Ladies put themselves in the habit of *Amazones* to follow the King to the Camp; he moved the fair Ladies of his Company to do as they did: and the more to divert his sick *Clelia*, he took care to provide them with little flat Hats richly deckt, and other necessary ornaments, and fell himself to dress that lovely Maid, who by that divertisement seemed in effect for some short time to lay aside her Melancholy; but whilst he waited on her through the Camp, where she charmed the eyes of every one, he could not hinder but that the sight of the Tents, which resembled still the engraven Tents in the Romance of *Clelia*, re-

vived again her former imagination that she was kept in hostage, and that taking an opportunity to save her self, whilst he was busied in telling *Madam de Moulionne* the Names of some Officers that drew off, she secretly and by degrees stole away from the Company, and rode at full speed towards the great Canal which she took for the *Tyber*, and whereinto she threw her self, that she might swim over in imitation of *Clelia* whom she believed her self to be.

The Marquess who saw her no more, imagined that her retreat might be an effect of her distemper; but he was very far from guessing at the last adventure she had had; and it was long before he would discover any thing of it. However, he and all the Company having made diligent search after her, the news came to his ears; he learnt of some about the Canal, that she had been seen with much precipitation to force her Horse into the water, as if some body had pursued her; also, that a very fair and handsome young Gentleman seemed to follow her a little after, and seeing her fall from the Horse as she entred the Canal, she had been infallibly drowned, if that Gentleman had not alighted and jump't into the water in his Cloaths to rescue her. All the Company hearing of this last extravagancy, grieved

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extreamly that they had brought her to *Fountain-bleau*, and Madam *de Montlionne* and the Marquess were in fear, that the relations of the fair sick Lady might reproach them for having exposed her to that disaster; but that was not the thing that troubled the Marquess most. He made it his business to inform himself more particularly of the matter; he was told that the Gentleman had sent for a Coach into which he put *Clelia*, and carried her away with him, which raised in him no small Jealousie. He made diligent search in *Fountain-bleau*, and prayed the Chevalier to do the like; they found the place where the people that belonged to the Coach had stopt, but they were informed that having changed their Apparel, *Clelia* and the Gentleman hastened into the Coach again, and that no body knew what way they had taken, which increased the Marquess his grief. He asked what that Gentlemans name was; but was answered that no body could tell; so that never man appeared more out of humour. *Clelia's* old Governess made heavy complaints to the Company, and seemed so forlorn that she would hear no reason; she went away in rage, and notwithstanding all the care was taken to perswade her stay till they had news of the Lady whom she

she had in charge, she disappeared. It is true that Madam *de Moulionne* calling to mind, what that old woman had done much alike two days before, when the Marquess believed *Clelia* carryed away, hoped that this last adventure might be as happily discussed as that of *Vaux*; and I am assured, said she to the Marquess, that the Gentleman is the same who told you the Story yesterday Morning; he may have seen and known his Kinswoman all alone, in the dress she was in, and may have entreated some Lady of his friends to carry her back to her Aunt. But that presumption was not enough to disperse the fears of the Marquess; and though so weak an appearance might have given him some comfort, yet it could not be long, since that Kinsman of the fair Maid was found shortly after at Court where he kept Guard, and appeared no less troubled than the rest at what had befallen her; insomuch that they resolved not to leave *Fountainbleau* before they received some intelligence; and seeing it was already late, the Ladies consented to stay there all night, whilst the men went to the house of *Clelia's* Aunt; but they returned back as ill satisfied as they went, and brought no other news but a full assurance that the poor Maid was really carryed away; for her

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# Madam Quixote. 271

Aunt was already informed of the matter, and they were told that she went immediately abroad to find some remedy to the disorder, and to complain of it to the King himself.

*The End of the Fourth Book.*

MOCK.

## MOCK-CELILIA,

OR,

## MADAM QUIXOTE.

## The Fifth Book.

IT was impossible for the Marquess of *Riberville*, to take any rest that night, whether it was that his grief for having lost *Celilia* was the Cause, or that he feared he might be called in Question for the Rape, if the Author should not be discovered. He would not so much as leave the Chevalier *de Montals* Chamber, to whom he talked of it continually; but at length the latter who had a mind to sleep, told him, I am fully satisfied, Marquess, that you are really in love with that fool, and that she has infected you with her fancies; for of a wise man that you were before, you are now become void of common Sense; why do you imagine that you can be called to an account for that Rape? Is it because you are in love with her,

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and that it was known she is with you? I must be also called to an account for it then, and all the Ladies that are with us; and besides, do you imagine, that if that accident were not a design laid to remove a Maid from us, whose friends are unwilling that we should make sport of her follies, do you believe, I say, that that same Aunt, who, we are told, is come hither to complain, would not have been on her knees already before the King to beg Justice, or at least would not have informed him of the matter? for in such affairs there is not one night let slip, and it was the duty of that Aunt to have, at least, given notice of her Arrival to the People of the Inne where your Heroine changed her Cloaths. Notwithstanding we have been at the Inne, you have seen the King, and his Majesty knows not so much as that any Lady hath thrown her self into the water. We passed again by the same Inne, and heard of no such thing; and besides all this, your fair one hath a Cousin here who is in love with her: All that he does, is to seem much afflicted at her adventure; without giving himself farther trouble; and is there not great probability then in what you fear? Your Reasons are somewhat, answered the Marquess; but that which could not come to the Kings ears to day, because he was  
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busied in seeing the Muster of his forces, and which could not have many witneses, because all people were in the Camp, may be more divulged to morrow, and the King may be informed of it; the Aunt also of *Mademoiselle d'Arviagne* may very well deferre making her complaints till to morrow. Never fear, replied the Chevalier, that that will ever wrong your affairs with the King; I tell you once again, that the Aunt, and they that have carryed away the Niece understand one another very well, and will never speak a word of the matter: And for a mark that there is intelligence betwixt them; which way could that Aunt have been so soon informed of the accident, which she was not onely informed of, but also gone to take some course about it, before we could get to her house? Ah! said the Marquess, that is no reason at all; the Governess of the Maid might have sent an Expreß to her so soon as she left us, and we took horse so long after, that she had time enough to use that diligence. Well, let me alone, replied *Montal*, let it be as it will, I must sleep, and according as we shall find matters to morrow, we shall consult how we may remedy what is amiss. With that he sunk down into his Bed, and the Marquess was necessitated to goe to his, having no body

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to discourse with any longer.

Next morning, as soon as it was day, they met in the Ladies Apartment, and fell to discourse again on the same subject. The company thought that the Marquess had no reason for his fears. On the contrary, in imitation of the *Chevalier de Montal* who had jeered him for it already in the night time; they told him that none but the Lover of a *Clelia* would imagine himself answerable for the Rape, though others and not her Relations had carried her away. They went all afterward to Court, where they heard nothing of that matter; and then resolved to return back to *Vaux*, and to tarry the rest of the week there, that they might comfort the Marquess, (if occasion so required) for the loss he had sustained.

They arrived about Dianer time. In the mean time, the Servants of the house informed them, that at the same instant that they went to sup at *Madam de Moulionne's* house, a Gentleman was found in a swoon in the Garden, by reason of a Spirit that had appeared to him as he was walking there. This is strange, reply'd *Montal*, the World then is full of Enthusiasts, and are there such fools as to dream of Fancies of that nature? Ah! answered *Mademoiselle Velzers*, here is your man of parts; and if we fall upon this

this subject, we may expect discourse enough from him. And is there any thing more impertinent, replied he, than that rational men should give way to such ravings? It may be the man of whom they speak, has seen his shadow, and that is all. How! do you not believe Spirits then, Chevalier? said the Marquess, interrupting him. He? replied Mademoiselle *Velzers*, who knows what he believes? I know, answered *Montal*, that I believe you to be the most unjust person living for entertaining such thoughts of me; but heark you Marquess, that I may speak to you freely, I'll tell you in a word what it is I believe. I have a most steadfast faith for all that my Confessor tells me I should believe; and I agree that Spirits have sometimes come back again, I never doubted of that; but to imagine that they appear now a- dayes, or at least so often as men say; I cannot brook it. I shall never believe that a Cat or Rat making a din by throwing down something casually; that a glimpse of Moon-shine making Morice-dancers on a wall; and in a word, that all such like things are Spirits of the other world. Good Heaven, said Madam *de Moulionne*, how soon would this man change his Language, if he had met with that which eight dayes agoe happened to the good man *Santois*, an ad-

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cient Alderman of *Paris*. Very well then! Madam, answered he, what happened to that same good man *Santois* the ancient Alderman of *Paris*? Alas! replied she, looking on all the Company, there is nothing truer than what I am about to tell you, and that good man lives near to us, and is an honest man if ever was any.

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NOVEL XIII.  
THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Monsieur *Santois* his Spright.

**W**Hilst poor Monsieur *Santois* was at Prayers on Thursday last, and as he intended to turn the leaf of his Book, he heard somewhat under his hand make a noise; and was all in a maze when he saw that it was the leaf torn out of it self; but so neatly, that it seemed some body had done it on purpose.

In good time, said the Chevalier, inter-  
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rupting her, you tell me great wonders indeed! as if he had not torn it himself. O! not at all, replied she, and you will acknowledge as much in the sequel.

At first the good old man had the same thoughts that you have, and believed he might have pluckt it out himself, without minding it, by reason of his serious intention; but having turned over another leaf, and finding the same thing happen again, he began to be afraid, and rung his little Bell to call in his Children; they came all running in, and he having told them how matters went, they endeavoured to perswade him that he was in some mistake, and to bring him out of that place. But the good man unwilling to pass for an Enthusiast, reply'd, Well, children, ye shall be Judges your selves, if so be the Spirit is in a humour to tear a third leaf; for I would not have you think me Hypochondriack. Whereupon, opening his Book, he would have turned another leaf, and that leaf was torn as the rest were. His Son-in-law, though convinced of the matter, yet still averred that his Father-in-law had torn the leaf himself, for fear the old man might fall sick upon it, if the matter were past all doubt; and alleadged for his reason, that neither his sight nor feeling were good enough to discern whether he handled the

the leaf roughly or not: But the old man being vexed, took his Spectacles, that he might try once more, and observe the matter more narrowly; and in sight of all that were present, the Spectacles skipped off from his Nose, and as if they had had wings, flew all alone about the room, then went through a window, and fell into a bed of flowers at the entrance of the Garden, where with the three leaves they were again found. What say you to that Master Incredulous? added Madam de Moulionne.

I say, Madam, answered Montal, I shall believe it when I see it. But, replied she; it is a thing to be seen daily; for that Spright plays continually new pranks to the honest man. And besides, that very Evening before we came from Paris, as he sat down to Table, after he had tried on a new Suit, whereof the Doublet was of plain Tabby; the same Spirit in open view pinked it for him, better than any Taylour could have done; what do you answer to that now? That it loved pinked Doublets better than plain, said Montal. You jeast at it, replied she; but when we return to Paris, you may go see it your self. I will not go see it, answered he, seeing I believe it not. I'll warrant you, said Mademoiselle Velzers, he will have a care not to go thither. Is it not usual

with these Blades of great wit to be more timorous than others? It is not that I am afraid, answered he; but because if I went thither, it behoved me to believe that there were some possibility in the matter, and I believe no such thing. But, replied Madam *de Moulionne*, honest people are to be believed, when they say that they have seen a thing. Agreed, Madam, said he; but name me any such. Ah! said she, with all my heart, and I desire no other but the Abbot of *Lau- ciat*, to whom the late Monsieur *Fouquet* appeared in an Alley at *Tours*. I crave no other but my Lady Marchioness of *Tessau*, whose Curtains he drew as she lay in bed. These are persons of unquestionable credit, and would not for a world tell a lie. I make no doubt of that, replied *Montal*; but have you that information from the Abbot and Marchioness, or from another hand? I have it onely, answered Madam *de Moulionne*, from one of their Friends; but he is a man as scrupulous as they that way, and would not tell a lie for all the world; and he that should say otherwise, would persuade me that Snow is black. Ah! as to that, Madam, replied the Chevalier laughing, that is the thing I least of all doubt of, and it is easie to be seen. For all that, added he, I maintain, that he who hath told that tale

tale has been but in Jeast, and that if the Abbot of *Lanciat*, and Madam *de Tesson* were asked, they would say that I had reason. But according to your talk, Chevalier, said the Marquess, interrupting him, you are a man then that will not believe what is said of some Families where such kind of Apparitions are common? You will not then believe what is reported of the House of *Brandenburg*; where, as often as any one of the Family is to die, there appears a Spirit in form of a great Statue of white Marble, representing a woman, and runs all over the rooms of the Princes Palace? Neither will you believe that there are two illustrious Families in *France*, the one in *Bretanie*, and the other in *Gascoigne*, where some such thing happens? I believe it, answered *Montal*, if you will assure me that you your self believe it. But tell me a little, are the Princes of *Brandenburg* as ancient as *Lucian's Dialogues*? I cannot tell, answered the Marquess; and it is not impossible; but why do you ask me that question? Because, I think, replied *Montal*, I have in *Lucian* read the History of their Family; if there were any such. Ah! said Mademoiselle *Velzers*, Jeer not, Chevalier; it is a thing I have heard my Father tell a hundred times; yea, and that a poor Page lost his life by his imprudence in at-

tempting to hinder that Statue from coming up stairs. The young Lad had so great Love for his Master, that perceiving the Statue at the foot of the stairs, as he was going down with some others of the Princes Servants, and fearing that it was come for the Prince himself; Ah! cried he, wicked Spirit, you come to foretell the death of my Master, and forthwith gave it a sound blow, which put the Spirit into so great a rage, that taking hold of him but with one hand, it dashed out his brains against the ground, before the rest had time to perceive its design. Well then! these are matters of fact, added the Marquess, and that thing could not happen without a great many witnesses. Nothing more true, replied *Montal* drierly, *Lucian* hath likewise made mention of it under the name of a Servant of *Encrates*, saying that in stead of a Page it was a Groom, and that the Statue of *Encrates* did not kill him that disoblged it, but was satisfied only to drub him soundly. Ladies, said the Marquess, there is nothing to be got by disputing with this incredulous man, we had better think of dining than of contesting any longer. Ye are all, every one of you, continued *Montal*, most ingenious persons in believing such idle supperies? I would have you know, that no Spirits walk now adayes,  
 unless

unless it be to make Husbands Cuckolds, or for some other such like Intrigue. After dinner I shall prove what I say by the History of one whom Mademoiselle *de Barbiseux* knows well; for the Gallant is one of her Relations. Let us dine then quickly, said Mademoiselle *de Barbiseux*, that I may hear this pretty story.

I shall leave you to hear it by your selves, replied the Marquess, whil'st I ride to the house of *Clélie's* Aunt; for, added he, I ought at least, having in some manner taken upon me the care of her Niece, go comfort and offer her my services if she have occasion for them. An honest pretext, Monsieur the Marquess, said Mademoiselle *de Barbiseux*, and we shall willingly give liberty to your love for two or three hours. Ah! Madam, said he, the question is not now of Love; and if I thought not my self obliged in civility to doe so; I would not for the space of one minute leave so amiable a Company as this. What you say, replied Madam *de Mouligneux*, is the highest point of civility; but for all that, we believe you not; and it is very Just that you go see whither they have carried your heart. For my part, said *Montal* waggishly, were I in the Marquess's place, I would not run the risk of going amongst those where I might be suspected to be the ravisher; and I should be afraid to be arrested.

B b 4

They

They dined presently after, and for all their railleries the Marquess took Horse after Dinner, and went to the place he resolved. In the mean while Mademoiselle de *Barbisseux* challenged the Chevaliers Prowess; which he immediately performed, addressing his discourse to her in these terms.

## NOVEL XIV.

THE

# HISTORY

OF

The Marquess of *Commorgien*.

**A**Bout the time that I came to *Paris* upon the account of my fanciful Locram-Lady which was in *December* last, your agreeable Cousin the Marquess of *Commorgien* came there also, and we both lodged together at the *Hofel de Gentis* in *Dolphin-street*. We had good Company there, and amongst others two new-married Persons, which was a thing very suteable to your Cousins humour: The husband was a little stricken

ken in years, the wife young and fair; the one a Blockhead of an ordinary Family; the other witty, and of great quality, but small Fortune; and who had onely married that man because he was rich.

After five or six dayes conversation *Comorgien* having made a sufficient Acquaintance with the Lady, he perceiv'd her not fully satisfied with her Destiny. Her husband by reason of a little shortness of breath lay by himself, and allowed her but ten pieces a month for play; which was very troublesome for a great Player, such as she was; And to see her self tyed to an old husband, who though he had not been afflicted with shortness of breath, yet was still old, gave her good cause to be no wayes satisfied. *Comorgien* proved it to her also by a Sonnet which he compos'd the day following. I have forgot it, because it was very roguish; onely I remember it was an ill-made piece, in imitation of *Petrarch*, and which ended with these Verses, speaking of handsome women.

*Nature has gi'n 'em store of Wit,  
Beauty and Graces join'd to it,  
In fine, sh' has gi'n 'em all she can,  
But only hearts to love a weak old man.*

The

The Chevalier looks on me as he sayes that, said Madam *de Moulionne*, interrupting him, and these Verses are addressed to me; but fear not for all that to marry old men, said she to the Maids, if you find any for your turn; I assure you, I am well satisfied with mine. Patience Madam, answered he, I do not attack you; why do you defend your self? So much the worse for you added he; if you love an old man, you are the first that has done so.

*Comwargien* then shewed the Lady the Sonnet, continued he, and that Conclusion of it made her smile; so that being a man born with a kind of pity for all afflicted Ladies that are handsome, and being perswaded by that smile, that she might be inclined to receive consolation; he displayed all his Rhetorick to give her what comfort he could. He went shares with her at all kinds of game, and especially at *Beast*, whereat they played every Night in the *Hofel de Genlis*; and that was, said he, one of those rare fetches, wherein you know Mademoiselle, your Cousin excells, to induce her to play at another Game with him. In fine, there was such a certain Charm in the Money which for some dayes he laid down for her, that he made her laugh more than the Sonnet: Every time their Eyes met after that, wheresoever it was;  
the

the Lady smiling a little, looked down and turned about her head, as if she feared to be observed by *Commorgien*; and on the other hand *Commorgien* lost no time to give her dumb signs of his passion. But so soon as she found that he had guessed at her meaning; she kept at a little more distance, that she might make him set a value on that which she did not intend to refuse him.

Observe a little, said Mademoiselle *Velzors* in her turn, how these Gentlemen interpret the actions of poor women; and if it concerns us not to take good heed how we converse with them.

You shall see, replied he, that *Commorgien* was not mistaken. The Lady then, as if she had been vexed that he flattered himself in thinking that she loved him, looked no more upon him but with a severe Aspect. He was not at all surprized at the matter. Heaven has been so kind to him, as to make him very well acquainted with peoples humours. He used no other Charm to bring her to her self again, but to seem as haughty as she. She was more troubled at that, than he had been at all her affected Cruelties, and the truth of this appeared three dayes after; for as he met her *en passant*; It is very base, said she to him, for one to entertain a grudge against their Friends, and not to tell them the

the reason of it. *Commorgien* would have answered; but the fair one seeing her Husband coming at a distance, gave him no time for it. Go, continued she, that way of carriage lessens much the esteem that I had of you, and I wish you concealed nothing in your thoughts that might displease me. Afterward she went into her Chamber, and *Commorgien* withdrew that I might write her a short Letter, which the same Evening as they were at Table he slip't into her Pocket. These were the words of it, for I have remembred them better than the Sonnet, because the Letter seemed to me to be of a better strain.

### For a witty Lady.

**S**INCE it is your pleasure, Madam, that one should keep nothing in his heart which may displease you, I make haste to tell you that I am passionately in love with you. This is the thing that I keep in my heart, which I think offends you most, and which may draw upon me your hatred, if it be longer concealed. I know not, Madam, how you will receive this Declaration; but you might have very well expected it the very first day I saw you. Affect not, I beseech you, a cruelty which makes

makes us lose the most precious thing in the World, that is Time. The unlucky gaining of the Law-suit which keeps you here, will be enough perhaps to separate us, and then our esteem for one another will be fruitless. To be short, Madam, I have but three or four good words to adde. My Heart, my Life, my Money, my own and Friends credit, are at your Service; and besides that, I promise you an inviolable Fidelity.

There is just a Baron de Granmont, said Madam de Moulionne. Yes, answered the Chevalier; but he had not to doe with a wife of an old Judge, I assure you.

This Love-note, ( continued he, speaking to all the company ) was free enough, as ye see: However, it gave no distaste; and by that it appears, that whatever that fair Lady is pleased to say, the best way to speed is to set roundly to work. The Lady wrote another to Commorgien, wherein she indeed told him, that he was not discreet nor modest to write to her in such terms; but she afterward subjoyned, that she pardoned his folly however, and that was enough. Afterwards they found the secret of pleasing one another for some dayes. Happy had he been, if the Law-suit that is mentioned in the Note, had not obliged the Husband to follow

follow the Court to *St. Germain's*, and if she had not been forced to go thither with him. But there was a necessity for it, and to compleat his grief, that old Impertinent lodged in a Citizens house, where *Commerçien* could find no accommodations; and perhaps he did so purposely, because he began to be a little Jealous: It behoved them then to find out extraordinary Strategems, to come together in private, which Love at length suggested. The Lady talked of a Spirit that had frighted her in a Dream, whether truly or no, I know not; yet I think it was but a fetch to give her Gallant a hint of what he was to doe, because she could not speak to him but in company. She thought, she said, that the Spirit came sometimes to her bed, and pulled the Cloaths off of her; sometimes lay down by her; and to be short, did all that ye may honestly imagine, fair Ladies, a Spirit is able to doe in imitation of a Body. One of her Lovers who was a gallant Abbot whom she met with frequently, composed some Stanza's on that occasion, which perhaps ye will be willing to hear read. I have a Copy of them in my Pocket, and I hope the digression will not be tedious. He pretended that that Spirit was the effect of a Charm which he made use of, that he might come himself and see her

her in bed, and the thought is not unplea-  
sant.

STANZA'S.

*Al, Madam, must the wretched slaves you please  
To fetter, ever bathe in tears their smart?  
Is there no way to purchase any ease,  
But by recourse to Charms and Magick Art?*

*While your best Lovers innocent remain,  
They find no Cure to their afflicted Mind:  
They must be wicked not to Love in vain;  
Or use the Devil, or you'l ne're be kind.*

*Well, since so desperate our Fortune is,  
I cannot one of all your Servants tell  
But so esteems your Love, to gain that Bliss  
He'd damn himself, by seeking aid from Hell.*

*For Proof of this, know, Conjurat'ion brought  
An Abbott's Ghost to your Dear bed last night:  
But, Madam, let not this disturb your thought,  
'Twas I my self that was the loving Spright.*

*In your soft arms all night I panting lay,  
Full of such Pleasures as can never tire:  
Nor did I leave your bed till break of Day;  
And that was all the Spirit did require.*

*The*

*The God of Love kept with me where soe're (ways  
I went, and through th' Adventure shew'd the  
He brought me to your Bed, and 'twas he, there  
Pull'd off the Cloaths as you in slumbers lay.*

*Then whispering to your fancy in a Dream,  
Cruel, said he, for whom so many groan,  
Do you these Beauties of no use esteem  
But to kill Lovers, and destroy my Throne?*

*This Shape, this Mien, these Eyes so lovely bright,  
This soft clear Skin, & this luxurious Breast,  
These Treasures are not yours in strictest Right,  
But that poor Lover's who esteems em best.*

*And now what think you of the Apparition?  
You cannot doubt whether 'twas I or no:  
Nay, you are sure it was, without suspicion,  
You know my Spirit better far than so.*

*(frights  
Mean time, dear Madam, if you'd shun such  
You must be kind and to my passion civil:  
Or be assured you'll still be scar'd with Sprights;  
This God of Love's resolv'd to play the Devil.*

*How do you call the Abbot that made  
these Verses? said Mademoiselle de Barbis-  
eux, is it not the Abbot of Ruper? The ve-  
ry same, answered Montal, and Commorgien  
would*

would gladly have seen him hanged, every time that he went to the Ladies Lodgings, because no body but he hindered them from speaking together about their Affairs. And was the Abbot deeply in love with her, replied She? Your self shall be judge, answered he, for he never budged from her; and he it was that occasioned all the disorder that befell *Commorgien*, which I shall tell you at the end of my Story. I am glad, replied *Made-moiselle de Barbisseux*, that I have learnt that, and I shall soundly rattle that Abbot for it when I see him: Consider a little Madam, said she to Madam *de Moulionne*, who can one trust to for the future, since the Abbot of *Ru-per* is not ashamed to be in love?

The Lady, continued *Montal*, talked then of that Spirit, adding that she thought it came in and went out at her Chamber window, which she would have been very glad the Marquess of *Commorgien* had endeavoured to do himself, as she since confessed; but there was no probabilitie that he should expose himself to enter a Chamber by windows which looked all to the Street, the House was too near the Court, whither so many went and came in the night time. He observed, that under the hangings there was a necessary Closet in the wall, he thought he might do his business far better, if he could hire the Cham-

ber in the next House, to which the same Wall served, and make a hole on his side into that Closet; he managed the affair and it took effect; for by good luck his Landlord, besides his own Trade would also play the Mason: by means of a little piece of money, the Landlord not only gave consent, but helped *Commorgien* to pierce the Wall; and the hole being made he plastered over a piece of board of the bigness of the hole with which he neatly shut the passage. The Husband had a hundred times viewed all his Wifes Chamber, and believed that the new piece was the former plaster, because the Wall was new; and no body could ever have imagined that the hole which was shut so close, could open and shut when one had a mind. You laugh, fair Ladies, said he interrupting himself, and perhaps think that I forge a story? Go on, said they, if the thing be not true, it is at least well invented; and the new Wall and Landlord Mason come in very pat. They were two very necessary points to succeed in the design.

It was by that means, continued he, that *Commorgien* renewed his Commerce; and to use greater circumspection he never passed through his hole but in the disguise of a spirit, wherein some days afterward he had a lucky hit. A little Lacquey whilst his Mistress

was

was undressing, stole inter her Chamber that he might catch a nap under a Table covered with a Turkey work Carpet; he awoke not time enough to withdraw with the rest, but awaking in the Night time, and lifting up the Carpet just as *Commorgien* was retiring, he saw him and was frightened; next day he told what he had seen, the Lady was obliged to second him, saying, that in reality when she saw that spirit in a dream, it appeared to her in the same shape that the little Lacquey said. However she would not seem to believe that the little Rogue had seen it when he was awake; for fear she should be obliged to seem timorous, and so might be advised to lie somewhere else. Her Husband nevertheless ordered her Chamber-Maid to lay her Bed at the foot of her Mistresses Bed to keep her from fear. In the mean while he guarded himself by frequent Prayers, in case it was to him the Spirit had any thing to recommend. On the other hand the Chamber-Maid was extremely fearful of Spirits, and rather than incur the danger of seeing one, chose to lose her place and be gone; but her Mistress who loved her, undeceived her, and having had many experiences of the com-modiousness of her humour, imparted to her the secret, and told her, that it was a real body and no spirit that haunted her Cham-

ber. And in this manner was that first cross accident made good again; now ye shall hear of another.

The Husband who as I told you lay by himself, was not too well accommodated with a Chamber; for seeing people are not lodged always as they could wish; in every place where the Court is kept, when it is out of *Paris*, and that he had besides chosen to lodge at the House of an ordinary Citizen; he was forced to stow himself into a little room at the end of a Gallery directly opposite to his Wifes Chamber. It rained very hard during a whole Night, and that Chamber being none of the best, the rain came in to his very Bed. Just as he was about to call a Lacquey, the Chamber-Maid came out of her Mistresses Chamber about a necessary concern, which gave him occasion to go lie with his Wife. He gently drew the Curtains, and perceiving she was asleep, slipt down by her side without awaking her. In the mean while *Commorgien* was got on the other side of the Lady, fast as well as she in an amorous sleep; never were any in greater danger of being surpris'd in so nice a juncture. However Fortune that watched for them, gave the old man so much discretion as not to suspect any hurt at that time; it made him so blind as not to perceive that *Commorgien* was in the Bed; though

though there was nothing more easy for one that had young Eyes, than to have seen him by a little glimmering Moon-shine that entered by a small opening of the Curtains at the Beds feet; Fortune so ordered it also that the Chamber-Maid came back again without making the least noise, went to Bed and fell asleep without disturbing any that might ask who was there. Nature had likewise the goodness to cast the honest man quickly into a sleep, that when *Commorgien* awoke he might be put into less confusion, and more easily disengage himself, for had it been otherways he would have been put to a strange puzzle. Where am I now, said he to himself, so soon as he found what danger he was in; and by what Witchcraft is that Man come hither? I will not promise you, Ladies, that the Spirit at that time was in no fear, that it had met with another. He slunk out of Bed however as quickly and softly as he could, and upon all hazard, past through his hole into his Landlords House: and in that manner he fortunately escaped so dangerous an adventure.

Ah! *Monsieur* the Chevalier, said *Madam de Moulionne*, interrupting him, your Marquess of *Commorgien* ought not to have come off on so easie terms; if you would have made the story more plausible and regular,

the Husband should have discovered all, and the Gallant put to his trumps to come off as well as he could by acting the Spirit. I perceive then Madam, replied the Chevalier *de Montal*, that you are still in the mind I forge a tale, but whether you believe it or not, it is downright truth, and if I do not stick to rules excuse me: I am not obliged to say that things happened otherways than they did. You are in the right, said *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*, make an end *Monsieur* the Chevalier. How did the Lady behave herself? The Lady, replied *Montal*, came not off so well. She made account to hug and caress your Cofin when she awoke, and in that mistake spake and acted some little pranks and frolicks, that strangely surpris'd her Husband; the good man was not wont to find her in so gay an humour, and to be short, her luck was good, that the old man was pleas'd with these Gallantries. seeing in the merry humour she was in, she did not dream of being mistaken. But this was not all, the Chamber-Maid perceiving it was day, and that there was some body still in Bed with her Mistress, had like to have spoil'd all; for thinking it was no other but your Cofin, she came running half asleep to the head of the Bed, and jogging the Husband very rudely, Alas! cryed she, alas Sir, it is fair

fair day-light. Well, what of all that? said the Husband. The Maid finding her self in a mistake when she heard his voice, looked about her without knowing where she was, and wondering how he could come in and she not know of it, she was in a strange maze to see *Commorgien* changed into her Master; having nevertheless her wits about her to make amends for her fault, notwithstanding the surprise; Do you not see, said she to the old man, that the Spirit still pursues me? The matter went no farther, and what she said was taken for good coin; in-  
 somuch that that adventure gave the Matque's courage to come off again another time when he was as deeply engaged. The occasion of that offered five or six days after, when the Husband was forced to leave his Wife alone at *St. Germans*, whilst a necessary affair recalled him to *Paris*: He intended to stay eight days there, but he tarried but three: *Commorgien* was punctual to her in his visits these three days, and by chance the Night that her Husband returned she had prayed him to forbear his visits: and that happened very luckily for her, because of the unexpected return of her Husband, who being come back late at Night, and having gone straight up to her Chamber, found her all alone; but brave *Commorgien's* luck was not

so good ; for seeing he believed that his Cuckold was still at *Paris*, he thought he might without great danger break the promise that he had made to the Lady, not to visit her that Night, the fancy took him in the head to creep through his hole ; and he did it just as the Husband upon another fancy lay down by his Wife ; the Moon shone still, the Curtains were half open, and as the good man lay just so as he must needs look that way where the hole was ; he was, poor old man, put into a terrible fright, when he saw your Cofin put his head through the opening of the Hangings. Ah! Wife, cryed he all shaking, (but as softly as he could lest the Spirit should hear him) the Spirit is coming to appear to me also. The Spirit! Sir? answered she, for the good Lady suspected it was her usual guest ; ah! dear Husband added she, throwing the Cloaths over his head ; pray to God, and hide your self in the Bed ; when ever it appears to my Maid I take no other course but that to cure her fears ; it is a strange thing that it haunts every body, and yet I never see it : but continued she embracing and covering him with the Cloaths ; have you well considered what you have seen? for to tell you truly, to this present I believed that (for all the noise I heard before my Maid came to lie in my Chamber)

what

what hath happened of late was nothing but the effect of her timorous imagination. With that she jogged the Chamber-maids Bed with her foot, that she might wake her to give a sign to *Commorgien* to withdraw; but he was already in the Chamber; and as the poor Husband who was almost stifled between the sheets, put out his nose to take a little air, the Spirit opened the Curtains that he might go to Bed, thinking no body but the Lady to have been there; then cried out both Husband and Wife in consort, *God have mercy upon me!* but with this difference however, that the one begg'd it that he might be delivered from the Spirit, and the other in all probability that the matter might not be discovered. She was so much afraid of that, that being provoked because contrary to his promise *Commorgien* came to see her that Night, and making however as if she intended to conjure the Spirit, *In the name of God*, cried she, making signs still that might shew she was in passion, and which her Husband who was close hid under the Cloaths could not observe; *go spirit, and if you come from God speak, if from the Devil leave us in peace.* Your illustrious Cousin, *Mademoiselle*, thought it convenient at that time to be of the Devils party, and to withdraw without speaking; whereat the poor old man was much

much troubled; for, said he to his Wife, alas! that Soul is damned, seeing it spoke not a word. I must however, added he, get some godly people to lie here, that they may demand the reason of its apparition; but you are very stout, said he again to his Wife, that you durst put your head above the Cloaths and offer to conjure it. If you had not been with me, answered she, I should not have done it, and it is your presence that gave me that courage: she did not tell a lie, and if he had understood her aright, he would have found it true.

In the mean while *Commorgien* shut his hole, and next day there was nothing to be found but a solid piece of plaister, through which nothing but a Spirit could pass; which confirmed the Husband in the resolution of appointing some body to lie in the Chamber that might exorcise the Spirit with the usual formalities; for that end he made his Lady lie in another Chamber. *Commorgien* had notice given him, that he might avoid falling into the snare; but he was of a quite contrary opinion; and that if he appeared no more, it would be the way perhaps to spoil all, and therefore he resolved he would, for another most important reason. The poor young Lady was six or seven Months gone with Child. She could not draw in her Husband,

band, what care so ever she took every time that a whimsey brought him to her Bed, to be at all concern'd in the getting. *Commorgien* and she had been for a long time in great perplexity how to conceal the mischance; and were now much more puzzled how to bring it to an issue without the Husbands knowledge. *Commorgien* thought that the occasion offer'd fair to send the troublesome Husband in Pilgrimage. He dress'd himself up that he might appear before those that were to conjure him, without being discovered; he thrust his head through the hole at the same hour that the Spirit was said to appear. He told them in the language of the other World, that is to say, speaking inwardly from the pit of his stomach, that he was the Husbands elder Brother; that in his life time he had vowed a Journey to *Fourpiers* in the City of *Lions*; and that he ordered his Brother, seeing he was his Heir, to depart within three days at farthest, and fulfill the vow in his stead, which was punctually obeyed by the good Brother; and he left his Wife at *St. Germans*, to manage the Law Suit in his absence.

Brave indeed! said *Madam de Moulionne*, our Lovers are like to have a fine time of it now. Not so fine as you think, replied *Montal*; for the Lady lodged no longer in that House.

House. Her Husband begg'd of an old Marchioness to entertain her at her House until his return; a piece of circumspection that mightily disturbed the two Lovers, and it even made the Pilgrimage useles; for the young thing had as little liberty with that Lady as in her own Husbands House, nor indeed had she so much. However there is a remedy for every thing; and I'll tell you what course the Marquess of *Commorgien* took to avoid two accidents which were exceedingly to be feared; the one that the Husband might return before she was brought to Bed; the other was the extream difficulty to get her out of the clutches of that Marchioness, that he might carry her to a place where she might be deliver'd. He had some good Friends at *Lions*, and especially a Gentleman the most subtle, and one of the most agreeable humour of all that Country. You know him also, said he to *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, it is the Count *de la Belovere*; this man at the entreaty of *Commorgien*, insinuated himself dextrously into the Husbands acquaintance, so soon as he had notice given him of his arrival. And that he might be obliged to tarry at *Lions* till his friend had time to do his business; he for his part also raised a Spirit to haunt the Pilgrims Inn where the good man lodged. A Son of the  
 Innkeeper

Innkeeper bribed as well as his Father, and informed of the intrigue, appeared to the poor Husband; but in a different shape to that wherein *Commorgien* appeared at St. Germans; but the mind of the old man being prepossessed, supplied that defect, and made it seem to him one and the same apparition. Next Morning the poor man asked his Landlord if that part of the House where he had lodged him, was haunted. The Landlord who with good will seconded the Gentleman the friend of *Commorgien*; as well to deserve his money, as because it was his interest that the good man should continue long at Commons in his House; made him answer, that never any Spirit had walked in his House, and that without doubt it was to himself, that the Spirit intended to speak. Next day the Spirit appeared again a new, though he had perswaded the Host to lie by him in his Chamber; and the Landlord having had the boldness to ask it why it came to disturb them, it told them That it was still the Soul of the deceased Brother, who required Prayers and Mass to be said for it thirty six days together in the same place of *Foureviers*. This was faithfully promised, and the Spirit returned no more. Afterward the Gentleman according to *Commorgien's* instructions, wrote a Letter in the name of a Physician, acquainting the

the young Lady that her Husband was dangerously sick, and that he desired to see her because the event of his sickness was uncertain. This Letter being delivered to the big bellied Lady, gave her a pretext to leave her watchful Dragon. She took on terribly at the news, and said she would be gone with all expedition, and immediately took leave of the old Marchioness; who told her that she had too just a reason of making hast to be dissuaded from it.

And in reality it was time for her to be gone; for she was not ten Leagues from *St. Germans* when she felt the pains of labour, and was brought to Bed of a lovely little *Com-morgien*; who was presently put out to Nurse in a Village near the place. And to colour the reason why the Lady stopped by the way, it was given out, that she was fallen sick of another Disease, which passed for good coin. She returned back afterwards to *S. Germans* to perfect her recovery. And under pretext that there was no convenience in the House of the Marchioness, for a sick person, in regard she lived in a place too much frequented; she hired again the haunted Chamber in the Citizens House. In fine, the usual time of lying in being over, she was perfectly cured: and the Husband who had punctually obeyed all that his Brothers Ghost had ordered him, returned

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returned also. He testified great regret to his Lady, that coming to his assistance on a false report, she had thereby exposed her self to a dangerous sickness on the way.

In the mean while the Spirit came no more through the hole, because the Lady prayed him not to expose her again to a thousand accidents that might happen thereupon; and *Commorgien* promised her to do what she pleased. But a Spirit, Ladies, that has a body and is beloved of a beautiful woman, is a strange thing. What Prayer soever may be made to it, it will still be walking. *Commorgien* came back three or four times through his hole; there had been something forgot in the Pilgrimage, and he had a design that the Husband should begin it of new, that he might again for a short time leave him the Coast clear. But the Husband began to wonder that the Spirit was so obstinate in persecuting him, and complained of it in all places: The Abbot who made the *Stanza's* being mad, that he could not discover an intrigue which he too truly suspected to be managed betwixt *Commorgien* and his fair one, came to understand what troubled the old man: and it being no Article of his Faith that Ghosts appeared often; he prayed the old Husband to shew him the place through which the Soul of his Brother appeared. He made

made no doubt but that it was some trick on the part of *Commorgien*, who lodged on the other side of that wall, and the confidence that the Lady had to lie still in that Chamber, rendered his suspicions evident. The Husband shewed him then one day the fatal place ; and the Stanza maker perceiving the false Window, pushed the board with great force, which opened a little and discovered the half of the Artifice ; Behold, Sir, said the Abbot then to the old man, there is the hole by which you are abused, and through which may come the Souls of some of the Children that Madam your Lady may bear to you, but your Brothers Ghost never came this way. At these words the poor confused Husband was in a great consternation, but however he slighted not that good hint, and resolved to be cleared in the matter to the full : To his Wifes great misfortune who was now come to the time of receiving some chastisement for the abuse she had put upon her Husband ; for that happens soon or late, Ladies, and as a good Christian I give this admonition.

How? said *Madam de Moulionne*, must we have the moral of it also? It is because he has a mind to marry, added *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, that he begins to concern himself in the common interest. I believe it, for my part, said *Mademoiselle Velzers* laughing; but

but his resolution must needs be very sudden; for it is not three days ago since he was of another mind, and was himself a man that would have given those that would have hearken'd to him, very contrary counsel. Never mind that; answered he, for though I love these Gallantries, yet I think they deserve to be punished. It is not an hour ago since I told you, that I would not so much as keep such Womens secrets. So, very well: said Madam de Moulionne. I am glad I know your humour, at least I shall not run the risk of doing you a kindness; However make an end of your tale. Ah! My Soul, Madam, replied he, it is a true History.

After the Abbot then had put that jealousy into the Husbands head; the Ladies ill luck would so have it, that he found at his feet a Note written to her by *Commorgien* in these terms.

For you.

**Y**OU have absolute power over Spirits Madam, and the Ghost of the deceased Monsieur de Survacques, shall walk no more, seeing you have conjured it. Nevertheless, I assure you, that it took great pleasure in your Husbands devotion, which did it much good.

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*You are in the wrong to desire it should be put to an end. Farewell.*

That was the last Note that he wrote to her, on occasion that she had prayed him, by her Chamber-Maid, not to venture any more to come through the hole ; and which had been carelessly pulled out as she was ordering somewhat in her Trunk. But Sir, said Madam *de Moulionne*, again interrupting him, you have a great sympathie with the friends of Romances, in that you know so well (like them) all the Letters that your *Hero* wrote. Madam, answered *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, you should not be surpris'd at that ; *Monsieur* the Chevalier was so obliging as to compose them for my Cousin, for that is not *Commorgiens* stile. I confess it, replied *Montal*, he prayed me to do him that favour, and I did it. In the meantime the reading of that Note did not a little contribute to the encreasing of the poor Husbands puzzle, who perceived the ornament of his head insensibly appear in publick. But in a word, whatever came of it, he resolv'd to revenge himself if he could. He made no doubt but that the Spirit would impudently return to affront those that intended to conjure it, if he made some godly people once more lie in the Chamber. Besides them he resolv'd to hide there

there two sturdy Rogues to apprehend the Gallant when he appeared. And your Cousins luck was at that time good, *Mademoiselle*, that one of these Rogues was a Coachman who had been heretofore a Souldier in his Regiment. Had it not been for that, he had met with severe dealings. But the Coachman knowing him, cried out, that he was a person of Quality, opposed himself to the fury of the Husband, who came with a Pistol in his hand to kill him; made way for the Spirit with thumping blows through a crowd of people that came running to the noise, and gave *Commorgien* time to secure himself in a Lodging: he slipped into the next House, from whence he immediately acquainted his friends with his disaster. And what did the Lady do? said *Madam de Montlonne*. She expected nothing but death, answered the Chevalier; and all her hopes were in those that were present at the show, who might hinder her Husband from using the utmost extremities against her. He dragged her into the Chamber where the adventure had happened; and having demanded the Key of her Trunk before all the Company, he took an Inventory of all her Letters and Notes which he read aloud; And this amongst the rest, which was but the stubbered draught of a Letter that she had written to *Commorgien*.

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If my memory fail me not, it was conceived in these very terms; for the Husband gave it me to read.

### For my Gallant.

**Y**OU never pleased me more than last night; for you are a real Goblin: though you had intended that I should have taken you for a man, yet you could not have prevailed; for men of this World cannot love so much. But seeing as you write to me, you must return to Paris for two or three days: I am much afraid you may play the Spirit with some other to my prejudice. Farewel, remember as you go thither, that it is the property of Spirits to return.

Afterward he read one of *Commorgiens* Letters, which he, or (if ye had rather) I had composed in Verse. And this is it.

*I'm forc'd to leave you, Madam, for some days,  
Alas, I mean some years;  
For when I'm gone, my passion says,  
A year, each day appears.  
But on my Conscience never Lover went  
From her who had his heart,*

*With*

With greater fears, and less content  
 Than I at present part.  
 For since so many sly heart-Robbers be,  
 I fear some Amorous Thief  
 shou'd steal your Love from absent me :  
 And that's my greatest grief.  
 I leave your charms and graces all intire,  
 Pray see they so remain :  
 For I'll a strict account require,  
 When I am come again.  
 First for your heart; which I beseech you guard  
 With more than common care ;  
 With that my Love you did reward,  
 O, let no thief come there. (much,  
 Next for your mouth, your care shou'd be as  
 None there the wanton plays,  
 For ravisht with the pleasing touch,  
 He'll charm you with its praise.  
 He'll say the Luster of the Ruby's dull  
 To those dear Lips, and swear  
 They seem more Crimson, plump, and full,  
 Than ripest Cherries are.  
 That, if the pearl to match those teeth presumes,  
 'Twou'd but a trifle prove :  
 That your breath's such, the scent perfumes  
 Ones very heart with Love.  
 And forty other such fine things as these  
 Fantastick Lovers feign,  
 With which they easie women please,  
 And secret favours gain.

But think not, you, by such Harangues as this  
 Can stand oblig'd to be  
 So kind to give one single kist,  
 Unless they're made by me.  
 Next, of your beauteous eyes I seem secur'd  
 For they are pittiless;  
 And will both wound and kill, I'm sure,  
 Whoever dares address.  
 And for your nose, which merits so much praise,  
 I know you have more wit,  
 What ere of that a Lover says,  
 Than to be led by it.  
 Your hair I fear not, since yo'ave oft refused,  
 The Combing to poor me,  
 Another sure shall not be us'd  
 More kind than I cou'd be.  
 But this will most afflict my absent mind,  
 And never let me rest,  
 Lest he who writ the Stanza's find  
 A passage to your breast. (does stand;  
 That breast where snow warm yet unthaw'd  
 O, have a special care,  
 That he by change of Lip and hand,  
 Does make no Stanza's there.  
 And shou'd your killing charms make any say,  
 I'll die at those dear feet,  
 Let those dear feet kick him away,  
 And no such Death admit.  
 Well, as you're left, I hope you'll so be found  
 When I return to you;

If

*If not, I shall, or hang, or drown'd,  
And so, dear Miss adieu.*

But, Sir, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, were you no more concerned in the intrigue, but only to write Letters for my Cousin? No upon my Faith! replied *Montal*. The good Man read also this note.

*On my life, Madam, you had reason to be much surpris'd last night, when in stead of me you found that you were caressing your blockish Husband. I pittied you: but however I took comfort because you had the dexterity to make him believe all that was necessary for our common safety. Farewel, Madam, I acknowledge the favours which you shewed to that poor Cuck .... as if they had been done to my self.*

Sweet and short, you see Ladies. He read this likewise.

*My dear Girl, I heartily regret that you are in the place where you are. You have less liberty there than you had with your Husband; but take comfort. I have had Letters from Lions which inform me that the Ghost of his deceased Brother has appeared to him again,*

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by the care that a Gentleman one of my friends hath taken about that matter; and that apparition will retard his return more than three weeks. So that with the assistance of some other stratagem to get you civilly out of the clutches of your Dragon; you may go and bring into the world a little Commorgien in any place you please. In the mean while I am preparing all things for your departure, and I shall stay for you privately two Leagues from hence, that I may carry you to the place that we shall chuse. Farewel. Seem much afflicted to morrow when you receive the Letter you know.

There was less Gallantry in this than in any other of the Letters; but it was this note that best declared the poor Husbands destiny. Ah! impudent Slut, cried he, casting all the Papers he had in his hands at his Wifes face; I shall be revenged for the affront you have done me. He went immediately out of doors, and left her in the greatest confusion imaginable; and for four or five hours no body could tell what was become of him. In the mean while she resolved not to stay till his return, but consulted how to put her self in security, well foreseeing, that his rage would not stop there. She prayed me to wait upon her

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her to a Nunnery, where she stayed some days before her Husband was yet come home. He was gone to Paris: and afterwards I took my Journey for Holland, and I know not as yet how he hath revenged himself.

Is that all? said Madam de Moulionne. Yes, Madam, answered he, and I think it is enough to prove, as I promised, that no Spirits appear now adays, unless it be to make Husbands Cuckolds. Hark ye, said Mademoiselle de Barbiseux to the Company, I will not pretend to be an undaunted Wit like the Chevalier; but it is true, that the Spirits of this World play pleasant pranks, if nothing can awaken those of the other. For since the trick that hath been put upon the President D'ardivilliers, by some who intended to possess his House without paying rent; it is not to be doubted but that there is a great cheat in all the Apparitions which are many times told us for true. Courage! Monsieur the Chevalier, replied Madam de Moulionne, you are now seconded by Mademoiselle de Barbiseux. She is just about to tell us another tale for the justification of yours. Ah! Madam, answered Mademoiselle de Barbiseux, take not this, if you please, for an invented tale. Monsieur the President D'ardivilliers

*divilliers* is still alive; and seeing your Husband and he meet often together, you may get your Husband to ask him if what I say be not true. But however that you may learn the circumstances of the story, I'll tell you what I know of it.

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## NOVEL XV.

## THE

## HISTORY

## OF THE

Spirit of *Ardiwilliers*.

**A** *Ardiwilliers* is a very pleasant seat in *Picardie*, in the Neighbourhood of *Bretonvil*. It was haunted by a spirit, and that Master Goblin made a fearful noise there. All the night long the House appeared to be in a flame; and hideous howlings were heard from thence; which happened only at certain times of the year, about *All hallow* tide. No body durst live there but the Farmer who had got acquaintance of the Spirit. If any one in passing came to lie there, he was soundly drubbed, and bore the marks on his skin at least six months after. If it chanced to be a buxom woman, the Spirit was satisfied to do no more but draw the Curtains, and lay its spiritual hands on what part it pleased.

By my truth that is good, said the Chevalier;

valier; that was a witty Spirit indeed.

Next day, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, the fair one wou'd say, that she had felt something cold steal down by her side; and she had account given her what it was, And so much for the House. The Countrey people about saw a great many things more; for now and then some body saw at a distance a dozen of other Spirits in the Air hovering over the House. They were all of fire, ye must know, and danced a Country dance. Another saw in a Meadow I know not how many Presidents and Counsellors in red Gowns; but without doubt all likewise of fire. In such a place they sat and condemned to Death a Gentleman of that Country who had his head struck off at least a hundred years ago. Another met in the night a Gentleman the Presidents Kinsman. He was walking with the Wife of another Gentleman that lived hard by. They told the Ladies name: and observe, if you please, that the Kinsman and Lady are both still alive. They added, that she suffered him to court her, and that afterward both she and her Gallant disappeared. So that a great many others saw or at least heard of the wonders of the House of *Ardigilliers*. This Farce lasted above five or six years, and did the President much prejudice, who was forced to let his land to the tenant

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at a very low rate. But at length he resolved to put a stop to these Apparitions being persuaded by many circumstances, that some body had a cunning hand in all that. About All-hallow-tide he went to his Estate, lay in the House, and made two Gentlemen of his friends stay by him in the Chamber, who were fully resolved at the first noise or Apparition, to fire their Pistols at the Spirits. The Spirits who knew all things, in all appearance knew of these preparations: and none of them appeared. They stood in awe of the Presidents Spirit which they knew was more subtle and stronger than themselves. They contented themselves only to trail Chains in a Chamber over the Presidents head, at which noise the Wife and Children of the Farmer came running to their Masters assistance. They cast themselves at his knees that they might hinder him from going up into that Chamber. Oh! my Lord, cried they, expose not your self to the danger. What is the strength of man, against the Spirits of the other World? *Monsieur de Fecanconr* attempted the same thing before you, and returned with a disjointed arm. *Monsieur de Versailles* also resolved to play the Bravo: and was almost smothered under bundles of Hay, and fell next day dangerously sick upon it. In fine, they alledged so many such like instances

instances to the President, that his friends would not suffer him to expose himself to what the Spirit might do in its own defence; they took the Commission upon themselves alone: and so both went up to that great and vast Chamber where the noise was made, with a Pistol in one hand, and a Candle in the other. At first they saw nothing but a thick smoke which was redoubled by some flames that by intervals ascended. They stayed a little till the smoke cleared up, and in the mean time had a confused sight of the Spirit in the middle of it. It seemed to be a great Monster making Gamboles, but was presently again by another mixture of flame and smoke eclipsed from their sight; it had Horns and a long tail; and was in a word a hideous and terrible object. At that sight one of the two Gentlemen felt his courage shrink a little: There is something supernatural in this, said he to the other, come let us withdraw; but the other that was bolder stood his ground. No, no; answered he, that smoke stinks of Gun-powder, and it is nothing extraordinary. Yea the Spirit it self is but half Master of its Trade, seeing it hath not as yet blown out our Candles. With that he advanced, pursued the Ghost; chose a convenient place where to shoot, fired his Pistol and hit his mark; but was all amazed when the Spirit  
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instead of falling, turned again and stood firm before him. Then he began himself to be a little afraid. However he took heart again, being perswaded that it could not be a Spirit. And perceiving that the Goblin durst not stay for him, and shunned to let him lay his hands upon it; he resolved to catch it to see if it might be felt, or if it would melt away and vanish in his hands. The Spirit finding himself too much pressed upon, leaves the Chamber and went down a little pair of stairs in a Corner. The Gentleman follows it down, loses no sight of it, crosses over Courts and Gardens, and fetched as many compasses as the Ghost did; until that at length it came to a Barn which it found open, skipped in, and finding it self shut in, chose rather to disappear than to be taken. And so sunk down against a wall where the Gentleman thought to have stopped it; which left him in a strange confusion.

I believed it, said *Madam de Moulionne*, and he had reason to be so. And is it by this you have told us, that you pretend to prove that there is cunning and cheating in apparitions? Yes, Madam, answered *Mademoiselle de Barbisseux*, and that Spirit was no other than the Presidents own tenant. I was going to say so, added *Montal*, and from the beginning of your story I suspected it. And for

for my part, replied *Madam de Moulionne*; I had no such thought, nor do I believe it yet. You have told us nothing which a man can do, at least if he were not a Magician. No, Madam, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, he was no Magician, and yet did all that I have told you. But, *Mademoiselle*, answered *Madam de Moulionne*, you jeast; for besides that he dis appeared all of a sudden, how can you perswade me that it is in the power of a man to make a House seem all on fire, if he were not a Sorcerer? He made trains of powder on the roof of the House, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, and at the times appointed for the mummery, put fire to them, which appeared at a great distance in the night time. He had also one of those Clubs which the *Zani* use on the stage; with that he rattled upon the tiles, which made such a clattering, as one would have said that all the foof was tumbling down in pieces. Good reasons indeed, said *Madam de Moulionne*! How comes it then that he also made dozens of Spirits appear in the air over the House? It was not he, Madam, answered the *Chevalier*, that made those appear, nor yet the Judges in red Gowns, and the Presidents Kinsman; it was the roguery of some Peasants, who took pleasure to raise that report. Is it not usual that men never speak of such

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like things, without adding immediately a thousand tales enough to make one sleep standing. If I may lawfully tell my thoughts on the Apparition of the Kinsman; because both he and the Lady are still alive; it might have been true that he was really seen with her, and the Spirit needed not to have borrowed their shapes. It is no impossible thing for a man of *Paris* who is handsom and witty, to make a fool of a Country Gentleman of *Picardie*. But they vanished, replied she. Well, well! continued *Montal*, that is because they lay down upon the grass, and so the men lost sight of them. Have I not illustrated the case very well? said he to *Made-moiselle de Barbiseux*. I can say nothing as to that, answered she; but it is certain, that that same knavish Farmer was the only cause of all the disorder; and to answer the great objection which *Madam de Moulionne* has made to me upon the Spirits sinking down against the wall when the Presidents friend thought to have catcht him; I need do no more but make an end of my story.

The Gentleman having seen him sink down in that manner, called in some people: caused an instrument to be brought whereby he might sound into the place where the Ghost seemed to vanish; and found there was a trap door there, which shut with a bolt when one

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was in. He went down, and found the Goblin provided with good mattresses, whereon he fell so soft, that if he had thrown himself down headlong it would not have hurt him. He made him come forth, and there found that the charm which made the Spirit Pistol-proof; was a skin of buff fitted to all the parts of his body. The Gallant confessed all his tricks, and was quitted for paying to his Master the Arrears of five years, after the rate that the Land was let at before the Apparitions. A more vindicative and less virtuous man than the President would have caused him to have been hang'd. This, Madam, I assure you is true, and without doubt we should not believe all that is said of Spirits and Apparitions after such a cheat as this.

I believe whatever you please, said *Madam de Moulionne*; but for all that, I shall ever be strangely afraid of them, and the very thought hath brought tears already into my eyes. I very well believe you, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, for that never fails to happen to my self who am none of the most timorous, when they speak to me of Spirits. I take my self to be a little stouter than you, Madam, said *Montal*, and yet I cannot resist (no more than any other) the first impressions that such idle notions give us; and it is not to be thought strange. Man has not com-

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mand enough over himself to change easily a habit that he hath had from a Child, of quaking at the naming of Ghosts, and in spite of reason, the sole imagination of a terrible object is able to make the most resolute shake. Yet for all that, I should not forbear to keep my way in any darksom place whatsoever, if my business called me that way; neither should I forbear to follow any thing that might appear to me, though it were with trembling, that so I might be satisfied in the reality of what it appears. I doubt much of that last point, said *Mademoiselle Velzers*. And so do I, added *Madam de Moulionne*. This Discourse was interrupted by the coming of a Lacquey, who brought a Letter to *Mademoiselle de Barbisseux*.

That is a pleasant Letter, said *Madam de Moulionne* to her; your eyes were very merry as you read it. I confess it is, answered *Mademoiselle de Barbisseux*; and yet it ought to grieve me; for the subject of it is neither more nor less than the death of one who is nearly related to a person whom I esteem, Ah! *Mademoiselle*, cried the Chevalier, I guess what the matter is: and if you will confess the truth, you with already the party were dead. Why so? answered she very carelessly, I with no bodies death. The manner of your answer, said *Madam de Moulionne*, makes

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me also begin to guess at some thing. If that person should die, would not you be revenged of that Bigot of whom you promised us the History? I know not, Madam, answered *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, if you know what Bigot I intended to speak of: however you may not be much mistaken, In fine then, said the Chevalier, the good man the Marquess of *Isopra* will be quickly dead! praised be God, added he, that makes way for the conclusion of our Romance; one of our Heroins will be suddenly married. He made *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* blush, when he named that good old Marquess. In truth you are not so wise as you think, said she to him: you think that you are well acquainted with my affairs, and in the mean time are wholly ignorant of them. With all my ignorance, *Mademoiselle*, answered he, I wish the good man were in his Grave; and we had heard the History of the Bigot; for now is the time to tell it, and that Letter is come too opportunely to put you upon that discourse, for us now to lose the occasion of hearing the relation of your Adventures. I refuse not to perform what I promised, replied she: but he that brought me the Letter stays for an answer, and I beg the Companies leave to go write it. With these words she withdrew into a private Chamber, whither she carried the Lacquey;

Lacquey; and the other Ladies went down with *Montal* into the Garden to fetch a walk, whilst she wrote her Letter.

When they were at the end of the Grass-plot, they perceived without in an Alley, Company that were come also to walk there. Amongst others *Mademoiselle Velzers* knew the Marquess of *Mirestain*, with little *Lusigny*. There is a man, said she immediately to *Madam de Moulionne*, shewing her the Marquess of *Mirestain*; of whom one might tell a pretty romantic story. What story? answered *Montal*. Let us not go their way, replied she, lest he come and hinder me from speaking of it; for it is a secret that he hath imparted to me, and prayed me not to divulge. They turned aside as she desired, to hear it, and thus she began.

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## NOVEL XVI.

THE

## HISTORY

OF

The Marquess of *Mirestain*, and  
a fair Princess.

**T**hat Gentleman who was somewhat of Kin to a young Sovereign Lady in our Neighbourhood, passed one day through her Territories. You see that he is handsome and well made. He made Courtship to the Princess, and was not disliked by her. The esteem she had for him became so great, that to prevent falling into some error, she was constrained to send him back into his own Country. Any other but I might have a fair occasion here to speak of the tears she shed before she could bring her self to that resolution, and of the conflict that passed between her Virtue and Love; but that I leave to some *Mademoiselle de Scudery*,  
or

or to the Marquess of *Mirestain* himself; for my part, I understand nothing of that. He returned then into *France*, at least as much afflicted to be separated from the Princess, as she was to part from him. They wrote to one another: fell both sick, and too much Virtue made them languish and pine away with Love. In this interval the Sovereign Prince died; and the Marquess believed his fortune might be bettered by that. The Lady imagined also that she should not any longer endure such hard sufferings, and that she might at least pursue her desires without a crime. But a Monster more terrible than Virtue came to meddle in her affairs.

Consider a little, said Madam *de Moullonne*, how that Lady tells her story, and speaks of virtue in a jocular way! it seems that she really scorns it. And so she has reason to do, said the Chevalier, it is the simplest thing in the World; especially for a Maid, added he looking on her. At least reply'd she laughing, you never let slip an occasion to put me out of conceit with it, and I know not what I ought to think of it. Whatever you please, answered he between his teeth, and with a kind of foolish transport: I wish indeed for my own repose that you had less of it.

A Monster then, more cruel than virtue,

continued the fair Hollander, came to tyrannize over the Princess. Instead of consenting that the Marquess of *Mirestain*, should return into the Low-Countries, she discharged him absolutely ever to think of it. She was afraid to do somewhat unbecoming her quality, if she should take a conceit to marry him. She permitted him not so much as to write to her. The poor man languished in sorrow, but at length love inspir'd into him a design worthy of one of its Hero's. He understood Painting a little, and from his infancie his inclination led him to learn as much of the art as was sutable to a Gentleman of his quality. He disguised himself, provided himself with the Pictures of most of the great Lords of the Court of *France*; forgot not his own; went with his Commodities, to the Princesses Town; set up Shop over against her Palace, and there expos'd to view all his Pictures except his own, for some reasons that he had. He was willing that the Princess should find it there by surprise, that so he might judge of her sentiments if by chance she should have the curiositie to come see his Pictures. He made a present of a piece to one of the Maids of honour belonging to the Princess, and obtained a promise from her that she would perswade her Lady to take that curiositie. The Princess came one day to his House,

House, and desiring to see the Pictures of some of the Nobility of the French Court, he made his own appear as if it had been by chance and undesigned, whilst he was looking for others. The Princess at that surprizing sight, changed colour, blusht, looked pale, and in fine fainted away; a Princess of *Spain* or *Circus* could not have done more; her Attendants sought some pretext for her fainting, and brought her back to her Palace. She never opened her eyes but to weep, nor her mouth but to fetch grievous sighs. *Alas!* cried she, *dear cause of all my grief, by what ill luck are you come to give me that pitiless idea which is the ground of all the evils I suffer;* adding to that many more such like lamentations.

If the Marquis of *Mirestain* heard in what strain she tells his story, said *Madam de Mont-honne*, he would wish her dead. O! have a special care, replied *Mademoiselle Vetzers*, not to speak a word of it to him. I tell it in his own words; and only endeavour to imitate him. That would be maliciously done, said *Montal*; but he will meet us, when we come to the end of this Alley, and I shall give him notice of it. Ha! replied the *Hollander*, you will then make him my Enemy, and I should be vexed if he came to understand that I laugh at the relation which he made

made to me of his adventures. Well, the Princess then never opened her lips but to lament; and shortly after sent for the Painter; for she had a mind to buy the fatal Picture. But what became of her at the sight of the Painter himself, when he had put off his disguise and fell down at her knees? This might afford matter for a great tome, yet I will not speak a word of it. The presence of the Lover at length stifled all considerations of honour and virtue; she abandoned her self wholly to her dear Marquess; with only this proviso, to grant him nothing but what was lawful. A Conscientious Marriage did the business.

Good God! said *Madam de Moulionne*, interrupting her; what are these conscientious Marriages then? He! replied the Chevalier, that is a civil piece of Gallantry; But is that Good? replied she. Why, Madam, answered *Montal*, do you doubt of it? nothing relishes better; it is a mixture of modestie and looseness, which is altogether delicate. You jeast, said she, and one cannot tell what to make of that you say; but answer me seriously. Think you that the conscientious Marriage of Madam the Countess of *Vilagrands*, with the Gentleman of her Horse; That of Madam the Princess of *Norias*, with her Neighbour; that of the Dutchess of ....

I have forgot her name, with her Steward, and of a great many others: do you indeed believe them to be pleasing to God? Yes, Madam, replied he, and they would not be permitted if the matter were otherways. You name the Princess of *Norias*, said *Mademoiselle Velzers*, interrupting them; but she is not married, that is but a calumnie. *Mademoiselle*, answered *Montal*, you come too late to dispute the truth of it, there is nothing more certain, nor more universally talk'd of. Let it be so, Sir, replied *Mademoiselle Velzers*, it is but a tale then universally talk'd of. The Princess of *Norias* is not married, and perhaps before it be long, you will see her falsifie all these reports, by marrying a greater Prince than her former Husband; for the Stars appoint her for that. But from whence proceeds then the concern that her neighbour takes in all her affairs? said *Madam de Moulionne*. Have you never had any that concerned himself in yours, Madam? replied the Hollander. But besides, that one may have a concern for her by reason of her merit and wit; for she has a great deal, and can please whom she will; there is a particular reason that engages her neighbour to it. He was the friend of the late Prince; and that good old man upon his Death-bed recommended to him the interests of his Widow,

dow, and made him swear never to forsake them: this may be easily believed, if one considers on the one hand the solid support of such a man as he, and on the other hand, the affairs that the Lady might meet with. She had no Children, and several Heirs believed her the occasion of some injustice that was done them. It is a thought, said *Madam de Moulionne*, not easily to be put out of their heads. And nevertheless, replied *Mademoiselle Velzers*, there was never any more unjust; for one might rather say, that the Princes Family would have been utterly undone, had it not been for the advantage the Princess brought to it. You are one of her friends said the Chevalier to *Mademoiselle Velzers*: and it may be easily perceived that you are much obliged to her. How I? answered she, not in the least; it is not for any obligation that I have to her; nor can I so much as imagine she knows all the good I speak of her; but I love to give testimony to the truth. We have made a pretty long digression, said *Madam de Moulionne*; and it hath hindered you to make an end of your story. What did it not end by the marriage? replied *Montal*, that would be against the rules of a Romance. Not so, said the fair Hollander, a Marriage of Conscience cannot serve for a good conclusion.

They

They were married then, continued she, so as I have said; and had two Children. After that, the Lady had a mind to come see her Husbands Father under the pretext of some other business that she had to do in *France*. When she arrived at his House, the good Man asked his Son, where they might most honourably lay the Princess. The Son answered, that she should lie with him. The Father who knew nothing of the Marriage was offended at the reply which he thought was too free; and gave the Marquis a Box on the Ear: (all these circumstances belong to the story.) The Princess to hinder him from giving him a second, told him, that his Son might lie with her, and the reason why, which filled him with a joy proportionable to the honour he received. Three or four years after the Princess died; and the Marquis of *Mirestain* was by her Heir, sent back to *France*. His two Children were poisoned: and that is the conclusion of his adventures; let us now go meet him when you please, he has perhaps some other later story to tell us. Presently after they came to the end of the Alley, and entered into another, where the Marquis of *Mirestain* was walking with *Ursula*, they joined all together and continued their walk. Gentlemen, said *Mademoiselle Valere*, by what happy adventure is it that we

we meet you here to day ? A Fool has brought us hither, answered the Marquess of *Mirestain*; and we accompanied him to see a Spirit, which, as he says, walks in these Alleys. Ho, ho! Gentlemen, replied she, is the rumour of that Apparition then come to your Ears ? is he then to whom that Spirit hath appeared, a Courtier ? Without doubt, replied he; for it is the Marquess of *Kimperhel*. How ? is it he, said she, and was he so near us the other day ? At this present, replied he, he is a little below, and very desirous that the Spirit might appear to him once more : we left him there all alone. How ? said *Madam de Mon-Roune*, would he see the Spirit again ? I was told that when he saw it before, he fainted away for fear. It was not for fear, Madam, answered little *Lusigny*, it was for joy and love; for you may please to know, the Spirit was the Ghost of his deceased Mistress. But really, Madam, said *Mademoiselle Velniers*, at these words; *Vaux* is a rare place for adventures, and I fancie that the soil of its Park has some secret virtue to produce them. They continued for some time in this discourse, and then fell to speak of other matters; and seeing *Mademoiselle de Barhiseux*, who had written her Letter coming at a distance, they went all to meet her; except *Mademoiselle Velniers*, whom *Mademoiselle de Kermaj*, persuaded

swaded to draw aside to the place where the Marquess of *Kimperbel* was left, to the end, said she, that we may surprise him and put him in a fright. How? answered the Holland-Lady, can you then resolve at length to shew some trick, you who can hear whole stories and never speak a word? And what would you have me say, replied the lovely *Breton*? is it not enough that I hear you all? and that I am pleased with your stories? With that she pressed her again to go to the place where the Marquess was; the reason is because I know him as well as you do, added she, and we shall be pleased, if we can engage him to tell the story of his deceased Mistress, who hath appeared to him. With all my heart, said *Mademoiselle Velzers*, but what if it come whilst we are with him? what a Fool are you! replied *Kermas*, are you so weak as to believe such fopperies? How! cried *Mademoiselle Velzers*, you are one of our undaunted wits then? Ah! really, continued she, I wonder at it no more that your grave and severe women are said to be the more dangerous, that they pretend to so little. You must needs be a good soul, since you are not afraid of Spirits. They advanced still towards the Marquess of *Kimperbel*. The fair *Breton* had on a mask, and that she might not at all be discovered, she prayed her friend

friend not to name her, and more particularly not to engage her to speak. Her reason was, that they would obtain more satisfaction from the Marquis, if he should not know who she was. There must be some great mystery in that, replied *Kelzers*; but it's all one, let's go on. Afterward they joined the poor Lover, whom their presence put out of a great sort of musing.

He was sitting on a little bench by the side of the Pales, still expecting the return of the dear Ghost of a person whom he adored whilst she lived. We come to disturb your solitude, cried *Mademoiselle Kelzers* to him at a pretty distance. We interrupt the sweet entertainment that perhaps you enjoy here with your own thoughts; but you must pardon that indiscretion, and impute it only to the curiosity that we have to see rarities. A Lover who loves a woman even after she is dead, seems in our opinion to extraordinary a thing, that we could not forbear to come and admire you. He rose and saluted *Mademoiselle Kelzers*, taking no more notice of the other than he thought she desired, because she had not pulled off her mask; and answering the lovely Hollander with a forced smile: I well deserve to be jeered by the fair ones for my extravagance, said he, but Madam, that fancy must have its time. Never

was man or woman who at least once in their lives have not been in love. To think we fear you, because you are a civil Gentleman, replied *Mademoiselle Velzers*, is to interpret ill the reason of our coming. However, con-  
tinned she, is it not to put us in fear that you have spread the report of that Apparition knowing that we were here? for to be short, we believe it not to be true. Ah! said he, *Mademoiselle*, I am ready to take any oath imaginable, that there can be nothing truer. I was in this same place on *Thursday* last, stay-  
ing for my *Valet de chambre*, whom I had sent to a place a quarter of a League off, to learn if a friend of mine was there, before I went thither my self. And as I cast my eyes without minding any thing, into that little Arbour which you see there below; I saw the Ghost come out of the ground, stand up on its legs, and then vanish. The sight so dis-  
composed me, that my *Valet de chambre*, at his return, found me almost without life or sense. He was forced to run into the House and call for help.

We have a Gentleman with us, said *Made-  
moiselle Velzers*, not unknown to you, it is the *Chevalier de Montal*; I wish he heard you averr what you saw to be true; for it cannot be beat into his brains, that any such thing is possible: withal, added she, we come to

take you out of this place which is too melancholick for you. Besides I am a little too fearful to abide here any longer. You must go to another place, and must tell us the History of these false amours which death it self cannot cool. Ah! *Mademoiselle*, cried he smiling as he had done before; do not engage me to that. We will never leave you till you do it, replied she, and it is but lost labour to refuse. That is a trick continued he, put upon me by *Miretaine* and *Lafroy*; they have sent you hither to hear me at this rate. Why to hear you? answered she. It is not hearing to pray people to tell their stories. At these words they withdrew from the Harbour, and as they walked, he said to *Mademoiselle Vetzers*.

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NOVEL

NOVEL XVII.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

Marquess of *Kimperbel*.

**T**HOUGH you be of the number of my friends, you are nevertheless as severe to me as others, and to tell an indifferent person, such as you are, that one has been deeply in love, is to give a fair occasion of diversion. It's no matter, added he, it was my luck to have been so before I married *Madam de Kimperbel*; and though I be married, and have all the esteem and complacency for my Wife she can desire; yet still I love her memory whom I adored before I became her Husband; my heart feels still a perpetual regret for her death; and my passion is so great, that I had rather see often the Ghost that you have been told appeared to me, than the most delightful objects in the world. With these words tears came in his eyes, which in

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spight

spight of the endeavours he used to repress them, were perceived by the Lady; who told him laughing, I take no notice, Sir, weep boldly. Ah! jeering Lady, answered he, you have already your hearts desire, and nothing is now wanting to your mirth, and so went on. That poor Maid was called, *Mademoiselle de Kermas*, of one of the most illustrious Families in *Brettagne*; but ruined by time and fortune. I grew acquainted with her by means of her Brothers, with whom I had contracted some kind of friendship in an Academy, where we learnt our exercises. I fell all of a sudden, almost as passionately in love with her, as I continued to be for the future. And it was no wonder, for she was indeed very lovely; a brown Complexion, of a most exquisite shape: her eyes filled with a languishing sweetness beyond compare; her features delicate, her neck divine; and as witty as ever was Lady; but a little more inclining to seriousness than mirth.

When he had so said, *Mademoiselle Velzers* turned to the lovely Breton, whom she had several times already jog'd with her elbow, as *Monsieur de Kimperbel* spake. What strange adventure is this then? said she whispering her in the ear. I hear both your name and description, and it seems he designs you by his discourse; but you are still alive.

*Kermas*

*Kermas* made her no answer, but by jogging her likewise, that she might give her a sign not to interrupt the Marquels. These little gestures, Ladies, said he, make me suspect that ye have a design in making me relate my story; perhaps I know that masked Lady; but however I am resolved to divert you.

I fell then extreamly in love at first sight, and used all imaginable wayes to make her sensible of it. I was even so happy as to persuade her not to hate me, and after a months conflict to bring her to consent to marry me privately. Having taken our measures, we were married in presence of her two Brothers, and three or four other Confidants. We lived together three months after, with all imaginable tranquillity and content; without the least cross or suspicion. I conveyed my self secretly out of doors every night by a back Gate of the Garden where the Brothers of *Mademoiselle de Kermas* stayed for me, guarded me to their Sisters Lodgings, and brought me back again before day; these were amiable difficulties which did no injury to our love. But our secret was at length discovered; for my Father being Governour of the Town, and it being very difficult to abscond our selves in a place where every body knew us, and we not every body; notwithstanding all my circumspection, without doubt

some body observed my night walks. It began to be whispered about that I was in love; and that I went every night to try my fortune. The rumour of this came to my Father's Ears, and he set a watch over me; yet in the beginning, more out of curiosity to learn who was his Son's Mistress, than for any other reason; he was not so nice as some Fathers are; and would have willingly allowed me a little Gallantry. However, I ordered my affairs so well, that I disappointed all his Spies. He discovered nothing by my intrigue, but that I was fit to be married since I had a Mistress; and upon that account he plied me some days after. He designed me from my Childhood for *Madam de Kimperbel*, and I had long expected that storm. But could not see it so ready to break out without terrible apprehensions. I trembled at the proposition my Father made to me of marrying *Madam de Kimperbel*. Sir, answered I, what would you have me do with a Child? she that you would give me for a Wife is but ten years of age, and I my self but fifteen or sixteen; are we at that age capable of love? You are fit to love, replied he, since you are able to reason so well about it, and besides the little *de Kimperbel*, whom I design for you, is not only the richest match in the Country, but within a year or two will be also one of the greatest

greatest beauties in *France*. All that is true, Sir, answered I, but notwithstanding thereof, I know not if I can love her so much as you would. And why not? replied he; ye have been bred together from the Cradle, and have loved one another well enough hitherto. Yes, said I immediately; but the love that I had for her is changed into a fraternal kindness. In such a case conjugal love is looked upon as a kind of incest; and to change from the one to the other, though it be lawful and consonant to order, yet is almost impossible to nature.

You laugh, said he, interrupting himself, because I tell you all, even the discourses that I had with my Father. On the contrary, said she, it is because I love to hear them; and the truth is, for a stripling of fifteen, you were very knowing. I run out insensibly, said he, and enlarge in a relation that I would willingly make short, but I cannot help it, what is past is always present to me, and pleases me still. But however, think it was I then, or I now, that was so knowing, it is all one for the story, and indifferent to me. My Father, who, from one of my age at least, expected not to hear what I said to him, perceived very well that I had some secret counsel, and feared that my hidden loves might prove dangerous. He resolved to watch me more

than ever. He pretended that he would not force me to marry my Wife; that so removing from me all occasion of mistrust, I might be the sooner catch'd in what he imagined touched me closest. But he would have lost his labour, had not I some days after fallen into a violent Feaver. I had over-heated my self at hunting, and fell light-headed in that Feaver. In the hight of my fits I called often on my dear *Kermas*; and that was enough to discover all to my Father. Seeing he was an ambitious man and had no Sons but my self; he was mad, and out of all patience when he came to know of my marriage: and his rage produced the most cruel effects that can be imagined; which I wave, because the story would thereby prove too long. O! Sir, that's no matter, said *Mademoiselle Velzers*, tell us all the circumstances, I pray you; for I assure you, I am so much concerned at what you say, that it makes me melt; and produces perhaps in the heart of the masked Lady here better sentiments for you. Whilst she was speaking so to the Marquels of *Kimperbel*, *Kermas* tug'd with all her force her Companion by the Gown, for fear she might discover her; I am much obliged to her, answered he, whosoever she be; but I shall not have time enough to do what you desire; and besides the reflexion on that subject would too

sensibly

sensibly affect me. It is enough that I tell you, that after my Fathers patience had been tired out by the resistance of that poor woman, whom he urged to consent to the dissolution of her marriage, he caused her to be secretly carried away, and shut her up in a Castle surrounded by the Sea, whereof one of his friends was Governour. He had almost undone the two Gentlemen her Brothers also; and that misfortune had very near cost me my life. It behoved me though to dissimble the excess of my discontent, for fear that if my Father had lost all hopes of seeing me forget *Mademoiselle de Kermas*, he might have taken some course to have had her dispatched; for there was no man more violent, and he had so great authority in the Country, as might make him undertake anything without scruple. In fine, what shall I say? I perswaded him that he had done me no great diskindness in disentangling me from her. To compleat my cure, he sent me to travel a little; but I came secretly back into the Country when I was believed to be at a great distance; and found an invention to see my dear *Kermas*, notwithstanding my Fathers Cruelty, and the vigilance of the Governour of the Castle. I got into the Castle in disguise; and had been too happy in the enjoyment of her again whom I loved, although

she

She was a Prisoner, if it could have lasted;  
 but the misfortune that persecuted me, at the  
 same time inspired revenge into the Brothers  
 of *Kermas*; they laid an ambush for my Fa-  
 ther when he was at Hunting; but proving  
 too weak, both died miserably. One of them  
 being searched after he was dead; there was  
 found about him a piece of a Letter written  
 with his Sisters hand; containing these words;  
*I have written to you several times, Brother,*  
*prevent the Father of Monsieur de Kimperbel,*  
*or we shall be infallibly undone:* it was the  
 piece of a Letter wherein she advised her Bro-  
 thers to acquaint my Father themselves with  
 our marriage before that he came to discover  
 it by other means. She hoped that in confi-  
 deration of the ancient House of *Kermas*,  
 and of the solicitation of some powerful  
 friends, that might interpose for an accommo-  
 dation, he might have been brought to con-  
 sent to an alliance with them. But the Let-  
 ter received not that interpretation. My Fa-  
 ther thought rather that she had incited her  
 Brothers to kill him; and the action that  
 they had undertaken gave no ground of think-  
 ing otherways. He came all in rage to his  
 friends Castle; with a resolution (seeing it  
 was not yet known that he had caused her to  
 be carried away) to make her a Companion  
 to her two Brothers. The poor Prisoner had  
 notice

notice of it before his coming: for ill intelligence outflies the Post, and the news of her Brothers and her own misfortune came to her Ears before the Messenger arrived, whom he sent express to the Castle, to hinder her from knowing any thing that had passed, until he himself was come. Being stricken as with a clap of thunder at the news of her two Brothers death, she fell dead on the ground; and being near her time of delivery, she fell made her bring forth a Child whereof she died at the instant, without rising again. Since that time, I have run up and down, travelled and done all that I could to avoid the sight of my Father, who was the cause of all the evils I suffered. But at length, time, some points of honour, the importunity of friends, and the desires of a great Prince, made me resolve to marry *Madam de Kimpobel*. Time, honour, importunitie, and the Prince, added he sighing; have not been able however to blot the unfortunate *Kerwas* out of my remembrance. I have never truly enjoyed my self since; and I believe (though I should pass for ridiculous, and a fanciful Fool) that she appeared to me here two days ago, for no other end, but to acquaint me that she still loves me in the other world.

*Madam de Moutonne*, and *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*, who entertained themselves in  
another

another place with the *Chevalier de Montal*, the Marquess of *Mirestain*, and little *Lusigny*, appeared at the end of the walk just as the Marquess of *Kimperbel* made an end of his story: And that he might not be exposed to all the drollings of so brisk a Company, he took leave of the Hollander and Breton; and notwithstanding the endeavours of the former to detain him, and the great regret of the latter, he slipped out of the Garden, and returned all alone to *Fontainbleau*. Very pretty indeed! cried *Montal*, at a distance to the two Ladies, ye deserve to be praised, Ladies, for having ventured without us upon a man who is haunted even by the beauties of the other world. The Hollander would have been glad not to have been obliged to answer him, because impatient to question *Kermas* about the matters she had been hearing; but it behoved her to defer her curiositie until night, when the lovely Breton and she might according to their custom be in Bed together. She made answer then to the *Chevalier*: It is true, Sir, and our discourse has been only of love; but you see what a cruel part he acts, and how briskly he forsakes the people of this world. I guess at the reason of it, said little *Lusigny*, it is because he might not be put to answer those who are not willing to believe that Spirits walk; but Ladies, hath he

told

told you the story of that Lady whose Ghost hath appeared to him? upon my word there is not a better intrigue than that to be found in any Romance. Yes, answered *Mademoiselle Felzers*, we know the whole matter; and God willing we shall know more by and by. She concluded not all she intended to say, because *Mademoiselle de Kermas* made signs to her to speak no more of it. But *Montal* who was curious, What can you know more, said he to her, since you know the whole story already? We shall know perhaps some other, answered she, of *Monsieur Lusigny*, or of the Marquess of *Mirestain*, for it cannot be but that they have met with some adventures. That was not the thing you intended to say, replied the Chevalier; but he was interrupted by *Mademoiselle Barbi-seux*, who asked, who is the Gentleman here you call *Monsieur Lusigny*? That little man there, answered the Marquess of *Mirestain*, pointing to him, I beg your pardon, Sir, said she to him, that I have not payed you my civilities, for I had not the honour to know you but by fame. How? Ladies, know ye not that that is the only Gentleman in *France* who can best tell you the story of my bigot Lady? for she has been in love with him. *Lusigny* was strangely surprised to hear her speak of him in such terms. It will be a hard matter

down

matter for you not to satisfy the curiosity of these Ladies, said the Chevalier *de Montal* to him, no man enjoys the honour of their conversation, but that it costs him a story, and I have told mine. But, Ladies, answered *Lusigny* drolling, I am not yet weary of pretending to the favours of fair Ladies, and if I revealed their secrets, I must needs renounce that. If you will not tell us the story we desire of you, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisfax*, I'll tell it my self. I know all the particulars of your affairs; and give you warning besides, that if I set to it I shall flatter no body; but even give every one their true name. I' faith, *Mademoiselle*, replied *Lusigny*, you may do what you please; but I shall never publish the favours that have been shewed me. Good, good! said *Madam de Montlionne*, here is a new way of indiscretion and babling; he will by no means tell his own affairs; but he will suffer others with delight to tell them, and if need be will set his hand to all that one pleases to say. If I thought, answered he, that she could speak of a real jouteigue, probably I should be very earnest with that fair Lady to spare the persons concerned. But it is such news to me to hear that one hath been in love with me, that I desire quickly to be informed of the name and surname of her who hath had so much

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and

much charitie, and of all the circumstances of so good a fortune. The excuse is not bad, said Madam de Monlionne; but *Mademoiselle de Barbisseux* is not about to forbear speaking for all that. No, without doubt, said she: and this is the thing I know.

*Mademoiselle de Barbisseux, and Madam de Monlionne.*

No.

## NOVEL XVIII

THE  
HISTORY

OF

*Monsieur de Lusigny, and Maide-  
moiselle de Ravennois.*

**T**hat honest Gentleman, for all he is so little, when he was in *Gascoigne*, made a lusty strapping Lads fall deeply in love with him. And that I may tell my story according to the rules *a la mode*, I will begin with the Character of the fair one. She was red hair'd and deaf. This unlucky description made *Lusigny* blush. You do me, said he, much honour, in bestowing upon me so lovely a Mistress. Have a little patience, replied she, I shall tell her perfections by and by; but must be a faithful Historian. She was then, as I have said, red hair'd and deaf: nay, I might say also that she was almost dumb; for she stuttered so that she  
needed

needed an hour to bring out a word. But to make amends for all, she had the finest skin in the world, and was so fair that she dazzled the eyes of beholders. She was so compleat a beauty, that her eyes, nose, mouth, stature; the upper and lower part of her face, her neck and breasts, might have got her good store of money; if she would have suffered Painters to take a Copy of them. There is enough at least to comfort me, replied he laughing, and her beauties are in greater number than her deformities. She was witty besides, continued *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*; her pen made a sufficient reparation for the defect of her tongue. She turned things delicately, easily, waggishly, and in a word, into what sense she pleased according as occasion served. Neither was she to be matched for copiousness of invention: to write ten love Letters to her dear *Lusigny* in one day; was but a play to her. Ah! goodness, said *Madam de Moulionne*, interrupting her, shall we not see one of them? No, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*, all are burnt. That Lover there has been so good as to make a Sacrifice of them, and it may be he does not repent it. But, *Mademoiselle*, said *Lusigny*, one would think, to hear you speak at that rate, that all you say were true: how come you then to have learnt so much? The

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Marchioness of *Vierzon*, answered she, gave me the relation: will that satisfy you? Ah! *Mademoiselle*, replied he, if it be so, I yield; but the Marchioness of *Vierzon* is unfaithful, in having published things of that nature. But you are more, said *Madam de Montlouve* to him, for entrusting that Marchioness with the secret. Not so, *Madam*, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, for she was witness to their rupture: that is then the Character of the fair Lady de *Ravenois*, added she; for I must not forget to name her. They made their first acquaintance at the waters of *Bourban*, and continued it since at *Bordeaux*, where they have seen one another. *Monsieur de Lusigny* hath given it out that he had much ado to persuade the Lady to love him; but that is a tale, for she declared herself first. He talked to her of Maids that had the weakness to suffer men to come in their presence again, after that they had been unfaithful to them. And when he thought himself very far from being beloved, and if I mistake not farther from being in love: *Fo-fo- for my part*, said she stuttering, *w-w- name o-o- of these m-m- maids*, and *fo-fo- for instance*; *if-if-if you had b-b- been once un-un-faithful to me*, you should ne-never re-regain m-m- my esteem. O how malicious you are, *Mademoiselle*! said *Lusigny* at these words; and how do you pinch that

that poor Maid? she stuttered not half so bad. That's no matter, replied she, it is true still that she told you that. Afterward love encreased daily; and I shall not spend time to tell you all that passed betwixt them, before they fell to it in earnest; it is drawing late, and I can tell you somewhat that is better. Ye must only know, that as love encreased, that fast one felt in her heart a violent desire to learn to make Verses. This Gentleman who has a gallant knack that way, took thereupon pretext to see her often at her House: and this commerce lasted until that her Mother began to find fault with it. You are godly and devote, Daughter, said she to her; you are an enemy to love; and would have people to think so; reconcile in the mean time, that, I pray, with the rest, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*; and in a word, continued the good Mother, you would have none of your Companions so much as look upon a man, and yet you suffer one to be alone with you in your Chamber? that's not well. And to this remonstrance the Mother having added a prohibition; she was constrained to keep her assignations elsewhere. A Seamster, the pattern of devotion to all the Neighbourhood, and who was wont to make Handkerchiefs for *Mademoiselle de Rabenois*, gave her the use of her House; that

she might take her Lessons of Poetry there. There were two Keys made for one Chamber, and the party that came first went in and stayed for the other. I dare not tell you the policie that the fair one made use of to order matters so commodiously as to observe her times of Rendezvous without being perceived by her Servants. It is enough to tell you that her Coach stayed for her at the Gate of a Monastery, and that when she came from another place, it seemed that she always came thence from her devotion. That virtuous exercise lasted above two years; during which it is said she might have brought to light some fine pieces of her one production, if she had pleased. She hatched a very natural and gallant work; but some considerations made her look upon the piece as a thing misbecoming a Maid, who made it a point of honour to hate all kind of gallantry. She stifled the work, and the desire she might have had to publish it, at one and the same time.

Upon my faith, *Mademoiselle*, said the Hero of the story, again interrupting her, you are a very dangerous enemy, and it is not good to displease you. What do you mean by that? replied she: is it to be the enemy of any person, to relate their laudable actions? I assure you there are a great many Authors who have not so great command over themselves

as to suppress their works, as she did, though they know that they are not like to bring them much reputation; but let me come to a conclusion.

They were very punctual then during the space of two years, in keeping their assignations at the Seamsters House. *Monsieur de Lusigny* was satisfied with her; and no body else who might have had a mind to teach the fair one, would have been made welcome. All that she wrote now was only directed to him; but afterwards she had an itching desire to try the art of some others. A man of great quality passing that way to go to his Government; seemed to her by his looks to be a good Poet. She imagined that his quality must needs suggest to him more lofty thoughts than those of *Monsieur de Lusigny*, and yet I think she might have been mistaken. But to be short, she did all she could to draw in that man of quality. Love Letters flew ding dong; and though he slighted her, yet he failed not to send her an answer. It became one of those Love intrigues, which if they seize not the heart, serve at least for matter of pleasant discourse to a man when he is with his friends. *Monsieur de Lusigny*, who immediately smelt out the matter, became terribly jealous; for it was said, that he loved his Scholar with all his little heart. He discour-

sed her about the thing, made heavy complaints to her, and in progress of time fell even into a little more fury than is allowed a gallant man to use against a woman: he treated her as one of our Dukes the other day treated the fair Countess of *Montsalua*, I mean that they made love at fifty-cuffs. Do you say, *Mademoiselle*, replied *Montsalua*, that the Countess of *Montsalua* hath been box'd good now! what Country have I lived in then, that I have known nothing of it? but by your favour, added he, I beg *Monsieur de Luffery*'s pardon, if I interrupt you; tell me that story before you conclude his. Hereupon *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* made the following relation.

My Lord Duke of . . . . it is needless to name him; is the good friend of the Countess of *Montsalua*, and a man of parts. She is like with witty, and that is, as she says, the only cause of their friendship. In the mean time another Duke being pleased with the Ladies conversation, and having rendered her frequent visits; the good friend became jealous of him. He prayed her not to receive that other Duke any more. She told him, that it was difficult, yea and ill manner to cause herself be denied to a person of that quality. Madam, said the first Duke, that is difficult indeed for one that loves him; but so much

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the worse for you if you be galled by him; it is a Sacrifice which you must make to me. How! do you say I must? replied she; that's well indeed; you talk to me as if you were my Master. I am your Ladyships Servant, answered he; but, Madam, if you will suffer me to tell you plainly, it is sufficient that you have permitted me to be so; to stop any other from pretending to it. At that the Lady grew hot; and treated her Gallant with highest contempt. He answered her also with flights. And she being somewhat more nettled at them than he, gave him a Box on the Ear: he returned her the like; and so both fell fairly to Cuffs.

There is a Lesson for you, Ladies, said Madam de Moulionne, that you should never allow men any advantage over you. But it is rather one for you, replied Mademoiselle de Harbisseux, for it was not a Maid that was so cuffed.

The Rival, continued she, arrived during the scuffle. The first Duke being informed that he was already coming up stairs, and that the Lady, though in that condition, allowed him access; bulled out like a mad man, his Hat pulled down over his brows, and swearing to do worse still than what he had done. The other Duke perceiving the Lady all in tears, and that she had thrown her self upon

the Bed; Madam, said he, what do you ail, and what has put you into that condition? A Cholick, Sir, answered she, but it has just now left me. He guessed indeed that she was troubled with choler, for he had espied the Cholick marching out by a back door. Would to God! Madam, replied he smiling, my Sword might do you some service in revengeing you of that Cholick, I should offer it you with all my heart. By that answer the Countess was a little vexed, to find that he was not fully perswaded she was sick. I pretend not here to relate to you the whole Conversation. But the second Duke whom she would not sacrifice to the first, sacrificed her to the publick. He discovered the whole adventure, whereat she was not a little ashamed. And this is the story of the Countess of *Mon-salva*.

Will you suffer me to add somewhat to it, said *Mademoiselle Velzers*. What you please, answered *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*. I'll only tell you then, replied the Hollander, that that same second Duke is a very naughty man for having published that adventure which never happened but in his own imagination. And because he was jealous of the former, and mad to find him always with the Countess, who was too virtuous for him; he revenged himself on her by that calumny. It is true,

true; said the Marquess of *Airestain*, if one would believe all the forgeries that are said of women, there would be very few of them honest; for the most virtuous do not go free. However there is much more Gallantry than real naughtiness in *France*; and a Lady from whom some man brags that he hath received all kind of favours, hath never perhaps been seen by him, or at least he durst never have the confidence to look her in the face. Really, *Monsieur* the Marquess, replied *Madam de Moulionne*, we are much obliged to you for taking our part; and indeed you have reason; for I freely confess, though I be a woman, that we are a little too fond of Courtship. We love that men should render us services, languish, lament, and in a word, that they should use all the arts and ways that are necessary to obtain their ends on us; we our selves suffer sometimes, we languish, and sigh; but all is Vanity, and I may say on my Conscience there is no reality in the thing. That is well indeed for Wives, said *Monsieur*; but as to the Maids? I say nothing as to that, added *Madam de Moulionne*, let them answer for themselves. We shall easily answer, said the Maids all at a time; but it is not of them that people talk most. Ah! what is that you say, cried the Chevalier? There is not one of them without an intrigue, if we may be-  
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Heve the scandalous Chronicle. One leaps over the Cloyster Walls where she is kept at Pension, that she may go spend the night with her Gallant. He stays for her every night at a certain hour, mounted on a great Horse. He stands upon the Saddle that he may take her down from the Wall, and sets her up again before day.

Two others beg leave of the Lady Abbess to go sollicite a suit at Law. She sends along with them an old wench to bear them Company. They ask the old Maid if she know the Presidents Son, thinking that she knows him not; they make her believe that he is to entertain them at a Merchants House; that he may give them account of their business. Dinner is made ready. In comes the Presidents Son. Good morrow, say they, Marquess of Chantoux; but by ill luck it is the Marquess of Loxan, whom they adopted for the Presidents Son, and the old Nun knew him better than they.

A great Prince entertains another, who had likewise escaped out of Convent, with a Supper and Ball. She allows him no more time but till ten of the Clock, because she expects a friend; but the Prince transgresses his hour. That friend frets and dies for cold in the Court of a Nunnery, waiting till the Prince be gone. The Maid not knowing how to be

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rid of him, and fearing that the other might find difficulty to get into the House if the hour was past, and that after the departure of the Prince from the Ball, a certain door might be lockt; sends him the Princes own blew Coat which he had laid aside whilst he was dancing. The Coat stealing away in this manner, interrupted the dance a little; for it was very late. The fair one takes occasion to break up the Ball, and the Prince departs, after whom the door that I have told you of was shut. The other came half a quarter of an hour after with the Coat which served him for a Pass-port. He is taken for the Prince, who had forgotten to say somewhat to the young Lady; she was already in Bed, and he must needs speak with her there; but the handladies Chamber-Maid unseasonably opened the Curtains at the Bed's feet.

I have, to be shew'd, a list continued the Chevalier, of a thousand pretty pranks that have been played by Maids; and the boys have their times; after all this do you think they give no occasion of talk? Men talk of them without doubt, said *Lissey*, but they will give you the same answer as the Wives do, that there is no folly in their intrigues. There is a great difference between the two, replied *Monsieur*, and Wives have far less reason than they to take care. He is about to bid

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tell us fooleries again, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, interrupting him, if we leave not this subject. I saith, *Mademoiselle*, replied he, I tell not so many as you do, and considering how you took me up the other day, I thought you had been a great deal more scrupulous than you are; but thanks be to Heaven and the stories that you have told, and especially to that of *Monsieur de Lusigny*; I perceive at length, that the brisk and merry way of discourse does not displease you. O! that's true; said *Madam de Maulionne*, shall we not have an end then of that story of *Monsieur de Lusigny*? Pardon me, ye shall; answered *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, and I shall presently conclude it.

*Monsieur de Lusigny* and she cuffed together then. The Maid so abused, out of meer spight found the Rival handsomer than him; yet they were made friends again; However from that time she made use of a great many lessons of subtlety which she learnt of her Lover, besides Poetry, to cheat himself as well as others. When the little man came to discover it, his fury grew much greater than before. He stood no more upon Ceremonies; but told all people what he knew of her, and even began with his Rival, to whom he shew'd her Letters: he affronted the fair one by reproaching her with the commerce that they

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had held together, before a Company that took her for a Saint. He dared Heaven and Earth, obliged his Rival to fight him; and in a word played the little Devil. Ah! *Mademoiselle*, said *Monsieur Lusigny*, interrupting her; what horrible impressions do you here give of me? Without doubt, Sir, said *Madam de Montaigne*, you are a dangerous Gallant, if you can so cruelly revenge your self on a Maid whom you formerly loved. No, no, *Madam*, replied he, I must repair my honour by ending the story my self. I am not so rash-tongued as that Lady would perswade you. I concealed almost three years the innocent commerce that I entertained with *Mademoiselle de Ravenois*, and it is not my fault but her own, if any thing of it be come to light.

When I discovered all her infidelities, and that she abused me, anger and jealousy did indeed seize my heart. I thought that I had just right to entreat her to admit my Rival no more. I accompanied my entreaty with a little sharpness. She answered me, that she would not admit either of us any more, but was not so faithful to her promise, for she kept her new Lover daily Company, and it was I alone whom she would see no more. That way of carriage put me into a rage; and a friend of mine who pitied my condition,

tion undertook to deliver her a Letter in my name. She refused it scoldingly, as if it had been a great novelty that I should offer to write to her; which made me stark staring mad. I endeavoured however to imagine that my Messenger, to whom she was not willing to own our Commerce, was rather the cause of her refusal, than that she wholly slighted me. But my Rival came to see me after dinner, and told me, that he knew somewhat of the matter: he had probably a mind to divert himself with my disorder, that he might have occasion afterwards to laugh and make sport at it with her. That gave me ground to conclude there was an intimacy betwixt them; and was such a proof of my misfortune as quite deprived me of all reason. Next day I met him again as he was fetching a walk. He made it his business to speak to me again of that refused Letter. What in Gods name, said he to me, hath put it into your head to fall in love with *Mademoiselle de Ravinois*, and to send her love Letters? you know that she is the most indifferent and jeering Maid in the World; and by so saying he himself put a little dry yeast upon me. But for all that, answered I, what do you think if she should not always refuse them, if I did but send them by the hands of one whom she likes. And whom would you employ?

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employ? replied he. Your self, said I, if you will take the pains. How me! cried he, by no means. I should be too much afraid that being jealous Lovers are hasty, you might insert in it some high words, which might make me be thrown out at the Window; at least I would desire to know before-hand the contents of the Letter. O! with all my heart, said I. And with that I pluckt it out of my pocket, and gave him the reading of it. At every word my Blade changed colour; and that seemed to me a small beginning of revenge. It would seem by that note, said he, that she had observed a very free and intimate way of conversation with you? What do you mean? answered I. A Lover knows not what he writes, and if he be jealous, he may fancy things that never were true. Shortly after we took our leaves; and he making no pretence but that he would go meet my unfaithful Mistress in *Red hat street*, where she was to spend the whole Afternoon with two of her Cousins; I followed him at some distance, and went into the House after him. There was a brisk Company met there. Good Friends follow one another, said one of them who partly knew our affairs; how is it that they come both together? He answered, that we did not come together; and that he might begin to entertain the Ladies with some thing,

thing; he pretended that he had had some small adventures in his walk. And to make him mad, I pretended something also. I am more fortunate than that Gentleman; said I, to the Company, for I found under my feet a note worth ten of the Gentlemans adventures. It is certainly the Letter of a jealous Lover, added I, and it is to my liking so pleasantly conceived, that it will not displease you to hear it read. At these words I had the satisfaction to see my Rival more and more perplexed, and at a distance to revenge myself of my unconstant Lady, in forcing her by that stratagem to learn what was in the note. She had not strength enough however to hear it out. A real or counterfeit indisposition, gave her a pretext to go out of the room before it was ended. This is all I did, Ladies; but this is not to publish a commerce that one hath had with a Mistress; for except my Rival whom I was willing to inform of all, none of the Company could ever have conjectured that it was addressed to her, if matters had gone no farther. Pardon me I said *Mademoiselle de Barbiseux*; you shewed the Letters that you had received from her to my Lady Marchioness of *Kjorson*. It is true, answered he; but if what I did at that time, be not the part of a Gentleman, there is none living; any other besides my self would have done

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done as much. I understood that instead of endeavouring to use me civilly, she jeasted and flouted at my love. I payed a visit to that Marchioness; she laughed at my jealousy; the perfidious Mistress had made her believe that she was so far from having any esteem for me, that she knew me not. I myself heard her say. *Alas! Poor little man; what, is Monsieur de Lusigny in love with me? how vexed am I that I did not know it sooner!* I heard worse than this, and yet I have two hundred Letters by me, which are not only very tender, but full of transports and amorous conceits. Good Heavens! what kind of Lover must I have been, if to make appear that I deserved no such slights, I had not shewed these Letters? But I shewed them not as in triumph; but was only willing that the Marchioness might not think me a Fool, without some reason of being so. I went home, I took all these irrefragable testimonies of the imprudence of my cruel Mistress, brought them to that Lady; here, said I, giving her them to read; consider, if I be well used, and if a faithless Lady treat those so well for whom she has no esteem; think then how she behaves her self towards those she loves?

*Lusigny* grew hot in reflecting on his amours, so that it seemed he was still engaged

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ged in the dispute. Ah! good little Sir, said *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*; you are not as yet compleatly cured, and even at this present, you are angry with your detestable Mistress. No, answered he, I assure you she is now very indifferent to me; or at least if at any time I think of her, it is only heartily to hate her. I make no doubt of that, replied *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* laughing; there are a great many such. They had rather continually think on their unfaithful Mistresses, to hate them, than not to have the pleasure of thinking on them at all. To tell you the truth, replied he, it is no easie matter to shake off a violent passion, and I would not swear that I could see that Lady again, without some sensible agitation of mind; she has been two Months at *Paris*; and as I was speaking the other day to a President of Parliament in his Robes, who did me the honour to hear me attentively; she passed by in the Gallery of the Palace where we were. So soon as I saw her, my words stuck in my throat, when I intended to have spoken to the best purpose. The President perceiving me change colour, asked me where was my heart; and to save my reputation I was obliged to confess frankly that it was gone after that fair one to a Merchants Shop. But, said *Madam de Mousionne*, interrupting him,

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him, is it possible that one can be so much in love with a deaf, stuttering, and red-haired Mistress? Madam, answered he, you must not rely on the Character that *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux* hath given you of her; since I have the honour to know her; with her leave I may tell you, that she has ground to be much displeased with poor *Mademoiselle de Ravenois*; for that same deaf, stuttering, red-haired Girl, was like to have deprived her of an Adorer. Ho! ho! said the Company to *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, you have not told us a word of that? Pardon me, answered she; did I not tell you, that a Bigot endeavoured to play me a thousand pranks; but the Lady *de Ravenois* might very well have made use of my Adorer, and not deprived me of him; and I excuse *Monsieur de Lusigny* who is still in love; that he hath compared me to her. Ah! replied he, if that offend you, I designed no comparison. Continue your story, replied she, and afterward you shall know by mine, that the grounds which I have to complain of your fair one, are not such as you imagine.

The Marchioness of *Vierfon*, continued he, read all the Letters with great amazement, and cried, that *Mademoiselle de Ravenois* was much in the wrong to have so provoked my patience, knowing that I had so strong

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Weapons against her. O, how deceitful are Maids now adays! added she: who is to be trusted, if such a one as she can do what I see? But seeing she was one of her friends, she prayed me however not to divulge these Letters. You must, said she, have some respect for her relations if you have none for her self; and consider, that she is a Maid of quality to whom you may do an irreparable prejudice if the matter come to be known. Madam, answered I, to make appear to that ungrateful Lady that I never deserved the usage that I have received from her; I pray you deliver her back all these Letters, the first time you see her; and I ask no other recompense, but that she would let me rest in peace, and not force me to undo her by undoing my self, if she have not a care not to reduce me to despair. The Marchioness delivered back into her hands that packet of Letters; and omitted not to tell her every thing that was useful for her reputation; but my perfidious Mistress, instead of having, as she ought to have had, some regret for treating so ill a man, who, as I think, had behaved himself very generously towards her; broke out against me without any reserve when she found me disarmed of the Letters whereby I might do her prejudice. From despising my love she came to undervalue my person. She  
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instigated my Rival to revenge her on me for the greatest proofs that I ever gave her of my love, to wit my modest complaints. Upon refusal of that Marquess; (for notwithstanding of that disorder, he hath always honoured me with some esteem) she employed Champions of inferiour quality; so that I was set upon one Evening and parted. They traiterously came back upon me; but I luckily turned, and revenged my self on one of my Enemies, whom I wounded. At the same time I left *Bordeaux*, and came to *Paris* to fall in love with a pair of big eyes with whom I lodged. That second passion banished the first; but still I met with as little tranquillitie there. The place was already taken, and I served only to render it suspected. Besides, that my nymph was somewhat more discreet and circumspect than I desired, and circumspection kills me. I had almost poisoned my self and fought once more for this Mistress; nor could I find any other secret to make me forget her, but by embracing a third Amour, who though she be a little more gentle, will nevertheless prove more troublesome than the others. Lord have mercy upon me, Ladies, for I have told you all the faults of my life.

When he had made an end, Madam de Moulionne told him: You are not much to be

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blamed, Sir, if matters be so; and the Lady *de Ravenois* very well deserved her disgrace. Who ever heard of imprudence like to hers; to know that a man had so many instruments of revenge, and not to carry fairer with him? Though a Maid have no commerce with a man, yet should she never openly slight him, and if she do, it will certainly turn to her shame. At least, said the Marquess of *Mirabain* laughing, little men are never to be slighted; for they overflow with courage. I wish I had been in the place of *Monsieur de Lusigny*, cried *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*; I should have revenged my self on the Bigot in another manner than he hath done! But, Ladies, answered *Lusigny*, I do not think that I have said any thing that may accuse me of revenge; on the contrary, I think I have had patience enough, yea and much more than *Mademoiselle de Barbisieux*, though she has met with far less abuse from her than I have done. You know not the tricks she has played me, replied that Lady. Is that so great a wrong, said the Chevalier to her drily, to borrow from you a Lover? she restored him again, and we ought not to complain, when what we have lent is restored. You are about to judge presently, if the hatred that I have to her be just or no, and with that she was going to begin another story; but she was informed

formed that the Marquess of Riberville was returned, and the curiosity that she and the rest had, to go learn what news he had got of *Clelia*, made her defer it till another time.

The Marquess was at the House of fair *Clelia's* Aunt, where he met with no body but the Son of the old Lady very melancholick for the loss of his Cofin. He found him a little indisposed and in Bed, and all that he could draw from him, was, that they suspected who were the Authors of that rape, and that the Lady his Mother was still at *Fountainbleau*, to learn better information of it. But upon his return to *Vaux*, he discovered much more of the matter. He saw the unfortunate *Clelia* in the same Coach, wherein in all probability she had been carried away. He saw the fair haired Gentleman that he had been told of, who incessantly kissed her hand whether she would or not; the fair one sat in the hinder part of the Coach, and the Gentleman in the boot. Two Ladies whom he knew not or could not know, sat in the forepart of that Coach which was open on all sides. He endeavoured to cross a little River that was between him and the Coach, that he might come up with it more speedily; but it was impossible for him to do it. It behoved him to fetch a great compass to find

the Ford: in the mean time the Coach was gone a great way off; for it drove very swiftly. All that the Marquess could do was to keep in sight of it, and spur on after. And yet all his diligence was to no purpose; for when he thought that he had just overtaken it, he found it in the middle of the *sein*, in a Ferry-Boat that carried it over to the other side of the River. The Ferry-man would not come back to ferry over the Marquess also, so that he had that cruel displeasure of losing so fair an occasion of rendering a considerable piece of service to the poor indisposed Lady. He related this unfortunate adventure to the Company who came to meet him as far as the middle of the great Gras-plot; which occasioned long reasonings on the novelty of those accidents, that were judged every way sutable to a person who imagined her self *Clelia*. In the mean while the Marquess wrote to the fair Ladies Kinsman, and ordered his Servant to carry the Letter in hast, that her Aunt might be acquainted with the news, and that she might question the Ferry-man whom he suspected to have been gained by the Ravisher. Night came on all of a sudden, presently after: and the Marquess of *Mirostain* and *Lusigny*, were invited to Supper and to stay there that night, that they might partake of the diversions that the Company should follow

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follow next day. The Marquess of Mirestain had business to do at Court, and was obliged to return to *Fountainbleau*; but promised to come back the day following, and left them little *Lusigny* as a pledge of his promise. Afterward they fetched a little walk, and went to Supper. They drank to the health of *Clelia*, and gave the Marquess of *Riberville* no leisure to lament the absence of that fair one. After Supper they began their conversation, insisting most on some calumnies and detractions that were commonly vented, and then all went to Bed to the great contentment of the fair Hollander, who was impatient to be alone with her friend *Kermas*.

*The end of the fifth Book.*

MOCK.

## MOCK-CLELIA,

OR,

## MADAM QUIXOTE.

## The Sixth Book.

**W**Hen the Hollander and fair Breton were in Bed; Well! said the former to her Bedfellow, will you not resolve to clear me as to that which the Marquess of *Kimperbel* related to us? We are by our selves, and you may confidently discover to me that great myserie. Was it of you that he spake? or is it of a Sister of yours, or of some other person of your name? It is of my self, answered *Mademoiselle de Kermas*, it is above four years ago since he hath believed me in my Grave. But, replied *Velzers*, he said that you died in Child-birth: have you born a Child then? Why not? answered the Breton, you need not be surpris'd at that, since you have heard that I was married: Other adventures are called Ro-  
mantick

mantick stories, replied the Hollander, but if ever there was any, this is one. Have you been married, with Child, dead and buried, and do you pass still for a jolly Virgin? Maids who have had mischances, should not despair, since there is so little to be seen in you. Make hast and tell me by what miracle all that hath happened, added she. At these words *Mademoiselle de Kermas* began in this manner to satisfy her friends curiositie.

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NOVEL

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## NOVEL XIX.

A

## CONTINUATION

OF THE

## HISTORY

OF

*Maidemoiselle de Kermas, and the  
Marquess of Kimperbel.*

**M***onsieur de Kimperbel* hath related to us his story in so few words, and hath skipped so many pretty circumstances, that to give you the pleasure of hearing it intirely, I had best begin it again of new. The Gallantries that he used to please me before our marriage: the arts he contrived to get into the Castle where I was Prisoner, after his Father caused me to be carried away: his disguises and many other stratagems

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stratagems that he put in practice to deceive the Sentinels, and to make himself known to me when I came to my Prison Window: All these I say, my dear *Velkors*, might be truly called Romantick adventures, if to my sorrow they were not too true. The ambition of my Brothers was the cause that I consented to the private marriage you have heard of. I made long resistance against it, though I was passionately in love with the Marquis of *Kimperbel*; and it seemed that my heart foretold the troublesome consequents thereof. I likewise wrote that fatal Letter whereof the sad piece which was found about one of my Brothers, was so ill interpreted and produced so terrible effects. In a word, I omitted nothing that might divert the cruel storm that I saw ready to break upon us. But my destiny was too hard for my small prudence; our Enemies discovered to *Monsieur de Kimperbel* the marriage of his Son, before those who might have been able to mitigate matters, could do it. You know the rest. When I was thinking to go seek a Sanctuary at *Kennes*, and there to find my Brothers to whom I had already sent a deputation to defend the validitie of my marriage; I was carried away, and shut up in a Castle; and to Cloak my absence, it was given out that I had retired into a Monastery: that I forsook my defence:

defence: that I consented to be unmarried, that I might become a Nun; and I was forced having a Dagger held to my breast, even to write so to my two Brothers: to send them that consent signed with my hand: to entreat them not to inquire into the place of my retirement; and in a word, to do every thing that was necessary to give my Husbands Father the Victory. My poor unfortunate Brothers were themselves like to have been utterly ruined; for the cruel man finding them obstinate to maintain my marriage whether I would or not, revived the business of an old Duel that they had been concerned in above fifteen years before: and if they had not fled for it, they had been made a publick example; for the authority of their enemy prevailed to make them be sentenced to lose their heads. As to the poor Marquess of *Kimperbel*, God knows what grief he felt; for he tenderly loved me. However he dissembled, as he told you, his discontent. He consented to travel for some time, and returned secretly into the Country, having left several Letters with one of his friends, who sent them to his Father, being all dated from towns through which he should have passed. Fearing to be known again, he disguised himself: and not knowing how to see or speak to me; he could find no better expedient than

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than to hire himself to a Fisherman of *Morlatx*, who went usually a fishing about my Prison. Can there be greater love than that? I was lodged in a tower where there was a kind of Balcony that jutted out a little into the Sea, and I had no other diversion but to walk there sometimes with a young Country Girl that was cunning and handsome, and who was given me rather for a spie than servant. The Marquess of *Kimperbel* well observed that place; and it was that which put him in the mind of hiring himself to the Fisherman; he hoped that I might cast mine eyes upon him and know him amongst the rest when I came to see the fishing, which was, as I have told you, my sole recreation. However he came there several times before I appeared on that Balcony; I was over-whelmed with melancholy, and being no more sensible of pleasure; for several days I had neglected to go thither for my usual divertisement, it behoved him to draw me out by some art, and this he made use of for that purpose. During our prosperitie which lasted but too short a time, he was wont to sing some Verses because I was much taken with the Air; it was one of the Airs of the great ballet of *Hercules in Love*; you who delight in musick, must certainly remember it, and it was that wherein these Verses are to be found.

*Infernal*

*Infernal powers, to whose dark Realms below,  
Souls of departed Lovers go,  
Behold the Tears your Tyranny does move,  
No further joys are left above,  
Since you have her I love.*

*Ab, severe Art! so cruelly to part  
Those two that liv'd with but one heart.  
For pity once dispense with fates decree,  
Take me to her, or grant that she  
May back return to me.*

He fell a singing the same Air in his Bark, yet not with the same sweetness of voice as he was accustomed to do; on the contrary, he made it as clownish and Country like as possibly he could, to avoid suspicion. But yet it was no small novelty in that Country, to hear a Fisherman sing Court Songs; and it made the Maid that waited on me very curious to go to the Balcony. That Girl took as much pleasure to see him as to hear him sing; for you may believe that notwithstanding his disguise there must needs remain something that was still agreeable in the person of such a man as he; to be short, she became so charmed that she could take no rest till she perswaded me to go out into the Balcony to hear that lovely Fisherman. At first I minded not what

was

was in my view ; but when I saw him salute us, and that through all his disguise, love told me that he must be one who ought to be dear unto me ; when likewise I had called to mind the Air and words of the Song, I felt my self in so great disorder that I was like to have lost the use of all my senses. I considered that unfortunate person more narrowly ; I perceived he was my Marquess, and his despicable equipage moved my heart with a more tender passion than all the pomp whereby he formerly strove to please me. He likewise perceived very well that I knew him ; and we would willingly have spoken together ; but he durst not. The Watch perhaps would not have suffered it, though they were accustomed to see these Fishermen who came there only by permission of the Governour of the Castle ; and for my part I was not willing to trust the Maid that served me. However being perswaded that the Marquess had not in that manner disguised himself without some great design, I used my endeavours to gain the Maid and to engage her in my concerns ; and I found her favourably inclined to the matter. My Amorous Fisherman had made it his business whilst he was at his work, to talk merrily with her, to make it believed that his design was only on her, who as I have said was pretty handsome, and she was  
smitten

smitten with him. I advised her to order her affairs so, as that she might obtain him for her Husband. I promised her a Diamond which I wore on my Finger, worth three or four hundred Crowns, if that might do the business and make her happy. The Maid communicated the matter to the Lieutenant of the Castle, who was her Gallant; not a Romantick Gallant; for in my very sight they had such familiarities one with another, as made me suspect they were not ceremonious when they were at greater distance from me. This Lieutenant who feared that she might shortly stand in need of a Husband, to serve him for an excuse, thought the occasion fair and laid hold on it. He made the Fisherman bring fish often into the Castle, and sent him with them to my Chamber, that he might thereby have the opportunity to see the Maid at nearer distance. The Marquis of *Kimperbel* played his part so well, and I mine, that we found time to speak together; and he acquainted me with the design he had to make my escape. It would be to no purpose to tell you the measures that he took, for as you know they took no effect. In fine, he came daily to the Castle and it was about the time when my Brothers endeavoured that unhappy exploit; that *Monsieur de Kimperbel* coming to cause me to be put to death, as well

as

as them: I fell in a swoon at the news, was delivered of a Child, and believed to be dead.

I was in discourse with my poor Marquess in private, upon pretext of speaking to him for the Country Girl, when the Lieutenant of the Castle came to tell me of the death of my Brothers, and that the report was that I was accessary to their attempt. And as if I had been stricken with a thunderbolt, I fell immediately into the Arms of the Fisherman, who being no less afflicted than I at the sad news, wanted strength to hold me up, and let me fall rudely on the floor. I was believed to be dead with the fall, and being near my time, I brought forth a Child that lived not a minute after it was born. I leave you to guess what condition the Marquess of *Kimperbel* was in at the sight of so sad an accident. They say the poor man was in despair, and quickly discovered who he was, to the great wonder of those who had been the witnesses of his actions. There was no separating of him from my body which he embraced most dolefully, and made such lamentations over it as might have softened and affected the most barbarous and hard heart. How often did he detest and abominate his Father's cruelty, and only shunned his presence for fear of being tempted to revenge himself upon him

him for my death; to be short, he gave, as I have been told, so extraordinary proofs of love in that sad conjuncture, that it seems not at all strange to me that his passion still endures. His Father who upon his arrival was informed of the disguise and arts that he had practised to come to sight of me, felt such an excess of rage, as could only be moderated by the news of my death. He desired to see my body that he might not be imposed upon; and that accident seemed to him the more incredible the less he expected it, and that it saved him from committing a great crime. Afterwards he ordered my body to be speedily interred, without having any respect to the reason of a Physician who desired that I should be kept at least forty hours, because it is very usual with women in Child-bed to fall into a kind of Lethargie, which hath all the signs of death, and yet not die. My Child and I were buried in one Coffin, and laid in a Vault of the Chappel of the Castle where some of the Governours had been interred.

In truth, said the Hollander interrupting her, you tell me very strange things; but how comes it that the Coffin and Vault did not really kill you? You shall know that, answered *Kermar*.

After my interment, *Monsieur de Kimper-*  
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bel the Father returned home and commanded that his Son should instantly be brought to him; but his grief had already made him depart in pursuance of the travels which he told you he made: the cruel Father could never mitigate the discontent which he had occasioned to him. He was two years before he saw him, and the poor Marquess of *Kimperbel* returned and married his Lady only for the reasons which you know already. For my part I lay buried until Midnight, at which time the Country Maid that served me, and the Chaplain of the Castle took a conceit, to come and lift the stone of the Vault to see if the Physician had spoken truth. They hoped for better fortune, if they could save and restore me to a man whom they had seen so fond of me. About midnight therefore they came secretly to lift that stone; and finding my Coffin placed upon the uppermost steps of the Entry of the Vault; they assisted me so seasonably that they began to find signs of life in me. I was taken out from thence, separated from my Child which was really dead, and was carried to the Chaplain's House; where I had not been half an hour before I opened my eyes, and gave hopes of cure. Next day that good Priest found a way to have me carried out of the Castle unseen, and to convey me to the Cottages of some Fishers that stood upon

upon the Sea shore. There he and that poor Country Maid took so much care of me, that at the end of six weeks I was well and up again. Both of them lent me a little money, that I might take Shipping at *Brest* to go to *Rochelle*, where I was told the Marquess of *Kimperbel* was. The Maid would needs go along with me, and with flattering hopes we went both to Sea; but our Ship was overtaken by a violent storm which lasted two days and two nights, and we were forced upon an unknown shore. I will not trouble you with the particular relation of that adventure which you will hardly believe. In short, our Vessel split against the rock of an Island, and some others besides us being by extraordinary good fortune cast upon the sand were saved. Our fortune was still better in that we found there some *Hollanders* who assisted us until that providence was pleased to send thither another Vessel to carry us back into *France*; for the Inhabitants of that Island had none, and had been by Shipwreck thrown upon that place as well as we. You may judge of my grief when I understood that for thirty years before no Vessel had arrived there but ours, though that was for our ruine; and when I had all reason to believe that I must spend the rest of my life with these wretches. However I stayed but three years there, after which I found

found an occasion to come off and to return into *Brettanie*. But upon my return I was informed that the Marquess of *Rimperlé* was married to another, and that afflicted me more than all my other crosses. I fell sick upon it almost six months in the heart of the Town of *Renner* it self, where no body imagined that I could be still living. From thence having made my self known to my Lady Duchess of *Alimberg*, I came to *Paris*, and she, you know, is the Author of our friendship and intimacy. It was my design to betake my self to a Nunnery for the rest of my life time, without discovering my self or adventures, and I should have prosecuted my intention at our return to *Paris*; but meeting this Evening with him whose presence I avoided in *Brabant*, I am so disordered, that I cannot tell if it had not been better for me if they had let me rest in my Grave.

With these words she ended her relation, and *Mademoiselle Vélner* perceived that she wept. Let us sleep, said she to her, and not afflict our selves, and to morrow I'll advise you what you shall do. Alas I said *Mademoiselle de Kermar*, I have nothing that I can pretend to do but to throw my self into a Nunnery. Shortly after their discourse ended, or at least for reasons that I know, I must make them conclude here. If any be impatient to learn what

what became of *Clelia*; they may know that the Company were no sooner up next day, but that they understood that her ravisher was her dear *Aronce*, the young Marquess of . . . . He was come from *England* to make some Compliments of condoling; *Clelia's* Governess was acquainted by a Foot-boy of her Aunts who was privy to all, that he was at *Fountainbleau*; he took notice of her, followed her, and was put at the canal to rescue her out of the water. They ferried over all together, that they might go to the Countess of *Pardeller*; but without acquainting the young Ladies Cousin, for some certain reasons which I shall declare if I be hard put to it for another time. Since that time *Clelia* hath met with many other adventures; for besides, that the water which she drank in the *Tyber*, had a little cooled the choler which fed her melancholy; the Joy that she felt in finding her dear *Aronce* again, completed her cure, and they were married. The Ladies de *Kermas*, *Barbistax*, and *Felzers*, in time had their contentment also; and the Gentlemen themselves came to see a pleasant period put to their adventures.

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